

THE
WORKS
OF
VIRGIL:

Translated into
ENGLISH VERSE

BY
Mr. *DRYDEN*.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

L O N D O N:

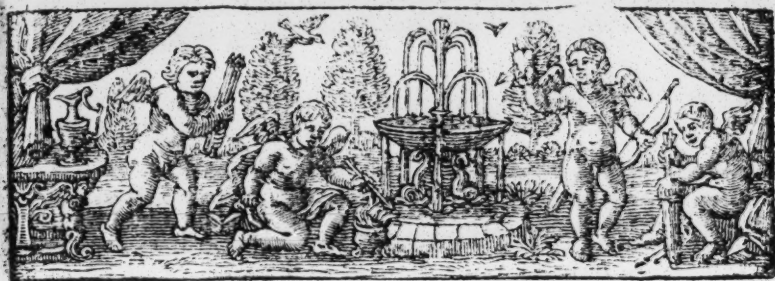
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To the most Honourable

J O H N,

*Lord Marquess of NORMANBY,
Earl of MULGRAVE, &c. and
Knight of the Most Noble Order
of the Garter.*



Heroick Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest Work which the Soul of Man is capable to perform. The Design of it, is to form the Mind to Heroick Virtue by Example; 'tis convey'd in Verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: The Action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial Episodes, or under-Actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient to carry on the main Design. Either so necessary, that without them the Poem must be Imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more suitable to the

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place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm Building; even the Cavities ought not to be fill'd with Rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength: But with Brick or Stone, though of less Pieces, yet of the same Nature, and fitted to the Crannies. Even the least Portions of them must be of the Epick kind; all things must be Grave, Majestical, and Sublime: Nothing of a Foreign Nature, like the trifling *Novels*, which *Aristotle* and others have inserted in their Poems. By which the Reader is mis-led into another sort of Pleasure, opposite to that which is design'd in an Epick Poem. One raises the Soul and hardens it to Virtue, the other softens it again and unbends it into Vice. One conduces to the Poet's aim, the compleating of his Work; which he is driving on, labouring and hast'ning in every Line: The other slackens his pace, diverts him from his Way, and locks him up like a Knight Errant in an Enchanted Castle, when he should be pursuing his first Adventure. *Statius*, as *Bossu* has well observ'd, was ambitious of trying his Strength with his Master *Virgil*, as *Virgil* had before try'd his with *Homer*. The *Grecian* gave the two *Romans* an Example, in the Games which were Celebrated at the Funerals of *Patroclus*. *Virgil* imitated the Invention of *Homer*, but chang'd the Sports. But both the *Greek* and *Latin* Poet, took their Occasions from the Subject; though to confess the Truth, they were both Ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. *Statius*, who through his whole Poem, is noted for want of Conduct and Judgment; instead of staying, as he

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might have done, for the Death of *Capaneus*, *Hippomedon*, *Tydeus*, or some other of his Seven Champions, (who are Heroes all alike) or more properly for the Tragical end of the two Brothers, whose Exequies the next Successor had leisure to perform, when the Siege was rais'd, and in the Interval betwixt the Poet's first Action, and his second; went out of his way, as it were on propense Malice to commit a Fault. For he took his Opportunity to kill a Royal Infant, by the means of a Serpent, (that Author of all Evil) to make way for those Funeral Honours, which he intended for him. Now if this Innocent had been of any Relation to his *Thebais*; if he had either farther'd or hinder'd the taking of the Town, the Poet might have found some sorry Excuse at least, for detaining the Reader from the promis'd Siege. On these terms, this *Capaneus* of a Poet engag'd his two Immortal Predecessors, and his Success was answerable to his Enterprize.

If this Oeconomy must be observ'd in the minutest Parts of an Epick Poem, which, to a common Reader, seem to be detach'd from the Body, and almost independent of it; what Soul, tho' sent into the World with great Advantages of Nature, cultivated with the liberal Arts and Sciences, conversant with Histories of the Dead, and enrich'd with Observations on the Living, can be sufficient to inform the whole Body of so great a Work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict Method, on some few of those many Rules of imitating Nature, which *Aristotle* drew from *Homer's* *Iliads*, and *Odysses*, and which he fitted to the

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Drama; furnishing himself also with Observations from the Practice of the Theatre, when it flourish'd under *Æschilus*, *Eurypides*, and *Sophocles*. For the Original of the Stage was from the Epick Poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded Acting, and gave Laws to it: What at first was told Artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight, and hearing. Those Episodes of *Homer*, which were proper for the Stage, the Poets amplify'd each into an Action: Out of his Limbs, they form'd their Bodies: What he had Contracted they Enlarg'd: Out of one *Hercules* were made infinity of Pygmies; yet all endued with human Souls: For from him, their great Creator, they have each of them the *Divina particulam Auræ*. They flow'd from him at first, and are at last resolv'd into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their Measure and Symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great Action was Copied by them according to the Proportions of the *Drama*: If he finish'd his Orb within the Year, it suffic'd to teach them, that their Action being less, and being also less diversify'd with Incidents, their Orb, of consequence, must be circumscrib'd in a less compass, which they reduc'd, within the limits either of a Natural or an Artificial Day. So that as he taught them to amplify what he had shorten'd, by the same Rule apply'd the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplifi'd. Tragedy is the miniature of Humane Life; an Epick Poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also, for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long Digression, to prove that there is no
such

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such absolute Necessity that the time of a Stage-Action shou'd so strictly be confin'd to Twenty Four Hours, as never to exceed them, for which *Aristotle* contends, and the *Grecian* Stage has practis'd. Some longer space, on some Occasions, I think may be allow'd, especially for the *English* Theatre, which requires more Variety of Incidents, than the *French*. *Cornelle* himself, after long Practice, was inclin'd to think, that the time allotted by the Ancients was too short to raise and finish a great Action: And better a Mechanick Rule were stretch'd or broken, than a great Beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the Passions; to purge the Soul from Pride, by the Examples of Humane Miseries, which befall the greatest; in few Words, to expel Arrogance, and introduce Compassion, are the great effects of Tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are Habits to be introduc'd at three Hours warning? Are radical Diseases so suddenly remov'd? A Mountebank may promise such a Cure, but a skilful Physician will not undertake it. An Epick Poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the Changes which it makes are slow; but the Cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of Tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answer'd, that for this Reason Tragedies are often to be seen, and the Dose to be repeated; this is tacitely to confess, that there is more Virtue in one Heroick Poem, than in many Tragedies. A Man is humbled one Day, and his Pride returns the next. Chymical Medicines are observ'd to Relieve oft'ner than to Cure:

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For 'tis the Nature of Spirits to make swift Impressions, but not deep. *Galenical* Decoctions, to which I may properly compare an Epick Poem, have more of Body in them; they work by their Substance and their Weight. It is one Reason of *Aristotle's* to prove, that Tragedy is the more Noble, because it turns in a shorter Compass; the whole Action being circumscribed within the space of Four-and-Twenty Hours. He might prove as well that a Mushroom is to be preferr'd before a Peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a Night. A Chariot may be driven round the Pillar in less space than a large Machine, because the Bulk is not so great: Is the *Moon* a more Noble Planet than *Saturn*, because she makes her Revolution in less than Thirty Days, and he in little less than Thirty Years? Both their Orbs are in Proportion to their several Magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their Motion, and the time of their Circumvolutions, is no Argument of the greater or less Perfection. And besides, what Virtue is there in a Tragedy, which is not contain'd in an Epick Poem? Where Pride is humbled, Virtue rewarded, and Vice punish'd; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the *Drama* can admit? The shining Quality of an Epick Heroe, his Magnanimity, his Constancy, his Patience, his Piety, or whatever Characteristical Virtue his Poet gives him, raises first our Admiration: We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: And frequent Acts produce a Habit. If the Hero's chief Quality be vicious, as for Example, the Choler and obstinate Desire of Vengeance in *Achilles*, yet the

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the Moral is Instructive: And besides, we are inform'd in the very Proposition of the *Iliads*, that this Anger was pernicious; That it brought a thousand ills on the *Grecian* Camp. The Courage of *Achilles* is propos'd to Imitation, not his Pride and Disobedience to his General, nor his brutal Cruelty to his dead Enemy, nor the selling his Body to his Father. We abhor these Actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: The Poet only shews them like Rocks or Quick-Sands, to be shun'd.

By this Example the Criticks have concluded that it is not necessary the Manners of the Heroe should be virtuous. They are Poetically good if they are of a Piece. Though where a Character of perfect Virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely: For there the whole Heroe is to be imitated. This is the *Aeneas* of our Author: This is that Idea of Perfection in an Epick Poem, which Painters and Statuaries have only in their Minds; and which no Hands are able to express. These are the Beauties of a God in a Human Body. When the Picture of *Achilles* is drawn in Tragedy, he is taken with those Warts, and Moles, and hard Features, by those who represent him on the Stage, or he is no more *Achilles*: For his Creator *Homer* has so describ'd him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect Heroe, though an imperfect Character of Virtue. *Horace* Paints him after *Homer*, and delivers him to be copied on the Stage with all those Imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a Heroick Poem, or faults common to the *Drama*. After all, on the whole Merits of the Cause, it must be

acknowledg'd that the Epick Poem is more for the Manners, and Tragedy for the Passions. The Passions, as I have said, are violent: And acute Distempers require Medicines of a strong and speedy Operation. Ill Habits of the Mind are like Chronical Diseases, to be corrected by Degrees, and cur'd by Alteratives: Wherein though Purges are sometimes necessary, yet Diet, good Air, and moderate Exercise, have the greatest part. The Matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of Poetry are of use for their proper Ends. The Stage is more active, the Epick Poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For Dialogue is imitated by the *Drama*, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a Fit like the *Quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the Distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The Sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels Fogs, and warms the Ground with his daily Beams; but the Corn is sow'd, increases, is ripen'd, and is reap'd for use in Process of time, and in its proper Season. I proceed from the Greatness of the Action, to the Dignity of the Actors, I mean to the Persons employ'd in both Poems. There likewise Tragedy will be seen to borrow from the *Epopee*; and that which borrows is always of less Dignity, because it has not of its own. A Subject, 'tis true, may lend to his Sovereign, but the act of borrowing makes the King inferior, because he wants, and the Subject supplies. And suppose the Persons of the *Drama* wholly Fabulous, or of the Poet's Invention, yet Heroick Poetry gave him the Examples of that Invention,

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on, because it was first, and *Homer* the common Father of the Stage. I know not of any one Advantage, which Tragedy can boast above Heroick Poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read: And instructs in the Closet, as well as on the Theatre. This is an uncontended Excellence, and a chief Branch of its Prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without Partiality, that herein the Actors share the Poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some Modern Tragedies which are beautiful on the Stage, and yet I am confident you wou'd not read them. *Tryphon* the Stationer complains they are seldom ask'd for in his Shop. The Poet who Flourish'd in the Scene, is damn'd in the *Ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteem'd a good Poet by those who see and hear his Extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately Fustian, and lofty Childishness. Nothing but Nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, 'tis *Grotesque* Painting, the fine Woman ends in a Fishes Tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real Beauties in the reading, wou'd appear absurd upon the Stage: And those not only the *Speciosa Miracula*, as *Horace* calls them, of Transformations, of *Scylla*, *Antiphanes*, and the *Lestrigons*, which cannot be represented even in *Opera's*; but the Prowess of *Achilles*, or *Æneas*, wou'd appear ridiculous in our Dwarf-Heroes of the Theatre. We can believe they routed Armies in *Homer*, or in *Virgil*; but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the *Drama*. I forbear to instance in many things, which the Stage cannot, or ought not

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to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this Subject, and shou'd fear it might be turn'd against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of Epick Poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating *Virgil*; if this were the first time that I had deliver'd my Opinion in this Dispute. But I have more than once already maintain'd the Rights of my two Masters against their Rivals of the Scene, even while I wrote Tragedies my self, and had no Thoughts of this present Undertaking. I submit my Opinion to your Judgment, who are better qualified than any Man I know to decide this Controversie. You come, my Lord, instructed in the Cause, and needed not that I shou'd open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was publish'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much Instruction: And, without flattering you, or making my self more Moral than I am, not without some Envy. I was loath to be inform'd how an Epick Poem shou'd be written, or how a Tragedy shou'd be contriv'd and manag'd, in better Verse, and with more Judgment, than I cou'd teach others. A Native of *Parnassus*, and bred up in the Studies of its Fundamental Laws, may receive new Lights from his Contemporaries; but 'tis a grudging kind of Praise which he gives his Benefactors. He is more oblig'd, than he is willing to acknowledge: There is a tincture of Malice in his Commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of Knowledge. A Judge upon the Bench, may, out of good Nature, or a least Interest, encourage the

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Pleadings of a puny Councillor ; but he does not willingly commend his Brother Serjeant at the Bar ; especially when he controuls his Law, and exposes that Ignorance which is made Sacred by his Place. I gave the unknown Author his due Commendation, I must confess : But who can answer for me, and for the rest of the Poets, who heard me read the Poem, whether we shou'd not have been better pleas'd, to have seen our own Names at the bottom of the Title-page ? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the Censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown Critick ; as the Ladies are with a Lampooner ; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our Revenge. But great Excellencies will work their way through all sorts of Opposition. I applauded rather out of Decency, than Affection ; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a Man, with whom I had the Honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many Years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this Deceit. You extorted a Praise, which I shou'd willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy, than to commend a Patron of a long standing. The World wou'd join with me, if the *Encomiums* were just ; and if unjust, wou'd excuse a grateful Flatterer. But to come Anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my Interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was Politick. For by concealing your Quality, you might clearly understand how your Work succeeded ; and that the general Approbation

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was given to your Merit, not your Titles. Thus like *Apelles* you stood unseen behind your own *Venus*, and receiv'd the Praises of the passing Multitude: The Work was commended, not the Author: And I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing Adventures of your Life.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended in this Dispute of Preference betwixt the Epick Poem, and the *Drama*: And yet have not formally answer'd any of the Arguments which are brought by *Aristotle* on the other side, and set in the fairest light by *Dacier*. But I suppose, without looking on the Book, I may have touch'd on some of the Objections. For in this Address to your Lordship, I design not a Treatise of Heroick Poetry, but write in a loose Epistolary way, somewhat tending to that Subject, after the Example of *Horace*, in his First Epistle of the Second Book to *Augustus Caesar*, and of that to the *Piso's*, which we call his *Art of Poetry*. In both of which he observes no Method that I can trace, whatever *Scaliger* the Father, or *Heinsius*, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resum'd as often as I pleas'd the same Subject: And this loose proceeding I shall use thro' all this Prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been Sailing with some Side-Wind or other toward the Point I propos'd in the beginning; the Greatness and Excellency of an Heroick Poem, with some of the Difficulties which attend that Work. The Comparison therefore which I made betwixt the *Epopee* and the *Tragedy*, was not altogether a Digression; for 'tis

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concluded on all Hands, that they are both the Master-pieces of Humane Wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this Corollary from what has been already said, That the File of Heroick Poets is very short: All are not such who have assum'd that lofty Title in Ancient or Modern Ages, or have been so esteem'd by their partial and ignorant Admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias*, and one *Æneis*, in so many Ages. The next, but the next with a long Interval betwixt, was the *Jerusalem*: I mean not so much in Distance of Time, as in Excellency. After these Three are entred, some Lord Chamberlain shou'd be appointed, some Critick of Authority shou'd be set before the Door, to keep out a Crowd of little Poets, who press for Admission, and are not of Quality. *Mævius* wou'd be deafning your Lordship's Ears, with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, & Nobile Bellum.

meer Fustian, as *Horace* wou'd tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more Smoak than Fire. *Pulci*, *Boyardo*, and *Ariosto*, wou'd cry out, Make room for the *Italian* Poets, the Descendants of *Virgil* in a Right-Line. Father *Le Moin*, with his *Saint Louis*; and *Scudery* with his *Alarick*, for a Godly King, and a *Gothick* Conquerour; and *Chapelain* wou'd take it ill that his Maid shou'd be refus'd a Place with *Helen* and *Lavinia*. *Spencer* has a better Plea for his Fairy Queen, had his *Action* been finish'd, or had been One. And *Milton*, if the Devil had not been his Heroe, in-

instead of *Adam*; if the Giant had not foil'd the Knight, and driv'n him out of his strong Hold, to wander thro' the World with his Lady Errant; and if there had not been more Machining Persons than Humane, in his Poem. After these, the rest of our *English* Poets shall not be mention'd. I have that Honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are Worthies, they are not to be rank'd amongst the three whom I have nam'd, and who are establish'd in their Reputation.

Before I quitted the Comparison betwixt Epick Poetry and Tragedy, I shou'd have acquainted my Judge with one Advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the Preface of *Segrais* before his Translation of the *Æneis*, or out of *Bossu*, no matter which. The Stile of the Heroick Poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the *Drama*. The Critick is certainly in the right, for the Reason already urg'd: The work of Tragedy is on the Passions, and in Dialogue, both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which the *Epopée* delights. A Poet cannot speak too plainly on the Stage: for *Volat irrevocabile verbum*; the Sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have Leisure to digest. There an Author may beautify his Sense by the Boldness of his Expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret Force and Excellence. That which cures the Manners by alterative Physick, as I said before, must proceed by insensible Degrees; but that which purges the Passions, must do its Business all at once, or wholly fail of its Effect,

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at least in the present Operation, and without repeated Doses. We must beat the Iron while 'tis hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the Fine of my Forgetfulness, and yet the Merits of both Causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the Benefit of Mankind to have their Manners in general corrected, or their Pride and Hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present Business; and not think of making more invasive Wars abroad, when, like *Hannibal*, I am call'd back to the Defence of my own Country. *Virgil* is attack'd by many Enemies: He has a whole Confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal Objections being against his Moral, the Duration or Length of Time taken up in the Action of the Poem, and what they have to urge against the Manners of his Hero, I shall omit the rest as meer Cavils of Grammarians; at the worst but casual Slips of a great Man's Pen, or inconsiderable Faults of an admirable Poem, which the Author had not leisure to review before his Death. *Macrobius* has answer'd what the Ancients cou'd urge against him; and some Things I have lately read in *Tanneguy*, *le Fevrè*, *Valois*, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the Moral of his Poem, which I have elsewhere confess'd, and still must own, not to be so Noble as that of *Homer*. But let both be fairly stated, and, without contradicting my first Opinion, I can shew that *Virgil's* was as useful to the *Romans* of

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of his Age, as *Homer's* was to the *Grecians* of his; in what Time soever he may be suppos'd to have liv'd and flourish'd. *Homer's* Moral was to urge the Necessity of Union, and of a good Understanding betwixt Confederate States and Princes engag'd in a War with a Mighty Monarch; as also of Discipline in an Army, and Obedience in their several Chiefs, to the Supream Commander of the joint Forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous Effects of Discord in the Camp of those Allies, occasion'd by the Quarrel betwixt the General, and one of the next in Office under him. *Agamemnon* gives the Provocation, and *Achilles* resents the Injury. Both Parties are faulty in the Quarrel, and accordingly they are both punish'd. The Aggressor is forc'd to sue for Peace to his Inferior on dishonourable Conditions; the Deserter refuses the Satisfaction offer'd, and his Obstinacy costs him his best Friend. This works the natural Effect of Choler, and turns his Rage against him, by whom he was last Affronted, and most sensibly. The greater Anger expels the less; but his Character is still preserv'd. In the mean time, the *Grecian* Army receives Loss on Loss, and is half destroy'd by a Pestilence into the Bargain.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the Poet, in the first Part of the Example, had shewn the bad Effects of Discord, so after the Reconcilement, he gives the good Effects of Unity. For *Hector* is slain, and then *Troy* must fall. By this, 'tis probable, that *Homer* liv'd when the *Median* Monarchy

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was grown formidable to the *Grecians*; and that the joint Endeavours of his Countrymen, were little enough to preserve their common Freedom from an encroaching Enemy. Such was his Moral, which all Criticks have allow'd to be more Noble than that of *Virgil*; though not adapted to the Times in which the *Roman* Poet liv'd. Had *Virgil* flourish'd in the Age of *Ennius*, and address'd to *Scipio*, he had probably taken the same Moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the *Romans* were in as much Danger from the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth, as the *Grecians* were from the *Assyrian*, or *Median* Monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his Poem in a Time when the Old Form of Government was subverted, and a new one just Establish'd by *Octavius Caesar*; in Effect by Force of Arms, but seemingly by the Consent of the *Roman* People. The Commonwealth had receiv'd a deadly Wound in the former Civil Wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*. The Commons, while the first prevail'd, had almost shaken off the Yoke of the Nobility; and *Marius* and *Cinna*, like the Captains of the Mob, under the specious Pretence of the Publick Good, and of doing Justice on the Oppressors of their Liberty, reveng'd themselves, without Form of Law, on their private Enemies. *Sylla*, in his turn, proscrib'd the Heads of the adverse Party: He too had nothing but Liberty and Reformation in his Mouth; (for the Cause of Religion is but a modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Christian Priesthood, refining on the Heathen :) *Sylla*, to be sure, meant no more good to the *Roman* People than *Marius* before, whatever he declar'd; but
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sacrific'd the Lives, and took the Estates of all his Enemies, to gratify those who brought him into Power: Such was the Reformation of the Government by both Parties. The Senate and the Commons were the two Bases on which it stood; and the two Champions of either Faction, each destroy'd the Foundations of the other side: So the Fabrique of consequence must fall betwixt them; and Tyranny must be built upon their Ruines. This comes of altering Fundamental Laws and Constitutions. Like him, who being in good Health, lodg'd himself in a Physician's House, and was overpersuaded by his Landlord to take Physick, of which he dy'd, for the Benefit of his Doctor: *Stavo ben* (was written on his Monument) *ma, perstar meglio, sto qui.*

After the Death of those two Usurpers, the Commonwealth seem'd to recover, and held up its Head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep Consumption, which is a flattering Disease. *Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar*, had found the Sweets of Arbitrary Power; and each being a Check to the others Growth, struck up a false Friendship amongst themselves, and divided the Government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the publick-spirited Men of their Age, that is, Patriots of their own Interest. The Commonwealth look'd with a florid Countenance in their Management, spread in Bulk, and all the while was wasting in the Vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the Repetition of what you know: After the Death of *Crassus*, *Pompey* found himself out-witted by *Cæsar*; broke with him, over-power'd him

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in the Senate, and caus'd many unjust Decrees to pass against him: *Cæsar* thus injur'd, and unable to resist the Faction of the Nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a *Marian*) had recourse to Arms; and his Cause was just against *Pompey*, but not against his Country; whose Constitution ought to have been Sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the Account of any private Wrong. But he prevail'd, and Heav'n declaring for him, he became a Providential Monarch, under the Title of *Perpetual Dictator*. He being murder'd by his own Son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame, (tho' *Dante*, in his *Inferno*, has put him and *Cassius*, and *Judas Iscariot* betwixt them, into the great Devil's Mouth) the Commonwealth popp'd up its Head for the third time, under *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the *Roman* People were grossly gull'd, twice or thrice over; and as often enslav'd in one Century, and under the same Pretence of Reformation. At last the two Battles of *Philippi* gave the decisive Stroak against Liberty; and not long after, the Commonwealth was turn'd into a Monarchy, by the Conduct and good Fortune of *Augustus*. 'Tis true, that the Despotick Power could not have fallen into better Hands, than those of the first and second *Cæsar*. Your Lordship well knows what Obligations *Virgil* had to the latter of them: He saw, beside, that the Commonwealth was lost without Resource: The Heads of it destroy'd; the Senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own Necks into the Yoke, out of fear of being

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being forc'd. Yet I may safely affirm for our great Author, (as Men of good Sense are generally Honest) that he was still of Republican Principles in his Heart.

Secretisque Piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think, I need use no other Argument to justify my Opinion, than that of this one Line, taken from the Eighth Book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his Patron's Temper, it might have ruin'd him with another Prince. But *Augustus* was not discontented, at least that we can find, that *Cato* was plac'd, by his own Poet, in *Elisium*; and there giving Laws to the Holy Souls, who deserv'd to be separated from the Vulgar sort of good Spirits. For his Conscience cou'd not but whisper to the Arbitrary Monarch, that the Kings of *Rome* were at first Elective, and Govern'd not without a Senate: That *Romulus* was no Hereditary Prince, and though, after his Death, he receiv'd Divine Honours, for the good he did on Earth, yet he was but a God of their own making: That the last *Tarquin* was expell'd justly for Overt-Acts of Tyranny, and Male-Administration; for such are the Conditions of an Elective Kingdom: And I meddle not with others: Being, for my own Opinion, of *Montaign's* Principles, That an honest Man ought to be contented with that Form of Government, and with those Fundamental Constitutions of it, which he receiv'd from his Ancestors, and under which himself was born. Tho' at the same time he confess'd freely, that if he cou'd have chosen his Place of Birth, it shou'd have been

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at *Venice*: Which, for many Reasons, I dislike, and am better pleas'd to have been born an *English* Man.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that *Virgil* having maturely weigh'd the Condition of the Times in which he liv'd: That an entire Liberty was not to be retriev'd: That the present Settlement had the Prospect of a long Continuance in the same Family, or those adopted into it: That he held his paternal Estate from the Bounty of the Conqueror, by whom he was likewise enrich'd, esteem'd, and cherish'd: That this Conqueror, tho' of a bad kind, was the very best of it: That the Arts of Peace flourish'd under him: That all Men might be happy, if they wou'd be quiet: That now he was in Possession of the whole, yet he shar'd a great part of his Authority with the Senate: That he wou'd be chosen into the ancient Offices of the Commonwealth, and Rul'd by the Power which he deriv'd from them; and prorogu'd his Government from time to time: Still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from publick Cares, which he exercis'd more for the common Good, than for any Delight he took in Greatness: These things, I say, being consider'd by the Poet, he concluded it to be the Interest of his Country to be so Govern'd: To infuse an awful Respect into the People towards such a Prince: By that Respect to confirm their Obedience to him; and by that Obedience to make them Happy. This was the Moral of his Divine Poem: Honest in the Poet: Honourable to the Emperor, whom he derives from a Divine Ex- traction; and reflecting part of that Honour

on the *Roman* People, whom he derives also from the *Trojans*; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present Age; and likely to be such to their Posterity. That it was the receiv'd Opinion, That the *Romans* were descended from the *Trojans*, and *Julius Cæsar* from *Iulus* the Son of *Æneas*, was enough for *Virgil*; tho' perhaps he thought not so himself: Or that *Æneas* ever was in *Italy*, which *Bochartus* manifestly proves. And *Homer*, where he says that *Jupiter* hated the House of *Priam*, and was resolv'd to transfer the Kingdom to the Family of *Æneas*, yet mentions nothing of his leading a Colony into a Foreign Country, and settling there: But that the *Romans* valued themselves on their *Trojan* Ancestry, is so undoubted a Truth, that I need not prove it. Even the Seals which we have remaining of *Julius Cæsar*, which we know to be Antique, have the Star of *Venus* over them, though they were all graven after his Death, as a Note that he was Deifi'd. I doubt not but one Reason, why *Augustus* shou'd be so passionately concern'd for the Preservation of the *Æneis*, which its Author had condemn'd to be burnt, as an imperfect Poem, by his last Will and Testament, was, because it did him a real Service, as well as an Honour; that a Work shou'd not be lost, where his Divine Original was celebrated in Verse, which had the Character of Immortality stamp'd upon it.

Neither were the great *Roman* Families which flourish'd in his Time, less oblig'd by him than the Emperor. Your Lordship knows with what Address he makes mention of them, as Captains of Ships, or Leaders in the War;

and

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and even some of *Italian* Extraction are not forgotten. These are the single Stars which are sprinkled through the *Æneis*: But there are whole Constellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some Favourite Families to which he gives the Victory, and awards the Prizes, in the Person of his Heroe, at the Funeral Games which were celebrated in Honour of *Anchises*. I insist not on their Names; but am pleas'd to find the *Memmii* amongst them, deriv'd from *Mnestheus*, because *Lucretius* Dedicates to one of that Family, a Branch of which destroy'd *Corinth*. I likewise either found or form'd an Image to my self of the contrary kind; that those who lost the Prizes, were such as disoblig'd the Poet, or were in Disgrace with *Augustus*, or Enemies to *Mecenas*: And this was the Poetical Revenge he took. For *genus irritabile Vatum*, as *Horace* says. When a Poet is thoroughly provok'd, he will do himself Justice, however dear it cost him, *Animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare Imaginations of my own, though I find no Trace of them in the Commentators: But one Poet may judge of another, by himself. The Vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole *Roman* People were oblig'd by *Virgil*, in deriving them from *Troy*; an Ancestry which they affected. We, and the *French* are of the same Humor: They wou'd be thought to descend from a Son, I think, of *Hector*: And we wou'd have our *Britain* both Nam'd and Planted by a Descendant of *Aeneas*. *Spencer* favours this Opinion what

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he can. His Prince *Arthur*, or whoever he intends by him, is a *Trojan*. Thus the Heroe of *Homer* was a *Grecian*, of *Virgil* a *Roman*, of *Tasso* an *Italian*.

I have transgress'd my Bounds, and gone farther than the Moral led me. But if your Lordship is not tir'd, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my Author is defended. But as *Augustus* is still shadow'd in the Person of *Aeneas*, of which I shall say more, when I come to the Manners which the Poet gives his Heroe: I must prepare that Subject, by shewing how dext'rously he manag'd both the Prince and People, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a Wise and an Honest Man: And proves, that it is possible for a Courtier not to be a Knave. I shall continue still to speak my Thoughts like a free-born Subject, as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no *Dutch* Commentator cou'd, and I am sure no *Frenchman* durst. I have already told your Lordship my Opinion of *Virgil*; that he was no Arbitrary Man: Oblig'd he was to his Master for his Bounty, and he repays him with good Counsel, how to behave himself in his new Monarchy, so as to gain the Affections of his Subjects, and deserve to be call'd the Father of his Country. From this Consideration it is, that he chose the Ground-work of his Poem, one Empire destroy'd, and another rais'd from the Ruins of it. This was the just Parallel. *Aeneas* cou'd not pretend to be *Priam's* Heir in a Lineal Succession: For *Anchises*, the Heroe's Father, was only of the second Branch of the Royal Family; and *Helenus*, a Son of *Priam*, was yet
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surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, *Virgil* mentions him on that Account. Neither has he forgotten *Priamus*, in the Fifth of his *Æneis*, the Son of *Polites*, youngest Son to *Priam*; who was slain by *Pyr-
rhus*, in the Second Book. *Æneas* had only Married *Creusa*, *Priam*'s Daughter, and by her cou'd have no Title, while any of the Male Issue were remaining. In this case, the Poet gave him the next Title, which is that of an Elective King. The remaining *Trojans* chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some Foreign Country. *Ilioneus*, in his Speech to *Dido*, calls him expressly by the Name of King. Our Poet, who all this while had *Augustus* in his Eye, had no Desire he shou'd seem to succeed by any Right of Inheritance, deriv'd from *Julius Cæsar*; such a Title being but one degree remov'd from Conquest. For what was introduc'd by Force, by Force may be remov'd. 'Twas better for the People that they shou'd give, than he shou'd take. Since that Gift was indeed no more at bottom, than a Trust; *Virgil* gives us an Example of this, in the Person of *Mezentius*. He govern'd Arbitrarily, he was expell'd; and came to the deserv'd End of all Tyrants. Our Author shews us another sort of Kingship, in the Person of *Latinus*: He was descended from *Saturn*, and, as I remember, in the Third Degree. He is describ'd a just and gracious Prince; solicitous for the Welfare of his People; always consulting with his Senate, to promote the common Good. We find him at the Head of them, when he enters into the Council-Hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their Advice, and steering

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by it, as far as the Iniquity of the Times wou'd suffer him. And this is the proper Character of a King by Inheritance, who is born a Father of his Country. *Aeneas*, tho' he married the Heiress of the Crown, yet claim'd no Title to it during the Life of his Father-in-Law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are *Virgil's* Words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his Country Gods, who were not those of *Latium*. Wherein our Divine Author seems to relate to the After-Practice of the *Romans*, which was to adopt the Gods of those they Conquer'd, or receiv'd as Members of their Commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the Office of the High-Priesthood, with which *Augustus* was invested: And which made his Person more Sacred and Inviolable, than even the Tribunitial Power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most Judicious of all Poets made that Office vacant, by the Death of *Panthus*, in the Second Book of the *Aeneis*, for his Heroe to succeed in it; and consequently for *Augustus* to enjoy. I know not that any of the Commentators have taken notice of that Passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the Observation; the Words of *Virgil* are very plain,

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.

As for *Augustus*, or his Uncle *Julius*, claiming by Descent from *Aeneas*; that Title is already out of doors. *Aeneas* succeeded not, but was Elected. *Troy* was fore-doom'd to fail for ever.

Post-

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*Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere Regnum
Immeritum visum Superis, --- Æneis, lib. III. v. 1.*

Augustus, 'tis true, had once resolv'd to rebuild that City, and there to make the Seat of Empire: But *Horace* writes an Ode on purpose to deter him from that Thought; declaring the Place to be accurs'd, and that the Gods wou'd as often destroy it, as it shou'd be rais'd. Hereupon the Emperor laid aside a Project so ungrateful to the *Roman* People. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his Pedigree in his Head; and had an Itch of being thought a Divine King, if his Poets had not given him better Counsel.

I will pass by many less material Objections, for want of room to answer them: What follows next is of great Importance, if the Criticks can make out their Charge; for 'tis level'd at the Manners which our Poet gives his Heroe, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his *Augustus*. Those Manners were, Piety to the Gods, and a dutiful Affection to his Father; Love to his Relations; Care of his People; Courage and Conduct in the Wars; Gratitude to those who had oblig'd him; and Justice in general to Mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his Character: And the Word in *Latin* is more full than it can possibly be exprest in any modern Language; for there it comprehends not only Devotion to the Gods, but Filial Love and tender Affection to Relations of all sorts. As Instances of this, the Deities of *Troy*, and his own *Penates*, are made the Companions of his Flight: They ap-

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pear to him in his Voyage, and advise him; and at last he re-places them in *Italy*, their native Country. For his Father, he takes him on his Back; he leads his little Son, his Wife follows him: But losing his Footsteps, through Fear or Ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his Enemies to find her; and leaves not his Pursuit 'till her Ghost appears, to forbid his farther Search. I will say nothing of his Duty to his Father while he liv'd, his Sorrow for his Death; of the Games instituted in Honour of his Memory; or seeking him, by his Command, even after his Death, in the *Elysian* Fields. I will not mention his Tenderneſs for his Son, which every where is viſible: Of his raising a Tomb for *Polydorus*, the Obsequies for *Misenus*, his pious Remembrance of *Deiphobus*; the Funerals of his Nurse; his Grief for *Pallas*, and his Revenge taken on his Murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural Compassion, he had forgiven; and then the Poem had been left imperfect; for we cou'd have had no certain Prospect of his Happiness, while the last Obstacle to it was unremov'd. Of the other Parts which compose his Character, as a King, or as a General, I need say nothing; the whole *Aeneis* is one continued Instance, of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them tax'd, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my Divine Master to your Lordship, and by you to the Reader. But herein, *Segrais*, in his admirable Preface to his Translation of the *Æneis*, as the Author of the *Dauphin's Virgil* justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready
to

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to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the *French* are as much better Criticks than the *English*, as they are worse Poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the Management of a War, than our Islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the Day of Battel. They value themselves on their Generals, we on our Soldiers. But this is not the proper Place to decide that Question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other Nations, and their Poets, excepting only *Tasso*; and hope to make my Assertion good, which is but doing Justice to my Country; part of which Honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose Thoughts are always just; your Numbers harmonious, your Words chosen, your Expressions strong and manly, your Verse flowing, and your Turns as happy as they are easie. If you wou'd set us more Copies, your Example wou'd make all Precepts needles. In the mean time, that little you have written is own'd, and that particularly by the Poets, (who are a Nation not over-lavish of Praise to their Contemporaries) as a principal Ornament of our Language: But the sweetest Essences are always confin'd in the smallest Glasses.

When I speak of your Lordship, 'tis never a Digression, and therefore I need beg no Pardon for it; but take up *Segrais* where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his Preface is a perfect Piece of Criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact Method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, Epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: For

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'tis dangerous to offend an Arbitrary Master, and every Patron who has the Power of *Augustus*, has not his Clemency. In short, my Lord, I wou'd not translate him, because I wou'd bring you somewhat of my own. His Notes and Observations on every Book, are of the same Excellency; and for the same Reason I omit the greater Part.

He takes no notice that *Virgil* is Arraign'd, for placing Piety before Valour; and making that Piety the chief Character of his Heroe. I have already said from *Bossu*, that a Poet is not oblig'd to make his Heroe a Virtuous Man: Therefore neither *Homer* nor *Tasso* are to be blam'd, for giving what predominant Quality they pleas'd to their first Character. But *Virgil*, who design'd to form a perfect Prince, and wou'd insinuate, that *Augustus*, whom he calls *Aeneas* in his Poem, was truly such, found himself oblig'd to make him without Blemish; thoroughly Virtuous: and a thorough Virtue both begins and ends in Piety. *Tasso*, without question, observ'd this before me; and therefore split his Heroe in two: he gave *Godfrey* Piety, and *Rinaldo* Fortitude, for their chief Qualities or Manners. *Homer*, who had chosen another Moral, makes both *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* Vicious; for his Design was, to instruct in Virtue, by shewing the Deformity of Vice. I avoid Repetition of what I have said above. What follows, is translated literally from *Segrais*.

Virgil had consider'd, that the greatest Virtues of *Augustus* consisted in the perfect Art of Governing his People; which caus'd him to Reign above Forty Years in great Felicity. He consider'd

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sider'd that his Emperor was Valiant, Civil, Popular, Eloquent, Politick, and Religious; he has given all these Qualities to *Æneas*. But knowing that Piety alone comprehends the whole Duty of Man towards the Gods, towards his Country, and towards his Relations; he judg'd, that this ought to be his first Character, whom he wou'd set for a Pattern of Perfection. In Reality, they who believe that the Praises which arise from Valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other Virtues, have not consider'd (as they ought,) that Valour, destitute of other Virtues, cannot render a Man worthy of any true Esteem. That Quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid Courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompany'd with many which are ill. A Man may be very Valiant, and yet Impious and Vicious. But the same cannot be said of Piety, which excludes all ill Qualities, and comprehends even Valour it self, with all other Qualities which are good. Can we, for Example, give the Praise of Valour to a Man who shou'd see his Gods prophan'd, and shou'd want the Courage to defend them? To a Man who shou'd abandon his Father, or desert his King in his last Necessity?

Thus far *Segrais*, in giving the Preference to Piety, before Valour. I will now follow him, where he considers this Valour, or intrepid Courage, singly in it self; and this also *Virgil* gives to his *Æneas*, and that in a Heroical degree.

Having first concluded, that our Poet did for the best in taking the first Character of his He-



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roe, from that Essential Virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the Ten Years War of *Troy*, he was consider'd as the second Champion of his Country; allowing *Hector* the first Place; and this, even by the Confession of *Homer*, who took all occasions of setting up his own Countrymen the *Grecians*, and of undervaluing the *Trojan* Chiefs. But *Virgil*, (whom *Segrais* forgot to cite) makes *Diomede* give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. His Testimony is this, in the Eleventh Book :

-----*Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, & versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris, Aeneæque manu victoria Grajâm
Hæsit; & in decumum vestigia rettulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.-----*

I give not here my Translation of these Verses; tho' I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a Master of the Original, that I have no Reason to desire you shou'd see *Virgil* and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the *Latin* Author refines upon the *Greek*, and insinuates, That *Homer* had done his Heroe wrong, in giving the Advantage of the Duel to his own Countryman; tho' *Diomedes* was manifestly the second Cham-
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pion of the *Grecians*: and *Ulysses* preferr'd him before *Ajax*, when he chose him for the Companion of his Nightly Expedition; for he had a Head-piece of his own; and wanted only the Fortitude of another, to bring him off with Safety; and that he might compass his Design with Honour.

The *French* Translator thus proceeds: They who accuse *Æneas* for want of Courage, either understand not *Virgil*, or have read him slightly; otherwise they wou'd not raise an Objection so easy to be answer'd. Hereupon he gives so many Instances of the Heroe's Valour, that to repeat them after him, wou'd tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary Trouble of Transcribing the greatest part of the three last *Æneids*. In short, more cou'd not be expected from an *Amadis*, a Sir *Lancelot*, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio*, is the perfect Account of a Knight-Errant. If it be reply'd, continues *Segrais*, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and atchieve such hardy Enterprizes, because he wore Enchanted Arms; that Accusation, in the first place, must fall on *Homer*, e'er it can reach *Virgil*. *Achilles* was as well provided with them as *Æneas*, tho' he was invulnerable without them: And *Ariosto*, the two *Tasso's*, *Bernardo*, and *Torquato*, even our own *Spencer*; in a Word, all modern Poets have copied *Homer*, as well as *Virgil*; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says *Segrais*, but that his fated Armour was only an Allegorical Defence, and signify'd no more, than that he was under the
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peculiar Protection of the Gods? born, as the Astrologers will tell us out of *Virgil*, (who was well vers'd in the *Chaldaean* Mysteries) under the favourable Influence of *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and the *Sun*. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an Art; tho' not only *Horace* and *Persius*, but *Augustus* himself, thought otherwise. But in Defence of *Virgil*, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his Predecessor, or his Descendants. For *Aeneas* was actually wounded, in the Twelfth of the *Aeneis*; tho' he had the same God-Smith to Forge his Arms, as had *Achilles*. It seems he was no Warluck, as the *Scots* commonly call such Men, who, they say, are Iron-free, or Lead-free. Yet after this Experiment, that his Arms were not impenetrable, when he was Cur'd indeed by his Mother's Help; because he was that Day to conclude the War by the Death of *Turnus*, the Poet durst not carry the Miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former Vigour: He was still too weak to overtake his Enemy; yet we see with what Courage he attacks *Turnus*, when he faces, and renews the Combat. I need say no more, for *Virgil* defends himself, without needing my Assistance; and proves his Heroe truly to deserve that Name. He was not then a Second-rate Champion, as they wou'd have him, who think Fortitude the first Virtue in a Heroe. But being beaten from this Hold, they will not yet allow him to be Valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a Man of Courage.

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In the first place, if Tears are Arguments of Cowardise, what shall I say of *Homer's* Heroe? Shall *Achilles* pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less Occasions than *Æneas*? Herein *Virgil* must be granted to have excell'd his Master. For once both Heroes are describ'd, lamenting their lost Loves: *Briseis* was taken away by force from the *Grecian*; *Creusa* was lost for ever to her Husband. But *Achilles* went roaring along the Salt-Sea-Shoar, and like a Booby, was complaining to his Mother, when he shou'd have reveng'd his Injury by his Arms. *Æneas* took a Nobler Course; for having secur'd his Father and Son, he repeated all his former Dangers to have found his Wife, if she had been above Ground. And here your Lordship may observe the Address of *Virgil*; it was not for nothing, that this Passage was related with all these tender Circumstances. *Æneas* told it; *Dido* heard it. That he had been so affectionate a Husband, was no ill Argument to the coming Dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. *Virgil* has a thousand secret Beauties, tho' I have not leisure to remark them.

Sgrais on this Subject of a Heroe's shedding Tears, observes that Historians commend *Alexander* for weeping, when he read the mighty Actions of *Achilles*. And *Julius Caesar* is likewise prais'd, when out of the same Noble Envy, he wept at the Victories of *Alexander*. But if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the Tears of *Æneas* were always on a laudable Occasion. Thus he weeps out of Compassion, and Tendernefs of Nature, when in the Temple of *Carthage* he beholds the Pictures

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of his Friends, who Sacrific'd their Lives in Defence of their Country. He deplores the lamentable End of his Pilot *Palinurus*; the untimely death of young *Pallas* his Confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these Tears, his wretched Criticks dare condemn him. They make *Æneas* little better than a kind of St. *Swithin*-Heroe, always Raining. One of these Censors is bold enough to argue him of Cowardise; when in the beginning of the First Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching Storm.

*Exemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answer'd formerly; that his Fear was not for himself, but for his People. And who can give a Sovereign a better Commendation, or recommend a Heroe more to the Affection of the Reader? They were threatened with a Tempest, and he wept; he was promis'd *Italy*, and therefore he pray'd for the Accomplishment of that Promise. All this in the beginning of a Storm, therefore he shew'd the more early Piety, and the quicker sense of Compassion. Thus much I have urg'd elsewhere in the Defence of *Virgil*; and since I have been inform'd, by Mr. *Moyl*, a young Gentleman, whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the Ancients accounted Drowning an accursed Death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself, and to his Subjects. I think our Adversaries can carry this Argument no farther, unless they

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tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the Gods: But how was he assur'd that he had understood their Oracles aright? *Helenus* might be mistaken, *Phæbus* might speak doubtfully, even his Mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his Voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he shou'd be the Founder of an Empire. For that she her self was doubtful of his Fortune, is apparent by the Address she made to *Jupiter* on his behalf. To which the God makes answer in these Words:

*Parce metu, Cytheræa, manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.*

Notwithstanding which, the Goddess, though comforted, was not assur'd: For even after this, through the course of the whole *Æneis*, she still apprehends the Interest which *Juno* might make with *Jupiter* against her Son. For it was a moot Point in Heaven, whether he cou'd alter Fate, or not. And indeed, some passages in *Virgil* would make us suspect, that he was of Opinion, *Jupiter* might defer Fate, though he could not alter it. For in the latter end of the Tenth Book, he introduces *Juno* begging for the Life of *Turnus*, and flattering her Husband with the Power of changing Destiny. *Tua qua potes, orsa reflectas.* To which he graciously Answers:

*Si mora præsentis lethi, tempusque caduco
Oratur Juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe satis.
Hactenus indulgisse vacat. Sin altior istis*

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*Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri,
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inaneis.*

But that he cou'd not alter those Decrees, the King of Gods himself confesses, in the Book above cited; when he comforts *Hercules*, for the Death of *Pallas*, who had invok'd his Aid, before he threw his Lance at *Turnus*.

-----*Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Turnum
Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi.*

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he cou'd not save his own Son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discours'd with that Excellent Person Sir *Robert Howard*; who is better conversant than any Man that I know, in the Doctrine of the Stoicks, and he set me right, from the concurrent Testimony of Philosophers and Poets, that *Jupiter* cou'd not retard the Effects of Fate, even for a Moment. For when I cited *Virgil*, as favouring the contrary Opinion in that Verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fati.

he reply'd, and I think with exact Judgment, that when *Jupiter* gave *Juno* leave to withdraw *Turnus* from the present Danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his Fatal Hour was not come: That it was in Destiny, for

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for *Juno* at that time to save him; and that himself obey'd Destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in Justification of our Heroe's Courage, and am much deceiv'd, if he ever be attack'd on this side of his Character again. But he is arraign'd with more shew of Reason by the Ladies; who will make a numerous Party against him, for being false to Love, in forsaking *Dido*. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, 'tis an ill precedent for their Gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off, with flying Colours, they may learn Experience at her Cost; and for her sake, avoid a Cave, as the worst shelter they can chuse from a shower of Rain, especially when they have a Lover in their Company.

In the first place, *Segrais* observes with much Acuteness, that they who blame *Aeneas* for his Insensibility of Love, when he left *Carthage*, contradict their former Accusation of him, for being always Crying, Compassionate, and Effeminately sensible of those Misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary Characters, but *Virgil* makes him of a Piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this Blunder, by laying the Contradiction at *Virgil's* Door. He, they say, has shewn his Heroe with these inconsistent Characters: Acknowledging, and Ungrateful, Compassionate, and Hard-hearted; but at the bottom, Fickle, and Self-interested. For *Dido* had not only receiv'd his weather-beaten Troops before she saw him, and given them her
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Protection, but had also offer'd them an equal share in her Dominion.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare Regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.-----*

This was an Obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be consider'd, because antecedent to her Love. That Passion, 'tis true, produc'd the usual Effects of Generosity, Gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these Advances, it was still in his power to have refus'd them: After the Intrigue of the Cave, call it Marriage, or Enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the Favour, and was oblig'd to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this Argument in the best light I can, that the Ladies may not think I write booty: And perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor *Cudworth*, who has rais'd such strong Objections against the Being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answer'd them. You may please at least to hear the adverse Party. *Segrais* pleads for *Virgil*, that no less than an absolute Command from *Jupiter*, cou'd excuse this Insensibility of the Heroe, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extream Ingratitude. But at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that *Virgil* had made Piety the first Character of *Aeneas*: And this being allow'd, as I am afraid it must, he was oblig'd, antecedent to all other Considerations, to search an *Asylum* for his Gods in *Italy*. For those very Gods, I say, who

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who had promis'd to his Race the universal Empire. Cou'd a pious Man dispence with the Commands of *Jupiter*, to satisfy his Passion; or take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the Obligations of his Gratitude? Religion, 'tis true, must have Moral Honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate Revelation dispenses with all Duties of Morality. All Casuists agree, that Theft is a breach of the Moral Law: Yet if I might presume to mingle Things Sacred with Prophane, the *Israelites* only spoil'd the *Egyptians*, not robb'd them; because the Propriety was transferr'd, by a Revelation to their Law-giver. I confess *Dido* was a very Infidel in this Point; for she wou'd not believe, as *Virgil* makes her say, that ever *Jupiter* wou'd send *Mercury* on such an Immoral Errand. But this needs no Answer, at least no more than *Virgil* gives it:

Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as *Segrais* confesses, he might have shewn a little more Sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his Character.

But let *Virgil* answer for himself. He still lov'd her, and struggled with his Inclinations, to obey the Gods:

— *Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus a-
more.*

Upon the whole Matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a Fault somewhere;

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where; and *Jupiter* is better able to bear the blame, than either *Virgil* or *Aeneas*. The Poet it seems had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting Heroe and the forsaken Lady, to meet together in the lower Regions, where he excuses himself when 'tis too late, and accordingly she will take no Satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now *Segraïis* is forc'd to abandon his defence, and excuses his Author, by saying that the *Aeneis* is an imperfect Work, and that Death prevented the Divine Poet from reviewing it; and for that Reason he had condemn'd it to the Fire: Though at the same time, his two Translators must acknowledge, that the Sixth Book is the most Correct of the whole *Aeneis*. Oh, how convenient is a Machine sometimes in a Heroick Poem! This of *Mercury* is plainly one, and *Virgil* was constrain'd to use it here, or the Honesty of his Heroe wou'd be ill-defended. And the Fair Sex however, if they had the Deserter in their Power, wou'd certainly have shewn him no more Mercy, than the *Bacchanals* did *Orpheus*. For if too much Constancy may be a Fault sometimes, then want of Constancy, and Ingratitude after the last Favour, is a Crime that never will be forgiven. But of Machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew, with how much Judgment they have been us'd by *Virgil*: And in the mean time, pass to another Article of his Defence, on the present Subject; where, if I cannot clear the Heroe, I hope at least to bring off the Poet; for here I must divide their Causes. Let *Aeneas* trust to his Machine, which will only help to break his Fall, but the Address is incomparable. *Pla-*

to,

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who borrow'd so much from *Homer*, and yet concluded for the Banishment of all Poets, wou'd at least have rewarded *Virgil*, before he sent him into Exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserv'd beside, the Bounty of *Augustus*, and the Gratitude of the *Roman* People. If after this, the Ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the Jury is not all agreed; for *Octavia* was of his Party, and was of the first Quality in *Rome*; she was also present at the reading of the Sixth *Aeneid*, and we know not that she condemn'd *Aeneas*; but we are sure she presented the Poet, for his admirable Elegy on her Son *Marcellus*.

But let us consider the secret Reasons which *Virgil* had, for thus framing this Noble Episode, wherein the whole Passion of Love is more exactly describ'd, than in any other Poet; Love was the Theme of his Fourth Book; and though it is the shortest of the whole *Aeneis*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: And had exhausted so entirely this Subject, that he cou'd resume it but very slightly in the Eight ensuing Books.

She was warm'd with the graceful Appearance of the Heroe, she smother'd those Sparkles out of Decency, but Conversation blew them up into a Flame. Then she was forc'd to make a Confident of her, whom she best might trust, her own Sister, who approves the Passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her publick owning it; and after that, the Consummation. Of *Venus* and *Juno*, *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, I say nothing, for they were all Machining Work:
But

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But Possession having cool'd his Love, as it increas'd hers, she soon perceiv'd the Change, or at least grew suspicious of a Change; this Suspicion soon turn'd to Jealousy, and Jealousy to Rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats: And nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own Executioner. See here the whole Process of that Passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the Connection of my Discourse.

To love our Native Country, and to study its Benefit and its Glory, to be interess'd in its Concerns, is Natural to all Men, and is indeed our common Duty. A Poet makes a farther step; for endeavouring to do Honour to it, 'tis allowable in him even to be partial in its Cause; for he is not ty'd to Truth, or fetter'd by the Laws of History. *Homer* and *Tasso* are justly praised, for chusing their Heroes out of *Greece* and *Italy*; *Virgil* indeed made his a *Trojan*, but it was to derive the *Romans* and his own *Augustus* from him; but all the three Poets are manifestly partial to their Heroes, in favour of their Country: For *Dares Phrygius* reports of *Hector*, that he was slain cowardly; *Aeneas*, according to the best account, slew not *Mexentius*, but was slain by him: And the Chronicles of *Italy* tell us little of that *Rinaldo d' Este*, who Conquers *Jerusalem* in *Tasso*. He might be a Champion of the Church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the Siege. To apply this to *Virgil*, he thought himself engag'd in Honour to espouse the Cause and Quarrel of his Country against *Carthage*. He knew he cou'd not please the

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Romans better, or oblige them more to Patronize his Poem, than by disgracing the Foundress of that City. He shews her ungrateful to the Memory of her first Husband, doting on a Stranger; enjoy'd, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the Original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two Rival Nations. 'Tis true, he colours the falsehood of *Aeneas* by an express Command from *Jupiter*, to forsake the Queen, who had oblig'd him: But he knew the *Romans* were to be his Readers, and them he brib'd, perhaps at the expence of his Heroe's Honesty, but he gain'd his Cause however; as Pleading before corrupt Judges. They were content to see their Founder false to Love, for still he had the Advantage of the Amour: It was their Enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: She had already forgotten her Vows to her *Sichæus*; and *varium & mutabile semper Femina*, is the sharpest Satire in the fewest Words that ever was made on Womankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and *Animal* must be understood, to make them Grammar. *Virgil* does well to put those Words into the Mouth of *Mercury*: *If a God had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them.* Yet the Deity was forc'd to come twice on the same Errand: And the second time, as much a Heroe as *Aeneas* was, he frighted him. It seems he fear'd not *Jupiter* so much as *Dido*. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his Voyage, yet he still delay'd it, till the Messenger was oblig'd to tell him plainly, that if he weigh'd not Anchor

in

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in the Night, the Queen wou'd be with him in the Morning. *Notumque furens quid Femina possit*; she was injur'd, she was Revengeful, she was Powerful. The Poet had likewise before hinted, that the People were naturally perfidious: For he gives their Character in the Queen, and makes a Proverb of *Punica Fides*, many Ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my Promise, and justify'd the Poet, whatever becomes of the false Knight. And sure a Poet is as much priviledg'd to lye, as an Ambassador, for the Honour and Interest of his Country; at least as Sir *Henry Wotton* has defin'd.

This naturally leads me to the Defence of the Famous *Anachronism*, in making *Aeneas* and *Dido* Contemporaries. For 'tis certain that the Heroe liv'd almost two hundred Years before the Building of *Carthage*. One who imitates *Boccaline*, says that *Virgil* was accus'd before *Apollo* for this Error. The God soon found that he was not able to defend his Favourite by Reason, for the Case was clear: He therefore gave this middle Sentence; That any thing might be allow'd to his Son *Virgil*, on the account of his other Merits; That being a Monarch he had a dispensing Power, and pardon'd him. But that this special Act of Grace might never be drawn into Example, or pleaded by his puny Successors, in Justification of their Ignorance; He decreed for the Future, No Poet shou'd presume to make a Lady dye for Love two hundred Years before her Birth. To Moralize this Story, *Virgil* is the *Apollo*, who has this Dispensing Power. His great
Judg-

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Judgment made the Laws of Poetry, but he never made himself a Slave to them: Chronology at best is but a Cobweb-Law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must chuse, as he did, an obscure and a remote *Æra*, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the *Romans*, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false Computation of Times can be made out against him. This *Segrais* says in his defence, and proves it from his Learned Friend *Bochartus*, whose Letter on this Subject, he has printed at the end of the Fourth *Æneid*, to which I refer your Lordship and the Reader. Yet the Credit of *Virgil* was so great, that he made this Fable of his own Invention pass for an Authentick History, or at least as credible as any thing in *Homer*. *Ovid* takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil's* new-created *Dido*; dictates a Letter for her just before her Death, to the ingrateful Fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have Translated both. The Famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forc'd to his old Shift, he has recourse to Wit-ticism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil*, in their esteem. But let them like for themselves,

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selves, and not prescribe to others; for our Author needs not their Admiration.

The Motives that induc'd *Virgil* to Coin this Fable, I have shew'd already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this *Anachronism*, by superseding the Mechanick Rules of Poetry, for the same Reason, that a Monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own Laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those Laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be call'd a fault in Poetry, says *Aristotle*, but what is against the Art; therefore a Man may be an admirable Poet, without being an exact Chronologer. Shall we dare, continues *Segrais*, to condemn *Virgil*, for having made a Fiction against the order of Time, when we commend *Ovid* and other Poets who have made many of their Fictions against the order of Nature? For what are the splendid Miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are Beautiful as they are related; and have also deep learning and instructive Mythologies couch'd under them: But to give, as *Virgil* does in this Episode, the Original Cause of the long Wars betwixt *Rome* and *Carthage*, to draw Truth out of Fiction, after so probable a Manner, with so much Beauty, and so much for the Honour of his Country, was proper only to the Divine Wit of *Maro*; and *Tasso*, in one of his Discourses, admires him for this particularly. 'Tis not lawful indeed, to contradict a Point of History, which is known to all the World; as for Example, to make *Hannibal* and *Scipio* Contemporaries with *Alexander*; but in the dark Recesses of Antiquity, a great Poet may and ought to feign such Things as he finds

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not there, if they can be brought to embellish that Subject which he treats. On the other side, the Pains and Diligence of ill Poets is but thrown away, when they want the Genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the Fictions be delightful, (which they always are, if they be natural,) if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due Places, and artfully united to each other, such Works can never fail of their deserv'd Success. And such is *Virgil's* Episode of *Dido* and *Æneas*; where the fourest Critick must acknowledge, That if he had depriv'd his *Æneis* of so great an Ornament, because he found no traces of it in Antiquity, he had avoided their unjust Censure, but had wanted one of the greatest Beauties of his Poem. I shall say more of this in the next Article of their Charge against him, which is, Want of Invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this Episode, that it is not only now esteem'd the most pleasing Entertainment of the *Æneis*, but was so accounted in his own Age; and before it was mellow'd into that Reputation, which Time has given it; for which I need produce no other Testimony, than that of *Ovid*, his Contemporary.

*Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo federe junctus amor.*

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that *Ovid* in those Words, *Non legitimo federe junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful Marriage betwixt *Dido* and *Æneas*. He was in Banishment when he wrote

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those Verses, which I cite from his Letter to *Augustus*: You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into Exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own Poet was happy in your good Graces, though he brought *Dido* and *Æneas* into a Cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: May I be so bold to ask your Majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the Art of unlawful Love, than to shew it in the Action? But was *Ovid* the Court-Poet so bad a Courtier, as to find no other Plea to excuse himself, than by a plain Accusation of his Master? *Virgil* confessed it was a lawful Marriage betwixt the Lovers, that *Juno* the Goddess of Matrimony had ratify'd it by her presence; for it was her business to bring Matters to that issue: That the Ceremonies were short we may believe, for *Dido* was not only amorous, but a Widow. *Mercury* himself, tho' employ'd on a quite contrary Errand, yet owns it a Marriage by an *Inuendo* — *Pulchramque uxoris urbem Extruis*, — He calls *Æneas* not only a Husband, but upbraids him for being a fond Husband, as the word *Uxorinus* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why *Virgil* is so much concern'd to make this Marriage, (for he seems to be the Father of the Bride himself, and to give her to the Bridegroom) it was to make way for the Divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer Flatterer than *Ovid*: And I more than conjecture, that he had in his Eye the Divorce, which not long before had pass'd betwixt the Emperor and *Scribonia*. He drew this Dimple in the Cheek of *Æneas*, to prove *Augustus* of the same Family, by so remarkable a Feature
in

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in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun *English* Proverb, *He kill'd two Birds with one Stone*; pleas'd the Emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his Ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that Age. For to leave one Wife and take another, was but a matter of Gallantry at that time of Day among the *Romans*. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very Excuse which *Aeneas* makes, when he leaves his Lady. I made no such Bargain with you at our Marriage, to live always drudging on at *Carthage*; my Business was *Italy*, and I never made a Secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort your self with the next Stranger who happens to be shipwreck'd on your Coast: Be as kind an Hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another Husband. In the mean time, I call the Gods to witness, that I leave your Shore unwillingly; for tho' *Juno* made the Marriage, yet *Jupiter* commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonour'd out of *Latin* Verse, into *English* Prose. If the Poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind Heathen, who knew no better Morals.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended, on this Objection; which would indeed weigh something in a Splritual Court; but I am not to defend our Poet there. The next I think is but a Cavil, though the Cry is great against him, and hath continu'd from the time of *Macrobius* to this present Age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of Inven-

tion to his Charge: a capital Crime, I must acknowledge: for a Poet is a Maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his Name for nothing. That which makes this Accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrow'd so many things from *Homer*, *Apollonius Rhodius*, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if Invention is to be taken in so strict a Sense, that the Matter of a Poem must be wholly new, and that in all its Parts; then *Scaliger* hath made out, saith *Segrais*, that the History of *Troy* was no more the Invention of *Homer*, than of *Virgil*. There was not an Old Woman, or almost a Child, but had it in their Mouths, before the *Greek* Poet or his Friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as *Solomon* hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the Sun. Who then can pass for an Inventor, if *Homer*, as well as *Virgil*, must be depriv'd of that Glory? Is *Versailles* the less a New Building, because the Architect of that Palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, Doors and Windows, Apartments, Offices, Rooms of Convenience and Magnificence, are in all great Houses. So Descriptions, Figures, Fables, and the rest, must be in all Heroick Poems: they are the common Materials of Poetry, furnish'd from the Magazin of Nature; every Poet hath as much right to them, as every Man hath to Air or Water. *Quid prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est.* But the Argument of the Work, that is to say, its principal Action, the Oeconomy and Disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish Copies from

from Originals. The Poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be Born; he and the *Jews Messias* will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis*, which resemble some parts both of the *Ilias* and of the *Odysses*: As for Example, *Æneas* descended into Hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas* lov'd *Dido*, and *Ulysses* lov'd *Calypso*: In few words, *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer's Odysses* in his first six Books, and in his six last the *Ilias*. But from hence can we infer, that the two Poets write the same History? Is there no Invention in some other parts of *Virgil's Æneis*? The Disposition of so many various Matters, is not that his own? From what Book of *Homer* had *Virgil* his Episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*? From whence did he borrow his Design of Bringing *Æneas* into Italy? of establishing the *Roman* Empire on the Foundations of a *Trojan* Colony: to say nothing of the Honour he did his Patron, not only in his descent from *Venus*, but in making him so like her in his best Features, that the Goddess might have mistaken *Augustus* for her Son. He had indeed the Story from common Fame, as *Homer* had his from the *Egyptian* Priestess. *Æneadum Genetrix* was no more unknown to *Lucretius*, than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him not to form his Heroe; to give him Piety or Valour for his Manners: and both in so eminent a Degree, that having done what was possible for Man, to save his King and Country; his Mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his Fury, which hurried him to Death in their Revenge. But the Poet made his Piety more successful; he

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brought off his Father and his Son; and his Gods witness'd to his Devotion, by putting themselves under his Protection, to be re-plac'd by him, in their promis'd *Italy*. Neither the Invention, nor the Conduct of this great Action, were owing to *Homer*, or any other Poet. 'Tis one thing to Copy, and another thing to imitate from Nature. The Copyer is that servile Imitator, to whom *Horace* gives no better a Name, than that of Animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a Man. *Raphael* imitated Nature; they who Copy one of *Raphael's* Pieces, imitate but him, for his Work is their Original. They Translate him, as I do *Virgil*; and fall as short of him, as I of *Virgil*. There is a kind of Invention in the Imitation of *Raphael*; for tho' the thing was in Nature, yet the Idea of it was his own. *Ulysses* travell'd, so did *Æneas*; but neither of them were the first Travellers: For *Cain* went into the Land of *Nod*, before they were born: And neither of the Poets ever heard of such a Man. If *Ulysses* had been kill'd at *Troy*, yet *Æneas* must have gone to Sea, or he cou'd never have arriv'd in *Italy*. But the Designs of the two Poets, were as different as the Courses of their Heroes; one went Home, and the other sought a Home. To return to my first Similitude. Suppose *Apelles* and *Raphael* had each of them Painted a Burning *Troy*; might not the Modern Painter have succeeded as well as the Ancient, tho' neither of them had seen the Town on Fire? For the Draughts of both were taken from the Idea's which they had of Nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in Being. But to close the Simile as I began

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it; they wou'd not have design'd it after the same manner: *Apelles* would have distinguish'd *Pyrrhus* from the rest of all the *Grecians*, and shew'd him, forcing his entrance into *Priam's* Palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his Figures; because he was a *Grecian*, and he wou'd do Honour to his Country. *Raphael*, who was an *Italian*, and descended from the *Trojans*, wou'd have made *Æneas* the Heroe of his Piece; and perhaps not with his Father on his Back; his Son in one hand, his Bundle of Gods in the other; and his Wife following; (for an Act of Piety is not half so graceful in a Picture, as an Act of Courage:) He would have rather drawn him killing *Androgeus*, or some other, Hand to Hand; and the blaze of the Fires shou'd have darted full upon his Face, to make him conspicuous amongst his *Trojans*. This I think is a just Comparison betwixt the two Poets, in the Conduct of their several Designs. *Virgil* cannot be said to Copy *Homer*; the *Grecian* had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urg'd, that I have granted a Resemblance in some parts; yet therein *Virgil* has excell'd him. For what are the Tears of *Calypso* for being left, to the Fury and Death of *Dido*? Where is there the whole Process of her Passion, and all its violent Effects to be found, in the languishing *Episode* of the *Odysses*? If this be a Copy, let the Criticks shew us the same Disposition, Features, or Colouring in their Original. The like may be said of the Descent to Hell; which was not of *Homer's* Invention neither; he had it from the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that

Journey? *Aeneas* undertook it by the expresse Commandment of his Father's Ghost: There he was to shew him all the succeeding Heroes of his Race: And next to *Romulus*, (mark, if you please, the Address of *Virgil*) his own Patron *Augustus Caesar*. *Anchises* was likewise to instruct him, how to manage the *Italian War*, and how to conclude it with his Honour. That is, in other Words, to lay the Foundations of that Empire which *Augustus* was to Govern. This is the Noble Invention of our Author; but it hath been Copied by so many Signpost Dawbers, that now 'tis grown fulsom; rather by their want of Skill, than by the Commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that by reading *Homer*, *Virgil* was taught to imitate his Invention; that is, to imitate like him: Which is no more, than if a Painter studied *Raphael*, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate *Virgil*, if I were capable of writing an Heroick Poem, and yet the Invention be my own: but I shou'd endeavour to avoid a servile Copying. I would not give the same Story under other Names, with the same Characters, in the same Order, and with the same Sequel; for every common Reader to find me out at the first sight for a Plagiarist, and cry, This I read before in *Virgil*, in a better Language, and in better Verse. This is like *Merry-Andrew* on the low Rope, copying lubberly the same Tricks, which his Master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordship but with one Objection more; which I know not whether I found in *Le Fevre*, or *Valois*; but I am sure I have

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have read it in another *French* Critick, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his Reputation. *Virgil*, in the heat of Aétion, suppose for Example, in describing the Fury of his Heroe in a Battel, when he is endeavouring to raise our Concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some Similitude, which diverts, say they, your Attention from the main Subject, and mispends it on some trivial Image. He pours cold Water into the Caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This Accusation is general against all who wou'd be thought Heroick Poets; but I think it touches *Virgil* less than any. He is too great a Master of his Art, to make a Blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for Tragedy, which is all violent, and where the Passions are in a perpetual Ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of Dialogue, unless in Comedy: A Metaphor is almost all the Stage can suffer, which is a kind of Similitude comprehended in a Word. But this Figure has a contrary effect in Heroick Poetry; there 'tis employ'd to raise the Admiration, which is its proper business. And Admiration is not of so violent a Nature as Fear or Hope, Compassion or Horror, or any Concernment we can have for such or such a Person on the Stage. Not but I confess, that Similitudes and Descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the Reader. Once I remember, and but once, *Virgil* makes a Similitude of fourteen Lines; and his Description of *Fame* is about the same Number.

He

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He is blam'd for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he liv'd to have review'd his Work: But Faults are no Precedents. This I have observ'd of his Similitudes in general, that they are not plac'd, as our unobserving Criticks tell us, in the heat of any Action: But commonly in its declining: When he has warm'd us in his Description, as much as possibly he can; then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt Similitude, which illustrates his Subject, and yet palls not his Audience. I need give your Lordship but one Example of this kind, and leave the rest to your Observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the Original, unblemish'd by my rude Translation. 'Tis in the First Book, where the Poet describes *Neptune* composing the Ocean, on which *Æolus* had rais'd a Tempest, without his Permission. He had already chidden the rebellious Winds for obeying the Commands of their Usurping Master: He had warn'd them from the Seas: He had beaten down the Billows with his Mace; dispell'd the Clouds, restor'd the Sunshine, while *Triton* and *Cymothoe* were heaving the Ships from off the Quick-Sands; before the Poet wou'd offer at a Similitude for Illustration.

*Ac, velati magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sevitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamq; faces, & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam*
Pro-

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*Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invehctus aperto
Electit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.*

This is the first Similitude which *Virgil* makes in this Poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which Reason I the rather cite it. While the Storm was in its Fury, any Allusion had been improper: For the Poet cou'd have compar'd it to nothing more impetuous than it self; consequently he could have made no Illustration. If he cou'd have illustrated, it had been an ambitious Ornament out of Season, and would have diverted our Concernment: *Nunc, non erat his locus*; and therefore he deferr'd it to its proper place.

These are the Criticisms of most Moment which have been made against the *Æneis*, by the Ancients or Moderns. As for the particular Exceptions against this or that passage, *Macrobius* and *Pontanus* have answer'd them already. If I desir'd to appear more Learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their Objections and Solutions, as it is for a Country Parson to take the Expositions of the Fathers out of *Junius* and *Tremellius*. Or not to have nam'd the Authors from whence I had them: For so *Ruæus*, otherwise a most judicious Commentator on *Virgil's* Works, has us'd *Pontanus*, his greatest Benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no Objection; for that implies a Fault: And it had been none in *Virgil*, if he had extended the time of his Action beyond a Year. At least *Aristotle* has set no precise Limits to it. *Homer's*, we know,
was

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was within two Months ; *Tasso* I am sure exceeds not a Summer : and if I examin'd him, perhaps he might be reduc'd into a much less compass. *Bossu* leaves it doubtful whether *Virgil's* Actions were within the Year, or took up some Months beyond it. Indeed the whole Dispute is of no more Concernment to the common Reader, than it is to a Plough-man, whether *February* this Year had 28 or 29 Days in it. But for the Satisfaction of the more Curious, of which Number, I am sure your Lordship is one ; I will Translate what I think convenient out of *Segrais*, whom perhaps you have not read : For he has made it highly probable, that the Action of the *Æneis* began in the Spring, and was not extended beyond the Autumn. And we have known Campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard and the rest whom *Segrais* names, who are of Opinion that the Action of this Poem takes up almost a Year and a half ; ground their Calculation thus. *Anchises* dyed in *Sicily* at the end of Winter, or beginning of the Spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the Interment of his Father, puts to Sea for *Italy*. He is surpriz'd by the Tempest describ'd in the beginning of the First Book ; and there it is that the Scene of the Poem opens ; and where the Action must Commerce. He is driven by this Storm on the Coasts of *Africk* : He stays at *Carthage* all that Summer, and almost all the Winter following : Sets Sail again for *Italy* just before the beginning of the Spring ; meets with contrary Winds, and makes *Sicily* the second time : This part of the Action compleats the Year. Then he celebrates the Anniversary of

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his Father's Funeral, and shortly after arrives at *Cume*, and from thence his Time is taken up in his first Treaty with *Latinus*; the Overture of the War; the Siege of his Camp by *Turnus*; his going for Succours to relieve it: His Return: The raising of the Siege by the first Battel: The twelve Days Truce: The second Battel: The Assault of *Laurentum*, and the single Fight with *Turnus*; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five Months more; by which Account we cannot suppose the entire Action to be contain'd in a much less compass than a Year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his Computation is not condemn'd by the learned *Rueus*, who compil'd and publish'd the Commentaries on our Poet, which we call the *Dauphin's Virgil*.

He allows the time of the Year when *Anchises* dyed, to be in the latter end of Winter, or the beginning of the Spring; he acknowledges that when *Aeneas* is first seen at Sea afterwards, and is driven by the Tempest on the Coast of *Africk*, is the time when the Action is naturally to begin: He confesses farther, that *Aeneas* left *Carthage* in the latter end of Winter; for *Dido* tells him in express terms, as an Argument for his longer stay,

Quinctiam Hyberno moliris sydere Classen.

But whereas *Ronsard's* Followers suppose that when *Aeneas* had buried his Father, he set Sail immediately for *Italy*, (tho' the Tempest drove him on the Coast of *Carthage*), *Segrais* will by no means allow that Supposition; but
thinks

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thinks it much more probable that he remain'd in *Sicily* till the midst of *July*, or the beginning of *August*; at which time he places the first Appearance of his Heroe on the Sea; and there opens the Action of the Poem. From which beginning, to the Death of *Turnus*, which concludes the Action, there need not be suppos'd above ten Months of intermediate time: For arriving at *Carthage* in the latter end of Summer; staying there the Winter following; departing thence in the very beginning of the Spring; making a short abode in *Sicily* the second time, landing in *Italy*, and making the War, may be reasonably judg'd the Business but of ten Months. To this the *Ronsardians* reply, that having been for Seven Years before in quest of *Italy*, and having no more to do in *Sicily*, than to inter his Father; after that Office was perform'd, what remain'd for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first Adventure? To which *Segrais* answers, that the Obsequies of his Father, according to the Rites of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, would detain him for many Days: That a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his Ships, after so tedious a Voyage; and in refreshing his weather-beaten Soldiers on a friendly Coast. These indeed are but Suppositions on both sides, yet those of *Segrais* seem better grounded. For the Feast of *Dido*, when she entertain'd *Aeneas* first, has the Appearance of a Summer's Night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his Story: Therefore the Love was made in Autumn; the Hunting follow'd properly, when the heats of that scorching Country were declining: The Winter was pass'd in Jollity, as the Season and

their

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their Love requir'd; and he left her in the latter end of Winter, as is already prov'd. This Opinion is fortify'd by the Arrival of *Æneas* at the Mouth of *Tyber*; which marks the Season of the Spring; that Season being perfectly describ'd by the Singing of the Birds, saluting the dawn; and by the Beauty of the Place: Which the Poet seems to have painted expressly in the Seventh *Æneid*:

*Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cum venti posuere; variae circumque, supraque
Assuctae ripis volacres, & fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.*————

The remainder of the Action requir'd but three Months more; for when *Æneas* went for Succour to the *Tuscans*, he found their Army in a readiness to march; and wanting only a Commander: So that according to this Calculation, the *Æneis* takes not up above a Year compleat, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other Circumstances, treated more at large by *Segrain*, agrees with the rising of *Orion*, which caus'd the Tempest, describ'd in the beginning of the first Book. By some Passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the *Georgicks*, our Poet is found to be an exact Astronomer, according to the Knowledge of that Age. Now *Ilioneus* (whom *Virgil* twice employs in Embassies, as the best Speaker of the *Trojans*) attributes that Tempest to *Orion* in his Speech to *Dido*,

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.

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He must mean either the *Heliacal* or *Achronical* rising of that Sign. The *Heliacal* rising of a Constellation, is when it comes from under the Rays of the Sun, and begins to appear before Day-light. The *Achronical* rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of Day, and in Opposition of the Sun's diurnal Course.

The *Heliacal* rising of *Orion*, is at present computed to be about the sixth of *July*; and about that time it is, that he either causes, or presages Tempests on the Seas.

Segrais has observ'd farther, that when *Anna* Counsels *Dido* to stay *Aeneas* during the Winter; she speaks also of *Orion*,

Dum pelago deservit hyems, & aquosus Orion.

If therefore *Ilioneus*, according to our Supposition, understand the *Heliacal* rising of *Orion*: *Anna* must mean the *Achronical*, which the different Epithetes given to that Constellation, seem to manifest. *Ilioneus* calls him *nimbosus*, *Anna* *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the Summer when he rises *Heliacally*, and Rainy in the Winter when he rises *Achronically*. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant Words; which I could not avoid in this Abbreviation of *Segrais*; who I think deserves no little Commendation in this new Criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of *Virgil's* Machines, from my own Observation of them. He has Imitated those of *Homer*, but not Copied them. It was established long before this time, in the *Roman* Religion as well as in the *Greek*, that there were
Gods;

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Gods, and both Nations, for the most part, worshipp'd the same Deities; as did also the *Trojans*: From whom the *Romans*, I suppose, wou'd rather be thought to derive the Rites of their Religion, than from the *Grecians*; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those Gods had his proper Office, and the chief of them their particular Attendants. Thus *Jupiter* had in Propriety, *Ganymede* and *Mercury*; and *Juno* had *Iris*. It was not for *Virgil* then to create new Ministers: he must take what he found in his Religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrow'd them from *Homer*, any more than *Apollo*, *Diana*, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the *Grecian* Poet did: But he invents the Occasions for which he uses them. *Venus*, after the Destruction of *Troy*, had gain'd *Neptune* entirely to her Party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the *Aeneis*, to calm the Tempest rais'd by *Æolus*, and afterwards conducting the *Trojan* Fleet to *Cumæ* in safety, with the loss only of their Pilot; for whom he Bargains. I name those two Examples amongst a hundred which I omit; to prove that *Virgil*, generally speaking, employ'd his Machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a Storm at Sea, upon the rising of *Orion*? What wonder, if amongst so many Ships there shou'd one be overfet, which was commanded by *Orontes*; though half the Winds had not been there, which *Æolus* employ'd? Might not *Palinurus*, without a Miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the Sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and

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secure of a quiet passage, by his Observation of the Skies? At least *Æneas*, who knew nothing of the Machine of *Somnus*, takes it plainly in this Sense:

*O nimium Cælo & Pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.*

But Machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the Reader, and give a colour of Probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it sooth'd the Vanity of the *Romans*, to find the Gods so visibly concern'd in all the Actions of their Predecessors. We who are better taught by our Religion, yet own every wonderful Accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special Providence of Almighty God; and by the care of Guardian Angels: And from hence I might infer, that no Heroick Poem can be writ on the *Epicurean* Principles. Which I cou'd easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When *Venus* opens the Eyes of her Son *Æneas*, to behold the Gods who combated against *Troy*, in that fatal Night when it was surprized; we share the pleasure of that glorious Vision, (which *Tasso* has not ill copied in the sacking of *Jerusalem*.) But the *Greeks* had done their Business; though neither *Neptune*, *Juno*, or *Pallas*, had given them their Divine Assistance. The most crude Machine which *Virgil* uses, is in the Episode of *Camilla*, where *Opis* by the command of her Mistress, kills *Aruns*. The next is in the Twelfth *Æneid*, where *Venus* cures her Son *Æneas*. But in the

last

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last of these, the Poet was driven to a Necessity; for *Turnus* was to be slain that very Day; and *Aeneas*, wounded as he was, cou'd not have engag'd him in single Combat, unless his Hurt had been miraculously heal'd. And the Poet had consider'd, that the *Dittany* which she brought from *Crete*, cou'd not have wrought so speedy an Effect, without the Juice of *Ambrosia*, which she mingled with it. After all, that his Machine might not seem too violent, we see the Heroe limping after *Turnus*. The Wound was skin'd; but the strength of his Thigh was not restor'd. But what Reason had our Author to wound *Aeneas* at so critical a Time? And how came the Cuisses to be worse temper'd than the rest of his Armour, which was all wrought by *Vulcan* and his Journey-men? These Difficulties are not easily to be solv'd, without confessing that *Virgil* had not Life enough to correct his Work: Tho' he had review'd it, and found those Errors which he resolv'd to mend: But being prevented by Death, and not willing to leave an imperfect Work behind him, he ordain'd, by his last Testament, that his *Aeneis* should be burn'd. As for the Death of *Aruns*, who was shot by a Goddess, the Machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding *Mars* and *Venus* by the Sword of *Diomedes*. Two Divinities, one wou'd have thought, might have pleaded their Prerogative of Impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal Hand. Beside that the *ixap* which they shed, was so very like our common Blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what *Horace* says in his

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his Art of Poetry; that no Machines are to be us'd, unless on some extraordinary Occasion,

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

That Rule is to be apply'd to the Theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the Knot of the Play is to be unt'y'd, and no other way is left, for making the Discovery; then and not otherwise, let a God descend upon a Rope, and clear the Business to the Audience: But this has no Relation to the Machines which are us'd in an Epick Poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or Flying Pest, which flapping on the Shield of *Turnus*, and fluttering about his Head, dishearten'd him in the Duel, and presag'd to him his approaching Death, I might have plac'd it more properly amongst the Objections. For the Criticks, who lay want of Courage to the Charge of *Virgil's* Heroe; quote this Passage as a main Proof of their Assertion. They say our Author had not only secur'd him before the Duel, but also in the beginning of it, had given him the Advantage in impenetrable Arms, and in his Sword: (for that of *Turnus* was not his own, which was forg'd by *Vulcan* for his Father) but a Weapon which he had snatch'd in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his Charioteer *Metiscus*. That after all this, *Jupiter*, who was partial to the *Trojan*, and distrustful of the Event, though he had hung the Ballance, and given it a jog of his Hand to weigh down *Turnus*, thought convenient to give the Fates

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a collateral Security, by sending the Screech-Owl to discourage him. For which they quote these Words of *Virgil*,

— *Non me tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say, that this Machine is one of those which the Poet uses only for Ornament, and not out of Necessity. Nothing can be more Beautiful, or more Poetical than this Description of the three *Diræ*, or the setting of the Ballance, which our *Milton* has borrow'd from him, but employ'd to a different end: For first he makes God Almighty set the Scales for St. *Gabriel* and *Sathan*, when he knew no Combat was to follow; then he makes the good Angel's Scale descend, and the Devil's mount; quite contrary to *Virgil*, if I have translated the three Verses according to my Author's Sense.

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum.

For I have taken these Words *Quem damnet labor*, in the Sense which *Virgil* gives them in another place; *Damnabis tu quoque votis*; to signify a prosperous Event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a Genius as *Milton*: For I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the Text in *Daniel*, where *Belsazzar* was put into the Balance, and found too light. This is Digression, and I return to my Subject. I said above, that these two Machines of the Balance, and

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and the *Dira*, were only Ornamental, and that the Success of the Duel had been the same without them. For when *Aeneas* and *Turnus* stood fronting each other before the Altar, *Turnus* look'd dejected, and his Colour faded in his Face, as if he desponded of the Victory before the Fight; and not only he, but all his Party, when the Strength of the two Champions was judg'd by the Proportion of their Limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their Chief was over-match'd: Whereupon *Juturna* (who was of the same Opinion) took this Opportunity to break the Treaty and renew the War. *Juno* her self had plainly told the Nymph beforehand, that her Brother was to Fight

Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus aqvis;

So that there was no need of an Apparition to fright *Turnus*, he had the presage within himself of his impending Destiny. The *Dira* only serv'd to confirm him in his first Opinion, that it was his Destiny to dye in the ensuing Combat. And in this sense are those Words of *Virgil* to be taken;

—*Non me tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter Hostis.

I doubt not but the Adverb (*solum*) is to be understood; 'tis not your Valour only that gives me this Concernment; but I find also, by this Portent, that *Jupiter* is my Enemy. For *Turnus* fled before, when his first Sword was broken, till his Sister supply'd him with a better;

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ter; which indeed he cou'd not use; because *Aeneas* kept him at a distance with his Spear. I wonder *Ruans* saw not this, where he charges his Author so unjustly, for giving *Turnus* a second Sword, to no purpose. How cou'd he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffer'd to approach? Besides, the chief Errand of the *Dira*, was to warn *Juturna* from the Field, for she cou'd have brought the Chariot again, when she saw her Brother worsted in the Duel. I might farther add, that *Aeneas* was so eager of the Fight, that he left the City, now almost in his Possession, to decide his Quarrel with *Turnus* by the Sword: Whereas *Turnus* had manifestly declin'd the Combat, and suffer'd his Sister to convey him as far from the reach of his Enemy as she cou'd. I say, not only suffer'd her, but consented to it; for 'tis plain, he knew her by these Words:

*O soror & dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Federa turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea. ———*

I have dwelt so long on this Subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my Translation: Unless I would swell my Preface into a Volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many Pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in Justification or Praise of *Virgil*, is against my self; for presuming to Copy, in my coarse *English*, the Thoughts and Beautiful Expressions of this inimitable Poet: Who flourish'd in an Age when his Language was brought to its last Perfection, for which it was

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particularly owing to him and *Horace*. I will give your Lordship my Opinion, that those two Friends had consulted each other's Judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitch'd on Propriety of Thought, Elegance of Words, and Harmony of Numbers. According to this Model, *Horace* writ his *Odes* and *Epods*: For his *Satires* and *Epistles*, being intended wholly for Instruction, requir'd another Style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore, as he himself professes, are *Sermoni propiora*, nearer Prose than Verse. But *Virgil*, who never attempted the Lyrick Verse, is every where elegant, sweet and flowing in his *Hexameters*. His Words are not only chosen, but the Places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the Station wherein their Master set them, spoils the Harmony. What he says of the *Sibyls* Prophecies, may be as properly apply'd to every Word of his: They must be read, in order as they lie; the least Breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their Divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my Verses, but I have endeavour'd to follow the Example of my Master: And am the first *Englishman*, perhaps, who made it his design to Copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the Sound. On this last Consideration, I have shun'd the *Cæsura* as much as possibly I cou'd. For where-ever that is us'd, it gives a Roughness to the Verse; of which we can have little need, in a Language which is over-stock'd with

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Consonants. Such is not the *Latin*, where the Vowels and Consonants are mix'd in Proportion to each other: Yet *Virgil* judg'd the Vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their Sweetness with *Cæsura's*. Such difference there is in Tongues, that the same Figure which roughens one, gives Majesty to another: And that was it which *Virgil* studied in his Verses. *Ovid* uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his Versification cannot so properly be call'd sweet, as luscious. The *Italians* are forc'd upon it, once or twice in every Line, because they have a redundancy of Vowels in their Language. Their Metal is so soft, that it will not Coyn without Alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the Reason already nam'd, 'tis all we can do to give sufficient Sweetness to our Language: We must not only chuse our Words for Elegance, but for Sound. To perform which, a Mastery in the Language is requir'd; the Poet must have a Magazin of Words, and have the Art to manage his few Vowels to the best Advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the Nature of the Vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present Occasions require: All which, and a thousand Secrets of Versification beside, he may learn from *Virgil*, if he will take him for his Guide. If he be above *Virgil*, and is resolv'd to follow his own *Verve* (as the *French* call it,) the Proverb will fall heavily upon him; *Who teaches himself, has a Fool for his Master.*

Virgil employ'd Eleven Years upon his *Æneis*, yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect.

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Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three Years which I have spent in the Translation of his Works, I had four Years more allow'd me to correct my Errors, that I might make my Version somewhat more tolerable than it is. For a Poet cannot have too great a Reverence for his Readers, if he expects his Labours shou'd survive him. Yet I will neither plead my Age nor Sicknefs, in excuse of the Faults which I have made: That I wanted time, is all that I have to say. For some of my Subscribers grew so clamorous, that I cou'd no longer defer the Publication. I hope from the Candour of your Lordship, and your often experienc'd Goodness to me; that if the faults are not too many, you will make Allowances with *Horace*;

*Si plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.----*

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one Vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæsura*, in this whole Poem. But where a Vowel ends a Word, the next begins either with a Consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our Diphthongs are plainly such: The greatest Latitude I take is in the Letter *T*, when it concludes a Word, and the first Syllable of the next begins with a Vowel. Neither need I have call'd this a Latitude, which is only an Explanation of this general Rule: That no Vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the Pronunciation

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nunciation of it; as *He, She, Me, I, &c.* *Virgil* thinks it sometimes a Beauty to imitate the Licence of the *Greeks*, and leave two Vowels opening on each other, as in that Verse of the Third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.

But, *nobis non licet esse tam disertis.* At least, if we study to refine our Numbers. I have long had by me the Materials of an *English Prosodia*, containing all the Mechanical Rules of Versification, wherein I have treated with some Exactness of the Feet, the Quantities, and the Pauses. The *French* and *Italians* know nothing of the two first; at least their best Poets have not practis'd them. As for the Pauses, *Malherb* first brought them into *France*, within this last Century: And we see how they adorn their *Alexandrians*. But as *Virgil* propounds a Riddle which he leaves unsolv'd:

*Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solus habeto.*

So I will give your Lordship another, and leave the Exposition of it to your acute Judgment. I am sure there are few who make Verses, have observ'd the Sweetness of these two Lines in *Coopers Hill*.

*Tho' deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*

And there are yet fewer who can find the Reason of that Sweetness. I have given it to some

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of my Friends in Conversation, and they have allow'd the Criticism to be just. But since the evil of false Quantities is difficult to be cur'd in any Modern Language; since the *French* and the *Italians* as well as we, are yet ignorant what Feet are to be us'd in Heroick Poetry; since I have not strictly observ'd those Rules my self, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no Dictatorship among my Fellow-Poets; since if I shou'd instruct some of them to make well-running Verses, they want Genius to give them strength as well as sweetness: And above all, since your Lordship has advis'd me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your Counsel as your Command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at Liberty to make my Thoughts publick. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to my self, I must acknowledge that *Virgil* in *Latin*, and *Spencer* in *English*, have been my Masters. *Spencer* has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his *Alexandrian* Line, which we call, though improperly, the *Pindarick*; because Mr. *Cowley* has often employ'd it in his *Odes*. It adds a certain Majesty to the Verse, when 'tis us'd with Judgment, and stops the Sense from overflowing into another Line. Formerly the *French*, like us, and the *Italians*, had but five Feet, or ten Syllables in their Heroick Verse: But since *Ronsard's* time, as I suppose, they found their Tongue too weak to support their Epick Poetry, without the Addition of another Foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run, and measure of a *Trimeter*; but it runs with more Activity than Strength: Their Language

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guage is not strung with Sinews like our *English*. It has the Nimbleness of a Greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a Mastiff. Our Men and our Verses over-bear them by their weight; and *Pondere non Numero*, is the *British* Motto. The *French* have set up Purity for the Standard of their Language; and a Masculine Vigour is that of ours. Like their Tongue is the Genius of their Poets, light and trifling in Comparison of the *English*; more proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Elegies, than Heroick Poetry. The turn on Thoughts and Words is their chief Talent, but the Epick Poem is too stately to receive those little Ornaments. The Painters draw their Nymphs in thin and airy Habits, but the weight of Gold and of Embroideries is reserv'd for Queens and Goddeesses. *Virgil* is never frequent in those Turns, like *Ovid*, but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is Beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, not in his great Poem. I have us'd that License in his *Æneis* sometimes: But I own it as my fault. 'Twas given to those who understand no better. 'Tis like *Ovid's*

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The Poet found it before his Criticks, but it was a darling Sin which he wou'd not be persuaded to reform. The want of Genius, of

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which I have accus'd the *French*, is laid to their Charge by one of their own great Authors, though I have forgotten his Name, and where I read it. If Rewards cou'd make good Poets, their great Master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful Encouragements: For he is wise enough to imitate *Augustus*, if he had a *Maro*. The *Triumvir* and *Prosciber* had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the Emperor had not taken care to make Friends of him and *Horace*. I confess the Banishment of *Ovid* was a Blot in his Escutcheon, yet he was only banish'd, and who knows but his Crime was Capital, and then his Exile was a Favour? *Ariosto*, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledg'd a great Poet, has put these Words into the Mouth of an Evangelist, but whether they will pass for Gospel now, I cannot tell.

*Non fu sì santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.*

But Heroick Poetry is not of the growth of *France*, as it might be of *England*, if it were cultivated. *Spencer* wanted only to have read the Rules of *Bossu*; for no Man was ever Born with a greater Genius, or had more Knowledge to support it. But the Performance of the *French* is not equal to their Skill: and hitherto we have wanted Skill to perform better. *Segrais*, whose Preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of Elevation; though his Version is much better than that of the two
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Brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted *Virgil*. *Hannibal Caro* is a great Name amongst the *Italians*, yet his Translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the Advantage of writing in Blank Verse, and freed himself from the Shackles of modern Rhime: (if it be modern, for *Le Clerc* has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that *David's* Psalms were written in as errant Rhime as they are translated.) Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfetter'd, 'tis a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a Digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in Rhime, may write better in blank Verse. Rhime is certainly a constraint even to the best Poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any Man, excepting *Quarles*, and *Withers*. What it adds to Sweetness, it takes away from Sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be call'd a Gainer: It often makes us swerve from an Author's meaning. As if a Mark be set up for an Archer at a great Distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least Wind will take his Arrow, and divert it from the White. I return to our *Italian* Translator of the *Æneis*: He is a Foot-Poet, he Lacquies by the side of *Virgil* at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor *Morelli*, who is no mean Critick in our Poetry, and therefore may be presum'd to be a better in his own Language, has confirm'd me in this Opinion by his Judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his Master's Sense. I wou'd say so, if I durst,

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but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly : For I have forsaken *Ruæus*, (whom generally I follow) in many Places, and made Expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two Examples, because they are so near each other, in the Tenth *Æneid*.

---*Sorti Pater æquus utrique.*

Pallas says it to *Turnus*, just before they fight. *Ruæus* thinks that the word *Pater* is to be re-ferr'd to *Evander* the Father of *Pallas*. But how cou'd he imagine that it was the same thing to *Evander*, if his Son were slain, or if he overcame? The Poet certainly intended *Jupiter* the common Father of Mankind ; who, as *Pallas* hop'd, wou'd stand an impartial Spectator of the Combat, and not be more favourable to *Turnus*, than to him. The Second is not long after it, and both before the Duel is begun. They are the Words of *Jupiter*, who comforts *Hercules* for the death of *Pallas*, which was immediately to ensue, and which *Hercules* cou'd not hinder : (though the young Heroe had address'd his Prayers to him for his Assistance :) Because the Gods cannot controul Destiny.---The Verse follows:

Sic ait ; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.

Which the same *Ruæus* thus construes : *Jupiter*, after he had said this, immediately turns his Eyes to the *Rutulian* Fields, and beholds the Duel. I have given this Place another Exposition, that he turn'd his Eyes from the Field
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of Combat, that he might not behold a Sight so displeasing to him. The Word *Rejicit* I know will admit of both Senses; but *Jupiter* having confess'd that he could not alter Fate, and being griev'd he could not, in Consideration of *Hercules*, it seems to me that he shou'd avert his Eyes, rather than take Pleasure in the Spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, tho' I think I have follow'd *Virgil's* Sense.

What I have said, tho' it has the face of Arrogance, yet is intended for the Honour of my Country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this *Englisch* Translation has more of *Virgil's* Spirit in it, than either the *French*, or the *Italian*. Some of our Countrymen have translated Episodes, and other parts of *Virgil*, with great Success. As particularly your Lordship, whose Version of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* is eminently good. Amongst the dead Authors, the *Silenus* of my Lord *Roscommon* cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir *John Denham*, Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; 'tis the utmost of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not to be much inferiour to them, and some others of the Living. But 'tis one thing to take pains on a Fragment, and Translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the Weight of a whole Author on my Shoulders. They who believe the Burthen light, let them attempt the Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth *Pastoral*; the First or Fourth *Georgic*; and amongst the *Æneids*, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, or the Twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long

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Long before I undertook this Work, I was no Stranger to the Original. I had also studied *Virgil's* Design, his Disposition of it, his Manners, his judicious Management of the Figures, the sober Retrenchments of his Sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our Imagination, on which it may enlarge at Pleasure; but, above all, the Elegance of his Expression, and the Harmony of his Numbers. For, as I have said in a former Dissertation, the Words are in Poetry, what the Colours are in Painting. If the Design be good, and the Draught be true, the Colouring is the first Beauty that strikes the Eye. *Spencer* and *Milton* are the nearest in *English*, to *Virgil* and *Horace* in the *Latin*; and I have endeavour'd to form my Stile in imitating their Masters. I will further own to you, my Lord, that my chief Ambition is to please those Readers who have Discernment enough to prefer *Virgil* before any other Poet in the *Latin* Tongue. Such Spirits as he desir'd to please, such wou'd I chuse for my Judges, and wou'd stand or fall by them alone. *Segrais* has distinguish'd the Readers of Poetry, according to their Capacity of judging, into three Classes: (He might have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleas'd.) In the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: Such things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-House: who like nothing but the Husk and Kind of Wit; prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense, and elegant Expression: These are Mobb-Readers: If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men, we know already who wou'd carry it. But tho' they

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they make the greatest Appearance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of *French-Hugonots*, or *Dutch-Boors*, brought over in Herds, but not Naturaliz'd: who have not Land of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not priviledg'd to Poll. Their Authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a Mountebank's-Stage, or to be Masters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden. Yet these are they who have the most Admirers. But it often happens, to their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they may by reading better Books, and by Conversation with Men of Judgment,) they soon forsake them: And when the Torrent from the Mountains falls no more, the swelling Writer is reduc'd into his shallow Bed, like the *Mançanares* at *Madrid*, with scarce Water to moisten his own Pebbles. There are a middle sort of Readers, (as we hold there is a middle State of Souls) such as have a farther Insight than the former; yet have not the Capacity of judging right; (for I speak not of those who are brib'd by a Party, and know better if they were not corrupted;) but I mean a Company of warm young Men, who are not yet arriv'd so far as to discern the Difference betwixt Fustian, or ostentatious Sentences, and the true Sublime. These are above liking *Martial* or *Owen's* Epigrams, but they wou'd certainly set *Virgil* below *Statius*, or *Lucan*. I need not say their Poets are of the same Taste with their Admirers. They affect Greatness in all they write, but 'tis a bladder'd Greenness, like that of the
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vain Man whom *Seneca* describes: An ill Habit of Body, full of Humours, and swell'd with Dropsy. Even these too desert their Authors, as their Judgment ripens. The young Gentlemen themselves are commonly mis-led by their *Pedagogue* at School, their Tutor at the University, or their Governor in their Travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive Blockheads in the World. How many of those flatulent Writers have I known, who have sunk in their Reputation, after Seven or Eight Editions of their Works? for indeed they are Poets only for young Men. They had great Success at their first Appearance; but not being of God, as a Wit said formerly, they cou'd not stand.

I have already nam'd two sorts of Judges, but *Virgil* wrote for neither of them; and, by his Example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest, or the middle Form of Readers.

He chose to please the most Judicious: Souls of the highest Rank, and truest Understanding. There are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their Approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain *Magnetism* in their Judgment, which attracts others to their Sense. Every Day they gain some new Profelyte, and in time become the Church. For this Reason, a well-weigh'd Judicious Poem, which at its first Appearance gains no more upon the World than to be just receiv'd, and rather not blam'd, than much applauded, insinuates it self by insensible degrees into the liking of the Reader: The more he studies it, the more it grows up-

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on him ; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new Graces in it. And whereas Poems, which are produc'd by the vigour of Imagination only, have a Gloss upon them at the first, which Time wears off; the Works of Judgment, are like the Diamond, the more they are polish'd, the more Lustre they receive. Such is the Difference betwixt *Virgil's Æneis*, and *Marini's Adone*. And, if I may be allow'd to change the Metaphor, I wou'd say, that *Virgil* is like the Fame which he describes;

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of Reputation is my Aim, tho' in a far inferiour Degree, according to my Motto in the Title-Page; *Sequiturque Patrem non passibus æquis*: And therefore I appeal to the Highest Court of Judicature, like that of the Peers, of which your Lordship is so great an Ornament.

Without this Ambition which I own, of desiring to please the *Judices Natos*, I cou'd never have been able to have done any thing at this Age, when the Fire of Poetry is commonly extinguish'd in other Men. Yet *Virgil* has given me the Example of *Entellus* for my Encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger Champion cou'd not stand before him. And we find the Elder contend'd not for the Gift, but for the Honour; *Nec dona moror*. For *Dampier* has inform'd us, in his Voyages, that the Air of the Country which produces Gold, is never wholsom.

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I had long since consider'd, that the way to please the best Judges, is not to Translate a Poet literally; and *Virgil* least of any other. For his peculiar Beauty lying in his choice of Words, I am excluded from it by the narrow Compass of our Heroick Verse, unless I wou'd make use of Monosyllables only, and those clog'd with Consonants, which are the dead Weight of our Mother-Tongue. 'Tis possible, I confess, tho' it rarely happens, that a Verse of Monosyllables may sound Harmoniously; and some Examples of it I have seen. My first Line of the *Æneis* is not harsh:

Arms, and the Man I Sing, who forc'd by Fate, &c.

But a much better Instance may be given from the last Line of *Manilius*, made *English* by our Learned and Judicious Mr. *Creech*.

Nor cou'd the World have born so fierce a Flame.

Where the many liquid Consonants are plac'd so Artfully, that they give a pleasing Sound to the Words, though they are all of one Syllable.

'Tis true, I have been sometimes forc'd upon it in other Places of this Work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or *Virgil* gave me no Occasion for the Ornament of Words; for it seldom happens but a Monosyllable Line turns Verse to Prose, and even that Prose is rugged and unharmonious. *Philarchus*, I remember, taxes *Balzac* for placing Twenty Monosyllables in file, without one

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Diffyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so straight as Metaphrase, nor so loose as Paraphrase: Some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the Omissions, I hope, are but of Circumstances, and such as wou'd have no Grace in *English*; and the Additions, I also hope, are easily deduc'd from *Virgil's* Sense. They will seem (at least I have the Vanity to think so,) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies Brevity more than any other Poet, but he had the Advantage of a Language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the Modern Tongues, have more Articles and Pronouns, besides Signs of Tenses and Cases, and other Barbarities on which our Speech is built by the Faults of our Forefathers. The *Romans* founded theirs upon the *Greek*: And the *Greeks*, we know, were labouring many Hundred Years upon their Language, before they brought it to Perfection. They rejected all those Signs, and cut off as many Articles as they cou'd spare; comprehending in one Word, what we are constrain'd to express in two; which is one Reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The Word *Pater*, for Example, signifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all included in a Word.

This Inconvenience is common to all Modern Tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more Words than the Ancients need-
ed. But having before observ'd, that *Virgil* endeavours to be short, and at the same time
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Elegant, I pursue the Excellence, and forsake the Brevity. For there is he like Ambergreace, a rich Perfume, but of so close and glutinous a Body, that it must be open'd with inferiour Scents of Musk or Civet, or the Sweetness will not be drawn out into another Language.

On the whole Matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two Extreame, of Paraphrase, and Literal Translation: To keep as near my Author as I cou'd, without losing all his Graces, the most Eminent of which, are in the Beauty of his Words: And those Words, I must add, are always Figurative. Such of these as wou'd retain their Elegance in our Tongue, I have endeavour'd to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. *Virgil* has sometimes two of them in a Line; but the scantyness of our Heroick Verse, is not capable of receiving more than one: And that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the Difference of the Languages, or such my want of Skill in chusing Words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much Reason as the *French* Translator, that, taking all the Materials of this divine Author, I have endeavour'd to make *Virgil* speak such *English*, as he wou'd himself have spoken, if he had been born in *England*, and in this present Age. I acknowledge, with *Segrais*, that I have not succeeded in this Attempt, according to my Desire: Yet I shall not be wholly without Praise, if in some sort I may be allow'd to have copied the Clearness, the Purity, the Easiness,

and

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and the Magnificence of his Stile. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this Subject, before I end the Preface.

When I mention'd the *Pindarick* Line, I shou'd have added, that I take another Licence in my Verses: For I frequently make use of Triplet Rhymes, and for the same Reason: Because they bound the Sense. And therefore I generally join these two Licences together; and make the last Verse of the Triplet a *Pindarique*: For besides the Majesty which it gives, it confines the Sense within the Barriers of three Lines, which wou'd languish if it were lengthen'd into four. *Spencer* is my Example for both these Privileges of *English* Verses. And *Chapman* has follow'd him in his Translation of *Homer*. Mr. *Cowley* has given in to them after both; and all succeeding Writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of Heroick Poetry; and am too much an *Englishman* to lose what my Ancestors have gain'd for me. Let the *French* and *Italians* value themselves on their Regularity: Strength and Elevation are our Standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected Purity of the *French* has unfinew'd their Heroick Verse. The Language of an Epick Poem is almost wholly figurative: Yet they are so fearful of a Metaphor, that no Example of *Virgil* can encourage them to be bold with Safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly Blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their Wings; they may come as near it as their Master. Not that I wou'd discourage that Purity of Diction, in which he

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excels all other Poets. But he knows how far to extend his Franchises: And advances to the verge, without venturing a Foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the Memory of our *English Pindar*, I will presume to say, that his Metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his Language is not always pure. But at the same time, I must excuse him. For through the Iniquity of the Times, he was forc'd to Travel, at an Age, when, instead of learning Foreign Languages, he shou'd have studied the Beauties of his Mother-Tongue: Which, like all other Speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never Write it with any kind of Elegance. Thus by gaining abroad, he lost at home: Like the Painter in the *Arcadia*, who going to see a Skirmish, had his Arms lop'd off; and return'd, says Sir *Philip Sidney*, well instructed how to draw a Battel, but without a Hand to perform his Work.

There is another thing in which I have presum'd to deviate from him and *Spencer*. They both make Hemisticks (or half Verses) breaking off in the middle of a Line. I confess there are not many such in the *Fairy Queen*: And even those few might be occasion'd by his unhappy Choice of so long a Stanza. Mr. *Cowley* had found out, that no kind of Staff is proper for an Heroick Poem; as being all too Lyrical: Yet tho' he wrote in Couplets, where Rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half Verses; of which we find not one in *Homer*, and I think not in any of the *Greek Poets*, or the *Latin*, excepting only *Virgil*; and

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and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's Authority for that License. But I am confident, our Poet never meant to leave him or any other such a Precedent. And I ground my Opinion on these two Reasons. First, we find no Example of a Hemistick in any of his *Pastorals* or *Georgicks*. For he had given the last finishing Strokes to both these Poems: But his *Æneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that Perfection at which he aim'd, that we know how hard a Sentence he pass'd upon it: And in the second Place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have fill'd up all those *Hemisticks*, because in one of them we find the Sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ.-----

Which some foolish Grammarian has ended for him with a half Line of Nonsense;

peperit fumante Crœusa,

For *Ascanius* must have been Born some Years before the Burning of that City; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself fill'd up one Line in the sixth *Æneid*, the Enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to *Augustus*,

*Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros-----*

To which he added in that Transport, *Martemque accendere cantu*: and never was any
Line

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Line more nobly finish'd; for the Reasons which I have given in the Book of Painting. On these Considerations I have shun'd *Hemisticks*: Not being willing to imitate *Virgil* to a Fault; like *Alexander's* Courtiers, who affect-ed to hold their Necks awry, because he cou'd not help it: I am confident your Lordship is by this time of my Opinion; and that you will look on those half Lines hereafter, as the imperfect Products of a hasty Muse: Like the Frogs and Serpents in the *Nile*; part of them kindled into Life, and part a lump of unform-ed unanimated Mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole Verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest them better: But give me leave to make the Excuse of *Boccace*; who, when he was upbraided, that some of his Novels had not the Spirit of the rest, return'd this Answer; that *Charlemain*, who made the *Palladins*, was never able to raise an Army of them. The Leaders may be Heroes, but the Multitude must consist of Common Men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own Defence: That from the Beginning of the first *Georgic* to the end of the last *Æneid*, I found the Difficulty of Translation growing on me in every succeeding Book. For *Virgil*, above all Poets, had a Stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding Words. I who inherit but a small portion of his Genius, and write in a Language so much inferiour to the *Latin*, have found it very painful to vary Phrases, when the same Sense returns upon me. Even he himself,
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whether out of Necessity or Choice, has often express'd the same thing in the same Words; and often repeated two or three whole Verses, which he had us'd before. Words are not so easily Coyn'd as Money: And yet we see that the Credit not only of Banks, but of Exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. *Virgil* call'd upon me in every Line for some new Word: And I paid so long, that I was almost Bankrupt. So that the latter end must needs be more burdensom than the beginning or the middle. And consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if *Virgil* had tax'd me with another Book? I had certainly been reduc'd to pay the Publick in Hammer'd Money for want of Mill'd; that is, in the same old Words which I had us'd before: And the Receivers must have been forc'd to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this Difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all Translators. We are bound to our Author's Sense, tho' with the Latitudes already mention'd, (for I think it not so sacred, as that one *Iota* must not be added or diminish'd, on pain of an *Anathema*.) But Slaves we are, and labour on another Man's Plantation; we dress the Vineyard, but the Wine is the Owners: If the Soil be sometimes Barren, then we are sure of being scourg'd: If it be fruitful, and our Care succeeds, we are not thank'd; for the proud Reader will only say, the poor
Drudge

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Drudge has done his Duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being oblig'd to make his Sense intelligible, we are forc'd to untune our own Verses, that we may give his Meaning to the Reader. He who Invents, is Master of his Thoughts and Words: He can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched Translator has no such Privilege: For being ty'd to the Thoughts, he must make what Musick he can in the Expression. And for this Reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the Original. There is a Beauty of Sound, as *Segrais* has observ'd, in some *Latin* Words, which is wholly lost in any Modern Language. He instances in that *Mollis Amaracus*, on which *Venus* lays *Cupid* in the First *Æneid*. If I shou'd translate it Sweet-Marjoram, as the Word signifies; the Reader wou'd think I had mistaken *Virgil*: For those Village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean Idea of the thing; but the Sound of the *Latin* is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the Vowels with the Consonants, that it raises our Fancies, to conceive somewhat more Noble than a common Herb; and to spread Roses under him, and strew Lillies over him; a Bed not unworthy the Grandson of the Goddess.

If I cannot Copy his Harmonious Numbers, how shall I imitate his noble Flights; where his Thoughts and Words are equally sublime?

*Quem quisquis studet æmulari,
-----ceratis ope Dedalæâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina porto.*

What

DEDICATION. 433

What Modern Language, or what Poet can
express the Majestick Beauty of this one Verse
amongst a thousand others!

*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo. -----*

For my part, I am lost in the Admiration of it:
I contemn the World, when I think on it, and
my self when I Translate it.

Lay by *Virgil*, I beseech your Lordship, and
all my better sort of Judges, when you take
up my Version, and it will appear a passable
Beauty when the Original Muse is absent: But
like *Spencer's* false *Florimel* made of Snow, it
melts and vanishes when the true one comes in
Sight. I will not excuse but justify my self
for one pretended Crime, with which I am li-
able to be charg'd by false Criticks, not only
in this Translation, but in many of my Ori-
ginal Poems; that I *Latinize* too much. 'Tis
true, that when I find an *English* Word signi-
ficant and sounding, I neither borrow from the
Latin, or any other Language: But when I
want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding Words are not of our Growth
and Manufacture, who shall hinder me to Im-
port them from a Foreign Country? I carry
not out the Treasure of the Nation, which is
never to return: but what I bring from *Italy*,
I spend in *England*: Here it remains, and here
it circulates; for if the Coin be good, it will
pass from one Hand to another. I Trade both
with the Living and the Dead, for the Enrich-
ment of our Native Language. We have e-

nough in *England* to supply our Necessity; but if we will have things of Magnificence and Splendour, we must get them by Commerce. Poetry requires Ornament, and that is not to be had from our Old *Teuton* Monosyllables; therefore if I find any elegant Word in a Classick Author, I propose it to be Naturaliz'd, by using it my self; and if the Publick approves of it, the Bill passes. But every Man cannot distinguish betwixt Pedantry and Poetry: Every Man therefore is not fit to Innovate. Upon the whole Matter, a Poet must first be certain that the Word he wou'd introduce is Beautiful in the *Latin*; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the *English* Idiom: After this, he ought to take the Opinion of Judicious Friends, such as are Learned in both Languages: And lastly, since no Man is infallible, let him use this Licence very sparingly; for if too many Foreign Words are pour'd in upon us, it looks as if they were design'd not to assist the Natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a Conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first, to own what Helps I have had in this Undertaking. The late Earl of *Lauderdale* sent me over his new Translation of the *Æneis*; which he had ended before I engaged in the same Design. Neither did I then intend it: But some Proposals being afterwards made me by my Bookfeller, I desir'd his Lordship's Leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his Letter yet to shew, for that Permission. He resolv'd to have

DEDICATION. 435

have Printed his Work; which he might have done two Years before I cou'd Publish mine: and had perform'd it, if Death had not prevented him. But having his Manuscript in my Hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my Author's Sense. For no Man understood *Virgil* better than that Learned Nobleman. His Friends, I hear, have yet another, and more Correct Copy of that Translation by them, which had they pleas'd to have given the Publick, the Judges must have been convinc'd that I have not flatter'd him. Besides this Help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. *Congreve* has done me the Favour to review the *Aeneis*; and compare my Version with the Original. I shall never be asham'd to own, that this Excellent Young Man has shew'd me many Faults, which I have endeavour'd to Correct. 'Tis true, he might have easily found more, and then my Translation had been more Perfect.

Two other Worthy Friends of mine, who desire to have their Names conceal'd, seeing me straitned in my Time, took Pity on me, and gave me the Life of *Virgil*, the two Prefaces to the *Pastorals*, and the *Georgics*, and all the Arguments in Prose to the whole Translation. Which, perhaps, has caus'd a Report, that the two first Poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their Verses for my own, I might have glory'd in their Aid; and, like *Terence*, have father'd the Opinion, that *Scipio* and *Laelius* join'd with me. But the same Style being continu'd thro' the whole, and the same Laws of Versification observ'd, are

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Proofs sufficient, that this is one Man's Work :
And your Lordship is too well acquainted with
my manner, to doubt that any part of it is an-
other's.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest,
when I promis'd to hasten to an end, I will
not give the Reasons, why I Writ not always
in the proper Terms of Navigation, Land-
Service, or in the Cant of any Profession. I
will only say, that *Virgil* has avoided those
Proprieties, because he Writ not to Mariners,
Soldiers, Astronomers, Gardners, Peasants,
&c. but to all in general, and in particular to
Men and Ladies of the first Quality; who have
been better Bred than to be too nicely know-
ing in the Terms. In such Cases, 'tis enough
for a Poet to write so plainly, that he may be
understood by his Readers: To avoid Impro-
priety, and not affect to be thought Learn'd in
all Things.

I have omitted the Four Preliminary Lines
of the first *Aeneid*; because I think them infe-
riour to any Four others, in the whole Poem;
and consequently, believe they are not *Virgil's*.
There is too great a Gap betwixt the Adjective
vicina in the second Line, and the Substantive
Arva in the latter end of the third, which
keeps his Meaning in Obscurity too long; and
is contrary to the Clearness of his Style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an Ornament to be his, and

Gratum opus Agricolis,

are

DEDICATION. 437

are all Words unnecessary, and independent of what he had said before.

Horrentia Martis Arma,

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flit Epithet, as *Tully* wou'd have given us in his Verses. 'Tis a meer Filler, to stop a Vacancy in the Hexameter, and connect the Preface to the Work of *Virgil*. Our Author seems to sound a Charge, and begins like the clangour of a Trumpet;

Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

Scarce a word without an *R*, and the Vowels for the greater part sonorous. The Prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrain'd to patch up in the fourth Line with *At nunc;* to make the Sense cohere. And if both those Words are not notorious Botches, I am much deceiv'd, though the *French* Translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the Opinion, that they were added by *Tucca* and *Varius*, than retrench'd.

I know it may be answer'd by such as think *Virgil* the Author of the four Lines; that he asserts his Title to the *Æneis*, in the beginning of this Work, as he did to the two former, in the last Lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four Lines with the four others; which we know are his, because no Poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish Creeping from Flying, let

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them lay down *Virgil*, and take up *Ovid de Ponto* in his stead. My Master needed not the assistance of that Preliminary Poet to prove his Claim. His own Majestick Meen discovers him to be the King, amidst a Thousand Courtiers. It was a superfluous Office, and therefore I wou'd not set those Verses in the Front of *Virgil*; but have rejected them to my own Preface.

*I, who before, with Shepherds in the Groves,
Sung to my Oaten Pipe, their Rural Loves,
And issuing thence, compell'd the Neighb'ring Field
A plenteous Crop of rising Corn to yield,
Manur'd the Glebe, and stock'd the fruitful Plain,
(A Poem grateful to the greedy Swain,) &c.*

If there be not a tolerable Line in all these six, the Prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just Apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to *Virgil* in the whole Translation: Want of Time, the Inferiority of our Language, the Inconvenience of Rhyme, and all the other Excuses I have made, may alleviate my Fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my Undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any Line? For even my own Confession makes against me; and it will always be return'd upon me, Why then did you attempt it? To which no other Answer can be made, than that I have done him less Injury than any of his former Libellers.

What

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What they call'd his Picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the Daubers of almost all Nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatch'd up the Pencil with disdain: Being satisfy'd before-hand, that I cou'd make some small resemblance of him, tho' I must be content with a worse likeness. A Sixth Pastoral, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other Features, have been exactly taken: But those Holiday-Authors write for Pleasure; and only shew'd us what they cou'd have done, if they wou'd have taken Pains to perform the whole.

Be pleas'd, My Lord, to accept with your wonted Goodness, this unworthy Present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its Imperfections: And tho' some part of them are cover'd in the Verse; (as *Erichonius* rode always in a Chariot, to hide his Lameness,) such of them as cannot be conceal'd, you will please to connive at, though in the strictness of your Judgment, you cannot Pardon. If *Homer* was allow'd to nod sometimes, in so long a Work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aureng-zeb* into your Protection, with all his Faults: And I hope here cannot be so many, because I Translate an Author, who gives me such Examples of Correctness. What my Jury may be, I know not; but 'tis good for a Criminal to plead before a favourable Judge: If I had said Partial, wou'd your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the World, that I have many times been oblig'd to your Bounty

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since the Revolution? Though I never was reduc'd to beg a Charity, nor ever had the Impudence to ask one, either of your Lordship, or your Noble Kinsman the Earl of *Dorset*, much less of any other; yet when I least expected it, you have both remember'd me. So inherent it is in your Family, not to forget an Old Servant. It looks rather like Ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often oblig'd, I have appear'd so seldom to return my thanks; and where I was also so sure of being well receiv'd. Somewhat of Laziness was in the case; and somewhat too of Modesty: But nothing of Disrespect, or Unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encourag'd me to this Presumption, lest if my Labours meet with no success in Publick, I may expose your Judgment to be censur'd. As for my own Enemies, I shall never think them worth an Answer; and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to Arraign you for want of Knowledge in this Art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your *Essay on Poetry*. 'Twas on this Consideration, that I have drawn out my Preface to so great a length. Had I not address'd to a Poet, and a Critick of the first Magnitude, I had my self been taxed for want of Judgment, and sham'd my Patron for want of Understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tir'd as any other, because the Discourse is on your Art: Neither will the Learned Reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Clerum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the Church Doors are open. That I may pursue the Allegory with a short Prayer, after a long Sermon: May

DEDICATION. 441

May you Live happily and long, for the Service of your Country, the Encouragement of good Letters, and the Ornament of Poetry; which cannot be wish'd more earnestly by any Man, than by

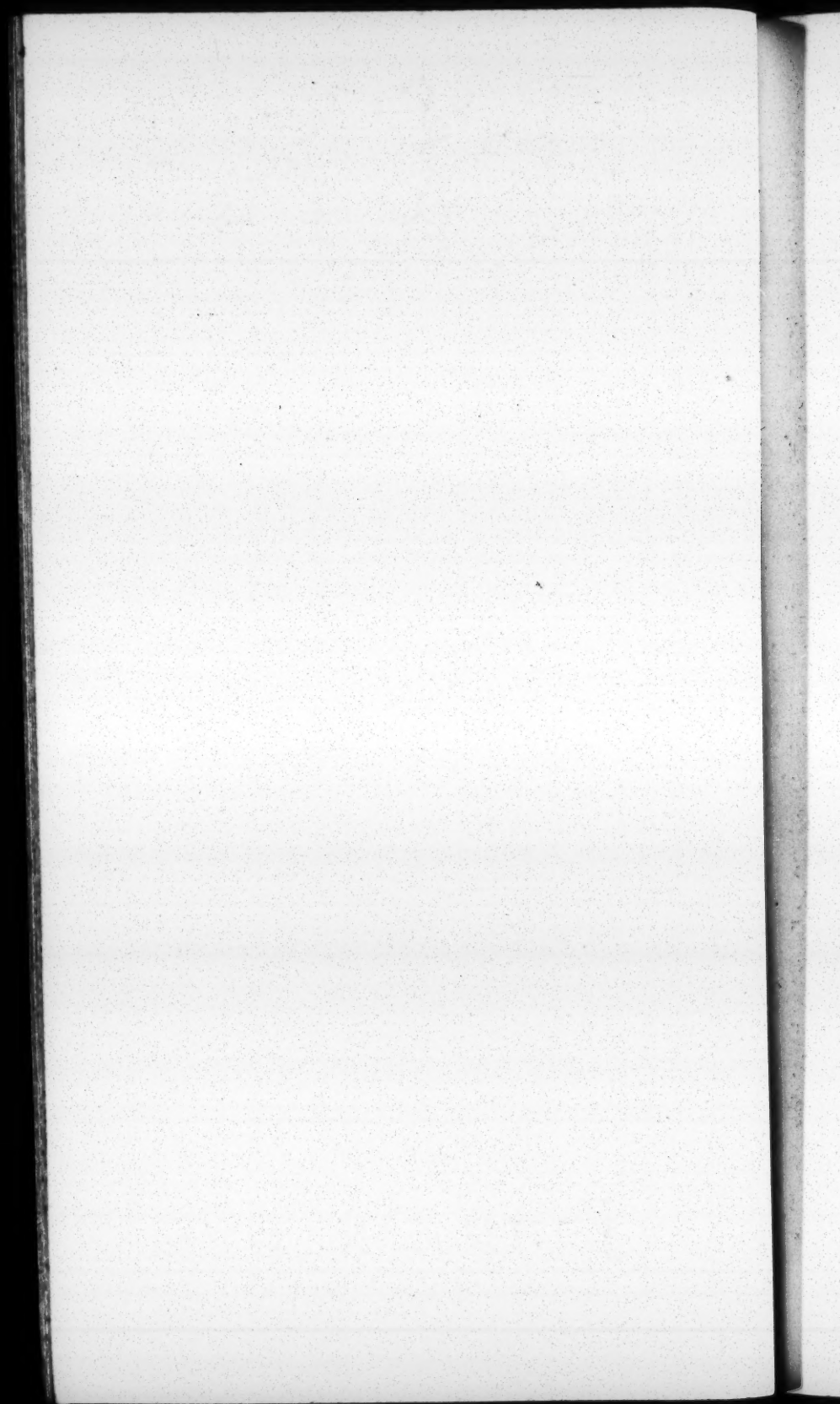
Your Lordship's

Most Humble, most Obliged,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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P. Fourdrinier Scul.

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VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

The First Book of the Æneis.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a Seven Years Voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the Sea. Æneas with his own Ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of an Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage; where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido by a Device of Venus begins to have a Passion for him, and after some Discourse with him, desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy, which is the Subject of the Two following Books.



RMS, and the Man I sing, who forc'd by
Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting Hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan Shoar:
Long Labours, both by Sea and Land he bore;

And

And in the doubtful War, before he won
 The *Latian* Realm, and built the destin'd Town;
 His banish'd Gods restor'd to Rites Divine,
 And settl'd sure Succession in his Line:
 From whence the Race of *Alban* Fathers come,
 And the long Glories of Majestick *Rome*.

O Muse! the Causes and the Crimes relate,
 What Goddess was provok'd, and whence her Hate:
 For what Offence the Queen of Heav'n began
 To persecute so brave, so just a Man!
 Involv'd his anxious Life in endless Cares,
 Expos'd to Wants, and hurry'd into Wars!
 Can Heav'nly Minds such high Resentment show;
 Or exercise their Spight in Human Woe?

Against the *Tiber's* Mouth, but far away,
 An Ancient Town was seated on the Sea:
 A *Tyrian* Colony; the People made
 Stout for the War, and studious of their Trade.
Carthage the Name, belov'd by *Juno* more
 Than her own *Argos*, or the *Samian* Shoar.
 Here stood her Chariot, here, if Heav'n were kind,
 The Seat of awful Empire she design'd.
 Yet she had heard an ancient Rumour fly,
 (Long cited by the People of the Sky;)
 That Times to come shou'd see the *Trojan* Race
 Her *Carthage* ruin, and her Tow'rs deface:

Nor thus confin'd, the Yoke of Sov'reign Sway,
Shou'd on the Necks of all the Nations lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in Fate;
Nor cou'd forget the War she wag'd of late,
For conqu'ring *Greece* against the *Trojan* State.

35

Besides long Causes working in her Mind,
And secret Seeds of Envy lay behind.

Deep graven in her Heart, the Doom remain'd
Of partial *Paris*, and her Form disdain'd:

The Grace bestow'd on ravish'd *Ganymed*,
Electra's Glories, and her injur'd Bed.

40

Each was a Cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle Vengeance in her haughty Mind.

For this, far distant from the *Latian* Coast,

She drove the Remnants of the *Trojan* Hoast:

45

And sev'n long Years th' unhappy wand'ring Train,
Were toss'd by Storms, and scatter'd through the Main.

Such Time, such Toil requir'd the *Roman* Name,

Such length of Labour for so vast a Frame.

Now scarce the *Trojan* Fleet with Sails and Oars,
Had left behind the fair *Sicilian* Shoars:

50

Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the wat'ry Reign,

And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main:

When lab'ring still, with endless Discontent,

The Queen of Heav'n did thus her Fury vent.

55

Then

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
 And must the *Trojans* reign in *Italy*?
 So Fate will have it, and *Jove* adds his Force;
 Nor can my Pow'r divert their happy Course.
 Cou'd angry *Pallas*, with revengeful Spleen,
 The *Grecian* Navy burn, and drown the Men?
 She for the Fault of one offending Foe,
 The Bolts of *Jove* himself presum'd to throw:
 With Whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the Ship,
 And bare expos'd the Bosom of the deep:
 Then, as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,
 The Wretch yet hissing with her Father's Flame,
 She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning Wound,
 Transfix'd and naked, on a Rock she bound.
 But I, who walk in awful State above,
 The Majesty of Heav'n, the Sister-wife of *Jove*,
 For length of Years my fruitless Force employ
 Against the thin Remains of ruin'd *Troy*.
 What Nations now to *Juno's* Pow'r will pray,
 Or Off'rings on my slighted Altars lay?

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,
 The restless Regions of the Storms she sought.
 Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
 The Tyrant *Æolus* from his Airy Throne,
 With Pow'r Imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
 And sounding Tempests in dark Prisons binds,

This Way, and that, th' impatient Captives tend,
And pressing for Release, the Mountains rend;
High in his Hall, th' undaunted Monarch stands,
And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands: 85

Which did he not, their unresisted Sway
Wou'd sweep the World before them in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas thro' empty Space wou'd rowl,
And Heav'n wou'd fly before the driving Soul.

In fear of this, the Father of the Gods 90 }
Confin'd their Fury to those dark Abodes, }
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with Mountain loads: }
Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,
To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay.

To whom the suppliant Queen her Pray'rs address, 95
And thus the tenour of her Suit express'd.

O *Æolus*! for to thee the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempests, and of Winds has giv'n:
Thy Force alone their Fury can restrain,
And smoothe the Waves, or swell the troubl'd Main:

A Race of wand'ring Slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosp'rous Passage cut the *Thuscan* Sea: 100
To fruitful *Italy* their Course they steer,

And for their vanquish'd Gods design new Temples there.
Raise all thy Winds, with Night involve the Skies; 105
Sink, or disperse my fatal Enemies.

Twice sev'n, the charming Daughters of the Main,
 Around my Person wait, and bear my Train:
 Succeed my Wish, and second my Design,
 The fairest, *Deiopeia*, shall be thine;
 And make thee Father of a happy Line.

To this the God — 'Tis yours, O Queen! to will
 The Work, which Duty binds me to fulfil.
 These airy Kingdoms, and this wide Command,
 Are all the Presents of your bounteous Hand;
 Yours is my Sov'reign's Grace, and as your Guest,
 I sit with Gods at their Coelestial Feast.
 Raise Tempests at your Pleasure, or subdue;
 Dispose of Empire, which I hold from you.
 He said, and hurl'd against the Mountain side
 His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
 The raging Winds rush through the hollow Wound,
 And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground:
 Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep;
 Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep.
 South, East, and West, with mix'd Confusion roar,
 And rowl the foaming Billows to the Shoar.
 The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
 Ascend; and sable Night involves the Skies;
 And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from their Eyes.
 Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue,
 Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew;

110

115

120

125

130

The

The Face of things a frightful Image bears,
 And present Death in various Forms appears.
 Struck with unusual Fright, the *Trojan* Chief, 135
 With lifted Hands and Eyes, invokes Relief.
 And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
 That under *Ilian* Walls before their Parents dy'd.
Tyāides, bravest of the *Grecian* Train,
 Why cou'd not I by that strong Arm be slain, 140
 And lie by noble *Hector* on the Plain,
 Or great *Sarpedon*, in those bloody Fields,
 Where *Simois* rowls the Bodies and the Shields
 Of Heroes, whose dismember'd Hands yet bear
 The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear? 145
 Thus while the pious Prince his Fate bewails,
 Fierce *Boreas* drove against his flying Sails,
 And rent the Sheets: The raging Billows rise,
 And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies:
 Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow; 150
 The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow:
 While those astern descending down the Steep,
 Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.
 Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blast,
 And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast. 155
 Those hidden Rocks, th' *Ansonian* Sailors knew,
 They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,

And

And show'd their spacious Backs above the Flood.
 Three more; fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood
 Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
 And in mid Ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes Barque that bore the *Lycian* Crew,
 (A horrid Sight) ev'n in the Heroe's View,
 From Stem to Stern, by Waves was overborn:
 The trembling Pilot, from his Rudder torn,
 Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round, the Ship was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost.
 And here and there above the Waves were seen
 Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
 The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave way,
 And suck'd through loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.
Ilioneus was her Chief: *Alethes* old,
Achates faithful, *Abas* young and bold
 Endur'd not less: their Ships, with gaping Seams,
 Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.

Mean time Imperial *Neptune* heard the Sound
 Of raging Billows breaking on the Ground:
 Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry Reign,
 He rear'd his awful Head above the Main:
 Serene in Majesty, then rowl'd his Eyes
 Around the Space of Earth, and Seas, and Skies.
 He saw the *Trojan* Fleet dispers'd, distress'd
 By stormy Winds and wintry Heav'n oppress'd.

Full well the God his Sister's Envy knew,
And what her Aims and what her Arts pursue: 185

16 He summon'd *Eurus* and the Western Blast,
And first an angry Glance on both he cast:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious Winds! from whence
This bold Attempt, this Rebel Insolence?

Is it for you to ravage Seas and Land, 190
16 Unauthoriz'd by my supream Command?

To raise such Mountains on the troubl'd Main?
Whom I — But first 'tis fit, the Billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught Obedience to my Reign. }

1. Hence, to your Lord my Royal Mandate bear, 195

17 The Realms of Ocean and the Fields of Air
Are mine, not his; by fatal Lot to me
The liquid Empire fell, and Trident of the Sea.

His Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the Jailor of the Wind: 200

17 With hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty Hall.

He spoke: And while he spoke, he smooth'd the Sea,
Dispell'd the Darkness, and restor'd the Day:

Cymothoe, *Triton*, and the Sea-green Train

18 Of beauteous Nymphs, the Daughters of the Main,

Clear from the Rocks the Vessels with their Hands;

The God himself with ready Trident stands,

And opes the Deep, and spreads the moving Sands; }

Then

Then heaves them off the Sholes: where-e'er he guides }
 His finny Coursers, and in Triumph rides, 217 }
 The Waves unruffle, and the Sea subsides.

As when in Tumults rise th'ignoble Crowd,
 Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;
 And Stones and Brands in ratling Volleys fly, 219
 And all the Rustick Arms that Fury can supply:
 If then some Grave and Pious Man appear,
 They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear;
 He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
 And quenches their innate Desire of Blood: 220

So when the Father of the Flood appears,
 And o'er the Seas his Sov'reign Trident rears,
 Their Fury falls: He skims the liquid Plains,
 High on his Chariot, and with loosen'd Reins, }
 Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains. 225 }
 The weary *Trojans* ply their shatter'd Oars,
 To nearest Land, and make the *Libyan* Shoars.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,
 An Island shades it from the rowling Sea,
 And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride, 230 }
 Broke by the jutting Land on either Side: }
 In double Streams the briny Waters glide.
 Betwixt two Rows of Rocks, a Sylvan Scene
 Appears above, and Groves for ever green:

A Grot
 To rest
 Down
 The C
 No Ha
 Nor bo
 Sev'n S
 The th
 The T
 Leap o
 First,
 Of cla
 Short
 The d
 Caugh
 And,
 The T
 The c
 Some
 Then
 Ænea
 And t
 If Ca
 Or fe
 No V
 Thre

A Grott is form'd beneath, with mossy Seats, 235
 To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.
 Down thro' the Crannies of the living Walls
 The Crystal Streams descend in murm'ring Falls.
 No Haulers need to bind the Vessels here,
 Nor bearded Anchors, for no Storms they fear. 240
 Sev'n Ships within this happy Harbour meet,
 The thin Remainders of the scatter'd Fleet.
 The *Trojans*, worn with Toils, and spent with Woes,
 Leap on the welcome Land, and seek their wish'd Repose.
 First, good *Achates*, with repeated Stroaks 245
 Of clashing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes;
 Short Flame succeeds, a Bed of wither'd Leaves
 The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives:
 Caught into Life, in fiery Fumes they rise,
 And, fed with stronger Food, invade the Skies. 250
 The *Trojans*, dropping wet, or stand around
 The chearful Blaze, or lye along the Ground:
 Some dry their Corn infected with the Brine,
 Then grind with Marbles, and prepare to dine.
Aeneas climbs the Mountain's airy Brow, 255
 And takes a Prospect of the Seas below:
 If *Capys* thence, or *Anthens* he cou'd spy;
 Or see the Streamers of *Caicus* fly.
 No Vessels were in view: But, on the Plain,
 Three beamy Stags command a Lordly Train 260
 Of

Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they fed below,
He took the Quiver, and the trusty Bow
Achates us'd to bear; the Leaders first
He laid along, and then the Vulgar pierc'd:
Nor ceas'd his Arrows, till the shady Plain
Sev'n mighty Bodies with their Blood distain.
For the sev'n Ships he made an equal Share,
And to the Port return'd, Triumphant from the War.
The Jarrs of gen'rous Wine, (*Acestes* Gift,
When his *Trinacrian* Shoars the Navy left)
He set abroach, and for the Feast prepar'd,
In equal Portions with the Ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious Chief
With chearful Words allay'd the common Grief.
Endure, and conquer; *Jove* will soon dispose
To future good, our past and present Woes.
With me, the Rocks of *Scylla* you have try'd;
Th' inhuman *Cyclops*, and his Den defy'd.
What greater Ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care.
An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.
Through various Hazards, and Events we move
To *Latium*, and the Realms foredoom'd by *Jove*.

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I'd to the Seat, (the Promise of the Skies,)
 here *Trojan* Kingdoms once again may rise.
 endure the Hardships of your present State,
 ve, and reserve your selves for better Fate. 290

These Words he spoke; but spoke not from his Heart;
 outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.

the jolly Crew, unmindful of the past,
 the Quarry share, their plenteous Dinner haste:
 some strip the Skin, some portion out the Spoil: 295 }
 the Limbs yet trembling, in the Cauldrons boyl:
 some on the Fire the reeking Entrails broil.

stretch'd on the grassy Turf, at ease they dine; [Wine,
 restore their Strength with Meat, and chear their Souls with
 their Hunger thus appeas'd, their Care attends 300

the doubtful Fortune of their absent Friends:
 alternate Hopes and Fears their Minds possess,
 Whether to deem 'em dead, or in Distress.

Above the rest, *Æneas* mourns the Fate
 Of brave *Orontes*, and th' uncertain State 305
 Of *Gyas*, *Lycus*, and of *Amrysus*:

The Day, but not their Sorrows, ended thus.
 When, from aloft, Almighty *Jove* surveys
 Earth, Air, and Shoars, and navigable Seas,
 At length on *Libyan* Realms he fixt his Eyes: 310
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human Miseries,

When

When *Venus* saw, she with a lowly Look,
Not free from Tears, her Heav'nly Sire bespoke.

O King of Gods and Men, whose awful Hand
Disperſes Thunder on the Seas and Land; 315
Diſpoſes all with abſolute Command:
How cou'd my pious Son thy Pow'r incenſe,
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd *Troy's* Offence?
Our Hope of *Italy* not only loſt
On various Seas, by various Tempeſts toſt, 320
But ſhut from ev'ry Shoar, and barr'd from ev'ry Coaſt,
You promis'd once, a Progeny Divine,
Of *Romans*, riſing from the *Trojan* Line,
In after-times ſhou'd hold the World in awe,
And to the Land and Ocean give the Law. 325
How is your Doom revers'd, which eas'd my Care?
When *Troy* was ruin'd in that cruel War,
Then Fates to Fates I cou'd oppoſe; but now,
When Fortune ſtill purſues her former Blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed? 330
What end of Labours has your Will decreed?
Antenor, from the miſt of *Grecian* Hoſts,
Cou'd paſs ſecure, and pierce th' *Illyrian* Coaſts:
Where rowling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,
And thro' nine Channels diſembogues his Waves. 335
At length he founded *Padua's* happy Seat,
And gave his *Trojans* a ſecure Retreat:

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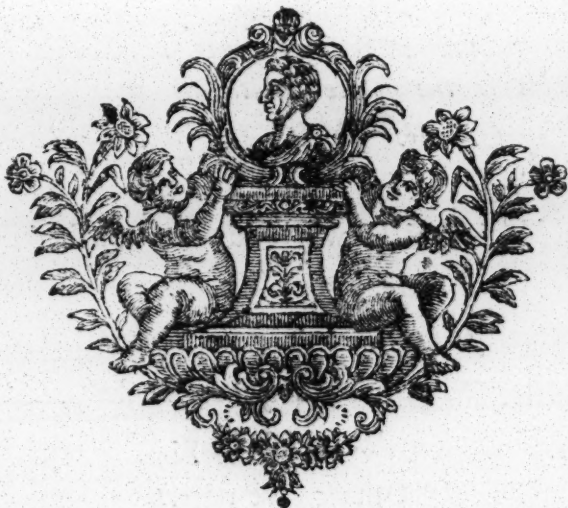
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Amaz'd th'augmented Number to behold,
Of Men, and Matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd Crew together brought, 1085
With Arms appointed, and with Treasure fraught.
Resolv'd, and willing under my Command,
To run all Hazards both of Sea and Land,
The Morn began, from *Ida*, to display
Her rosy Cheeks, and *Phosphor* led the Day; 1090
Before the Gates the *Grecians* took their Post:
And all pretence of late Relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire;
And loaded, up the Hill convey my Sire.





The Third Book of the Æ N E I S.

The ARGUMENT.

Aeneas proceeds in his Relation: He gives an Account of the Fleet with which he sail'd, and the Success of his first Voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his Course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his Habitation? By a mistake of the Oracle's Answer, he settles in Crete; his Household Gods give him the true sense of the Oracle, in a Dream. He follows their Advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: He is cast on several Shores, and meets with very surprising Adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his Father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the Tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian Coast.



WHEN Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan
State,
And Priam's Throne, by too severe a Fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians Prey,
And Ilium's lofty Tow'rs in Ashes lay:
Warn'd by Cœlestial Omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign Lands a happier Seat.

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Near old *Antandros*, and at *Ida's* foot,
 The Timber of the sacred Groves we cut:
 And build our Fleet; uncertain yet to find
 What place the Gods for our Repose assign'd.
 Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly Spring
 Began to cloath the Ground, and Birds to sing;
 When old *Anchises* summon'd all to Sea:
 The Crew, my Father and the Fates obey.
 With Sighs and Tears I leave my native Shore,
 And empty Fields, where *Ilium* stood before.
 My Sire, my Son, our less, and greater Gods,
 All fail at once; and cleave the briny Floods.

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Against our Coast appears a spacious Land,
 Which once the fierce *Lycurgus* did command:
Thracia the Name; the People bold in War;
 Vast are their Fields, and Tillage is their Care.
 A hospitable Realm, while Fate was kind;
 With *Troy* in Friendship and Religion join'd.
 I Land, with luckless Omens; then adore
 Their Gods, and draw a Line along the Shore:
 I lay the deep Foundations of a Wall;
 And *Enos*, nam'd from me, the City call.
 To *Dionæan Venus* Vows are paid,
 And all the Pow'rs that rising Labours aid;
 A Bull on *Jove's* Imperial Altar laid.

Not far, a rising Hillock stood in view;
Sharp Myrtles, on the sides, and Cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the Silvan Scenes,
And shade our Altar with their leafy Greens; 35
I pull'd a Plant; (with horror I relate
A Prodigy so strange, and full of Fate.)
The rooted Fibres rose; and from the Wound,
Black bloody Drops distill'd upon the Ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my Hair with Terror stood; 40
Fear shrunk my Sinews, and congeal'd my Blood.
Man'd once again, another Plant I try;
That other gush'd with the same sanguine Dye.
Then, fearing Guilt, for some Offence unknown,
With Pray'rs and Vows the *Dryads* I attone; 45
With all the Sisters of the Woods, and most
The God of Arms, who rules the *Thracian* Coast:
That they, or he, these Omens wou'd avert;
Release our Fears, and better Signs impart.
Cear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
To learn the Cause, I tug'd with all my Strength:
I bent my Knees against the Ground; once more
The violated Myrtle ran with Gore.
Scarce dare I tell the Sequel: From the Womb
Of wounded Earth, and Caverns of the Tomb, 55
A Groan, as of a troubled Ghost, renew'd
My Fright, and then these dreadful Words ensu'd.

Why dost thou thus my bury'd Body rend?

O spare the Corps of thy unhappy Friend!

Spare to pollute thy pious Hands with Blood:

60

The Tears distil not from the wounded Wood;

But ev'ry drop this living Tree contains,

Is kindred Blood, and ran in *Trojan* Veins:

O fly from this unhospitable Shore,

Warn'd by my Fate; for I am *Polydore*!

65

Here loads of Lances, in my Blood embred,

Again shoot upward, by my Blood renew'd.

My faltring Tongue, and shiv'ring Limbs declare
My Horror, and in Bristles rose my Hair.

When *Troy* with *Grecian* Arms was closely pent,

70

Old *Priam*, fearful of the Wars Event,

This hapless *Polydore* to *Thracia* sent.

Loaded with Gold, he sent his Darling, far

From Noise and Tumults, and destructive War:

Committed to the faithless Tyrant's Care:

75

Who, when he saw the Pow'r of *Troy* decline,

Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join.

Broke ev'ry Bond of Nature, and of Truth;

And murder'd, for his Wealth, the Royal Youth.

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,

80

What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!

Now, when my Soul had shaken off her Fears,

I call my Father, and the *Trojan* Peers:

Relate the Prodigies of Heav'n; require
What he commands, and their Advice desire.

85

All vote to leave that execrable Shore,

Polluted with the Blood of *Polydore*.

But e'er we sail, his Fun'ral Rites prepare;

Then, to his Ghost, a Tomb and Altars rear.

In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the round:

90

With baleful Cypress, and blue Fillets crown'd;

With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound,

Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour,

And thrice invoke the Soul of *Polydore*.

Now when the raging Storms no longer reign;

95

But Southern Gales invite us to the Main;

We launch our Vessels, with a prosp'rous Wind;

And leave the Cities and the Shores behind.

An Island in th' *Ægean* Main appears:

Neptune and wat'ry *Doris* claim it theirs.

100

It floated once, 'till *Phæbus* fix'd the fides

To rooted Earth, and now it braves the Tides.

Here, born by friendly Winds, we come ashore.

With needful ease our weary Limbs restore;

And the Sun's Temple, and his Town adore.

105

Anius the Priest, and King, with Lawrel crown'd,

His hoary Locks with purple Fillets bound,

Who saw my Sire the *Delian* Shore ascend,

Came forth with eager haste to meet his Friend.

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Invites him to his Palace; and in sign 110
 Of ancient Love, their plighted Hands they join.
 Then to the Temple of the God I went;
 And thus, before the Shrine, my Vows present.
 Give, O *Thymbræus*, give a resting place
 To the sad Relicks of the *Trojan* Race: 115
 A Seat secure, a Region of their own,
 A lasting Empire, and a happier Town.
 Where shall we fix, where shall our Labours end,
 Whom shall we follow, and what Fate attend?
 Let not my Pray'rs a doubtful Answer find, 120
 But in clear Auguries unveil thy Mind.
 Scarce had I said, He shook the Holy Ground,
 The Lawrels, and the lofty Hills around: }
 And from the *Tripes* rush'd a bellowing Sound. }
 Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present God; 125
 Who gave this Answer from his dark Abode.
 Undaunted Youths, go seek that Mother Earth
 From which your Ancestors derive their Birth.
 The Soil that sent you forth, her Ancient Race,
 In her old Bosom, shall again embrace. 130
 Through the wide World th' *Æneian* House shall reign,
 And Childrens Children shall the Crown sustain.
 Thus *Phæbus* did our future Fates disclose;
 A mighty Tumult, mix'd with Joy, arose.

All are concern'd to know what Place the God 135
 Assign'd, and where determin'd our Abode.
 My Father, long revolving in his Mind
 The Race and Lineage of the *Trojan* Kind,
 Thus answer'd their Demands: Ye Princes, hear
 Your pleasing Fortune; and dispel your Fear. 140
 The fruitful Isle of *Crete*, well known to Fame,
 Sacred of old to *Jove's* Imperial Name,
 In the mid Ocean lies, with large Command;
 And on its Plains a hundred Cities stand.
 Another *Ida* rises there; and we 145
 From thence derive our *Trojan* Ancestry.
 From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain Fame,
 To the *Rhætan* Shores old *Teucer* came.
 There fix'd, and there the Seat of Empire chose,
 E'er *Ilium* and the *Trojan* Tow'rs arose. 150
 In humble Vales they built their soft Abodes:
 Till *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,
 With tinkling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idean* Woods.
 She, secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
 And to the Yoke the salvage Lions brought. 155
 Let us the Land, which Heav'n appoints, explore;
 Appease the Winds, and seek the *Gnosſian* Shore.
 If *Jove* assists the Passage of our Fleet,
 The third propitious Dawn discovers *Crete*.

Thus

Thus having said, the Sacrifices laid 160
 On smoking Altars, to the Gods He paid.
 A Bull, to *Neptune* an Oblation due,
 Another Bull to bright *Apollo* flew:
 A milk white Ewe the Western Winds to please;
 And one cole black to calm the Stormy Seas. 165
 E'er this, a flying Rumour had been spread,
 That fierce *Idomeneus* from *Crete* was fled;
 Expell'd and exil'd; that the Coast was free
 From Foreign or Domestick Enemy:
 We leave the *Delian* Ports, and put to Sea. 170
 By *Naxos*, fam'd for Vintage, make our way:
 Then green *Donyssa* pass; and Sail in sight
 Of *Paros* Isle, with Marble Quarries white.
 We pass the scatter'd Isles of *Cyclades*,
 That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the Seas. 175
 The shouts of Sailors double near the Shores;
 They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars.
 All Hands aloft, for *Crete*, for *Crete* they cry,
 And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.
 Full on the promis'd Land at length we bore, 180
 With Joy descending on the *Cretan* Shore.
 With eager haste a rising Town I frame,
 Which from the *Trojan Pergamus* I name:
 The Name it self was grateful; I exhort
 To found their Houses, and erect a Fort. 185

Our Ships are haul'd upon the yellow Strand.
 The Youth begin to Till the labour'd Land.
 And I my self new Marriages promote,
 Give Laws; and Dwellings I divide by Lot.
 When rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
 And Blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year:
 The Trees, devouring Caterpillars burn:
 Parch'd was the Grass, and blited was the Corn.
 Nor scape the Beasts: for *Sirius* from on high,
 With pestilential Heat infects the Sky:
 My Men, some fall, the rest in Feavers fry.
 Again my Father bids me seek the Shore
 Of sacred *Delos*; and the God implore:

To learn what End of Woes we might expect,
 And to what Clime, our weary Course direct.

'Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature, void of Cares,
 The common gift of balmy Slumber shares:

The Statues of my Gods, (for such they seem'd)
 Those Gods whom I from flaming *Troy* redeem'd,
 Before me stood; Majestically bright,

Full in the Beams of *Phœbe*'s entring Light.

Then thus they spoke; and eas'd my troubled Mind:

What from the *Delian* God thou go'st to find,

He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:

Those Pow'rs are we, Companions of thy Fate,

Whom

Who from the burning Town by thee were brought;
 Thy Fortune follow'd, and thy Safety wrought.
 Through Seas and Lands, as we thy Steps attend,
 So shall our Care thy Glorious Race befriend.

An ample Realm for thee thy Fates ordain; 215

A Town, that o'er the conquer'd World shall reign.

Thou, mighty Walls for mighty Nations build;

Nor let thy weary Mind to Labours yield:

But change thy Seat; for not the *Delian* God,

Nor we, have giv'n thee *Crete* for our Abode. 220

A Land there is, *Hesperia* call'd of old,

The Soil is fruitful, and the Natives bold.

Th' *Oenotrians* held it once; by later Fame,

Now call'd *Italia* from the Leader's Name.

Jasus there, and *Dardanus* were born: 225

From thence we came, and thither must return,

Rise, and thy Sire with these glad Tidings greet;

Search *Italy*, for *Jove* denies thee *Crete*.

Astonish'd at their Voices, and their sight,

(Nor were they Dreams, but Visions of the Night; 230

I saw, I knew their Faces, and descry'd

In perfect View, their Hair with Fillets ty'd:)

I started from my Couch, a clammy Sweat

On all my Limbs, and shiv'ring Body fate.

To Heav'n I lift my Hands with pious haste, 235

And sacred Incense in the Flames I cast.

Thus

Thus to the Gods their perfect Honours done,
 More chearful to my good old Sire I run:
 And tell the pleasing News; in little space
 He found his Error, of the double Race. 240
 Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from *Crete*;
 No more deluded by the doubtful Seat.
 Then said, O Son, turmoil'd in *Trojan* Fate;
 Such things as these *Cassandra* did relate.
 This Day revives within my Mind, what she 245
 Foretold of *Troy* renew'd in *Italy*,
 And *Latian* Lands: but who cou'd then have thought,
 That *Phrygian* Gods to *Latium* should be brought;
 Or who believ'd what mad *Cassandra* taught?
 Now let us go, where *Phœbus* leads the way: 250
 He said, and we with glad Consent obey.
 Forfake the Seat; and leaving few behind,
 We spread our Sails before the willing Wind.
 Now from the sight of Land our Gallies move,
 With only Seas around, and Skies above. 255
 When o'er our Heads, descends a Burst of Rain;
 And Night, with fable Clouds involves the Main:
 The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise:
 The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to sev'ral Ways:
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes, 260
 And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.

Cast from our Course, we wander in the Dark;

No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.

Ev'n *Palinurus* no Distinction found

Betwixt the Night and Day; such Darknefs reign'd around.

Three starless Nights the doubtful Navy strays 265

Without Distinction, and three Sunless Days.

The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds

We view a rising Land like distant Clouds:

The Mounrain tops confirm the pleasing Sight; 270

And curling Smoke ascending from their Height.

The Canvas falls; their Oars the Sailors ply;

From the rude Strokes the whirling Waters fly.

At length I land upon the *Strophades*;

Safe from the Danger of the stormy Seas: 275

Those Isles are compass'd by th' *Ionian* Main;

The dire Abode where the foul *Harpies* reign:

Forc'd by the winged Warriors to repair

To their old Homes, and leave their costly Fare.

Monsters more fierce, offended Heav'n ne'er sent 280

From Hell's Abyfs, for Human Punishment.

With Virgin-faces, but with Wombs obscene,

Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean:

With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.

We landed at the Port; and soon beheld

Fat Herds of Oxen graze the flowry Field:

And

And wanton Goats without a Keeper stray'd:
With Weapons we the welcome Prey invade.
Then call the Gods for Partners of our Feast:
And *Jove* himself the chief invited Guest. 290
We spread the Tables on the greensword Ground:
We feed with Hunger, and the Bowls go round.
When from the Mountain-tops, with hideous Cry,
And clatt'ring Wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the Meat; defiling all they find: 295
And parting, leave a loathsome Stench behind.
Close by a hollow Rock, again we sit;
New dress the Dinner, and the Beds refit:
Secure from Sight, beneath a pleasing Shade;
Where tufted Trees a Native Arbour made. 300
Again the Holy Fires on Altars burn:
And once again the rav'nous Birds return:
Or from the dark Recesses where they ly,
Or from another Quarter of the Sky.
With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat, 305
And mix their loathsome Ordures with their Meat.
I bid my Friends for Vengeance then prepare;
And with the Hellish Nation wage the War.
They, as commanded, for the Fight provide,
And in the Grass their glitt'ring Weapons hide: 310
Then, when along the crooked Shoar we hear
Their clatt'ring Wings, and saw the Foes appears;

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Misenus sounds a Charge: We take th' Alarm;

And our strong Hands with Swords and Bucklers arm.

In this new kind of Combat, all employ 315

Their utmost Force, the Monsters to destroy.

In vain; the fated Skin is Proof to Wounds:

And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds.

At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled Prey,

And their stretch'd Pinions to the Skies display. 320

Yet one remain'd, the Messenger of Fate,

High on a craggy Cliff *Celano* fate,

And thus her dismal Errand did relate.

What, not contented with our Oxen slain,

Dare you with Heav'n an impious War maintain; 325

And drive the Harpies from their Native Reign?

Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind

What *Jove* decrees, what *Phæbus* has design'd:

And I, the Fury's Queen, from both relate:

You seek th' *Italian* Shoars, foredoom'd by Fate: 330

Th' *Italian* Shoars are granted you to find:

And a safe Passage to the Port assign'd.

But know, that e'er your promis'd Walls you build,

My Curses shall severely be fulfill'd.

Fierce Famine is your Lot, for this Misdeed, 335

Reduc'd to grind the Plates on which you feed.

She said; and to the neighb'ring Forest flew:]

Our Courage fails us, and our Fears renew.

Hope-

Hopeless to win by War, to Pray'rs we fall,
 And on th'offended Harpies humbly call. 340
 And whether Gods, or Birds obscene they were,
 Our Vows for Pardon, and for Peace prefer.
 But old *Anchises*, off'ring Sacrifice,
 And lifting up to Heav'n his Hands and Eyes;
 Ador'd the greater Gods: Avert, said he, 345 }
 These Omens, render vain this Prophecy:
 And from th'impending Curse a pious People free. }
 Thus having said, he bids us put to Sea; }
 We loose from Shoar our Haulsers, and obey: }
 And soon with swelling Sails pursue our wat'ry Way. }
 Amidst our course *Zacynthian* Woods appear; 351
 And next by rocky *Neritos* we steer:
 We fly from *Ithaca's* detested Shore,
 And curse the Land which dire *Ulysses* bore.
 At length *Leucate's* cloudy Top appears; 355
 And the Sun's Temple, which the Sailor fears.
 Resolv'd to breath a while from Labour past,
 Our crooked Anchors from the Prow we cast;
 And joyful to the little City haste. }
 Here safe beyond our Hopes, our Vows we pay 360
 To *Jove*, the Guide and Patron of our Way.
 The Customs of our Country we pursue;
 And *Trojan* Games on *Actian* Shoars renew.

Our Youth their naked Limbs besmear with Oyl;

And exercise the Wrestlers noble Toil.

365

Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the Wind;

And left so many *Grecian* Towns behind.

The Sun had now fulfill'd his Annual Course,

And *Boreas* on the Seas display'd his Force:

I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty Door

370

The brazen Shield which vanquish'd *Abas* bore:

The Verse beneath, my Name and Action speaks,

These Arms, *Æneas* took from conqu'ring *Greeks*.

Then I command to weigh; the Seamen ply

Their sweeping Oars, the smoking Billows fly.

375

The Sight of high *Phaacia* soon we lost:

And skim'd along *Epirus* rocky Coast.

Then to *Chaonia's* Port our Course we bend,

And landed, to *Buthrotus* heights ascend.

379

Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame;

How *Helenus* reviv'd the *Trojan* Name;

And reign'd in *Greece*: That *Priam's* captive Son

Succeeded *Pyrrhus* in his Bed and Throne.

And fair *Andromache*, restor'd by Fate,

Once more was happy in a *Trojan* Mate.

385

I leave my Gallies riding in the Port;

And long to see the new *Dardanian* Court.

By chance, the mournful Queen, before the Gate,

Then solemniz'd her former Husband's Fate.

Green

Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts she crown'd;
 And sacred Priests in order stand around;
 And thrice the Name of hapless *Hector* sound.
 The Grove it self resembles *Ida's* Wood;
 And *Simois* seem'd the well-dissembled Flood.
 But when, at nearer Distance, she beheld
 My shining Armour, and my *Trojan* Shield;
 Astonish'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
 Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat:
 She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring Strength,
 Thus, with a fault'ring Tongue, she speaks at length.

Are you alive, O Goddess-born! she said,
 Or if a Ghost, then where is *Hector's* Shade?
 At this she cast a loud and frightful Cry:
 With broken Words I made this brief Reply.
 All of me that remains, appears in Sight,
 I live; if living be to loath the Light.
 No Phantome; but I drag a wretched Life;
 My Fate resembling that of *Hector's* Wife.
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your Lord,
 By what strange Blessing are you now restor'd!
 Still are you *Hector's*, or is *Hector* fled,
 And his Remembrance lost in *Pyrrhus's* Bed?
 With Eyes dejected, in a lowly Tone,
 After a modest Pause, she thus begun.

Oh only happy Maid of *Priam's* Race, 415
 Whom Death deliver'd from the Foes embrace !
 Commanded on *Achilles'* Tomb to die,
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard Captivity:
 Or in a haughty Master's Arms to lie.
 In *Grecian* Ships unhappy we were born : 420
 Endur'd the Victor's Lust, sustain'd the Scorn:
 Thus I submitted to the lawless Pride
 Of *Pyrrhus*, more a Handmaid than a Bride.
 Cloy'd with Possession, He forsook my Bed,
 And *Helen's* lovely Daughter sought to wed. 425
 Then me to *Trojan Helenus* resign'd :
 And his two Slaves in equal Marriage join'd.
 Till young *Orestes*, pierc'd with deep Despair,
 And longing to redeem the promis'd Fair,
 Before *Apollo's* Altar slew the Ravisher. 430
 By *Pyrrhus'* Death the Kingdom we regain'd:
 At least one half with *Helenus* remain'd;
 Our Part, from *Chaon*, He *Chaonia* calls:
 And names, from *Pergamus*, his rising Walls.
 But you, what Fates have landed on our Coast, 435
 What Gods have sent you, or what Storms have tost?
 Does young *Ascanius* Life and Health enjoy,
 Sav'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*!
 O tell me how his Mother's Loss he bears, 439
 What Hopes are promis'd from his blooming Years,
 How much of *Hector* in his Face appears?

She spoke: and mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries:
 And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes.
 At length her Lord descends upon the Plain;
 In Pomp, attended with a num'rous Train. 445
 Receives his Friends, and to the City leads;
 And Tears of Joy amidst his Welcome sheds.
 Proceeding on, another *Troy* I see;
 Or, in less Compass, *Troy's* Epitome.
 A Riv'let by the Name of *Xanthus* ran: 450
 And I embrace the *Scam* Gate again.
 My Friends in Portico's were entertain'd;
 And Feasts and Pleasures thro' the City reign'd.
 The Tables fill'd the spacious Hall around:
 And Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine were crown'd.
 Two Days we pass'd in Mirth, till friendly Gales, 455
 Blown from the South, supply'd our swelling Sails.
 Then to the Royal Seer I thus began:
 O thou who know'st beyond the reach of Man,
 The Laws of Heav'n, and what the Stars decree, 460
 Whom *Phæbus* taught unerring Prophecy,
 From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:
 Skill'd in the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 What Auspices their Notes, and Flights declare:
 O say; for all Religious Rites portend 465
 A happy Voyage, and a prosp'rous End:
 And ev'ry Pow'r and Omen of the Sky,
 Direct my Course for destin'd *Italy*:

Æ N. III. Æ N E I S.

549

But only dire *Celano*, from the Gods,

A dismal Famine fatally fore-bodes:

470

O say what Dangers I am first to shun:

What Toils to vanquish, and what Course to run.

The Prophet first with Sacrifice adores

The greater Gods; their Pardon then implores:

Unbinds the Fillet from his holy Head;

475

To *Phæbus* next, my trembling Steps he led:

Full of religious Doubts and awful Dread.

Then with his God possess'd, before the Shrine,

These Words proceeded from his Mouth Divine.

O Goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed Will,

480

With greater Auspices of good than ill,

Fore-shows thy Voyage, and thy Course directs;

Thy Fates conspire, and *Jove* himself protects:)

Of many things, some few I shall explain,

Teach thee to shun the Dangers of the Main,

485

And how at length the promis'd Shore to gain.

The rest the Fates from *Helenus* conceal;

And *Juno's* angry Pow'r forbids to tell.

First then, that happy Shore, that seems so nigh,

Will far from your deluded Wishes fly:

490

Long Tracts of Seas divide your Hopes from *Italy*.

For you must cruise along *Sticilian* Shoars;

And stem the Currents with your struggling Oars:

Then

Then round th' *Italian* Coast your Navy steer;
 And after this to *Circe's* Island veer.
 And last, before your new Foundations rise,
 Must pass the *Stygian* Lake, and view the neather Skies,
 Now mark the Signs of future Ease and Rest;
 And bear them safely treasur'd in thy Breast.
 When in the shady Shelter of a Wood,
 And near the Margin of a gentle Flood,
 Thou shalt behold a Sow upon the Ground,
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
 The Dam and Off-spring white as falling Snow:
 These on thy City shall their Name bestow:
 And there shall end thy Labours and thy Woe.
 Nor let the threatned Famine fright thy Mind,
 For *Phæbus* will assist; and Fate the Way will find.
 Let not thy Course to that ill Coast be bent,
 Which fronts from far th' *Epirian* Continent;
 Those Parts are all by *Grecian* Foes possess'd:
 The salvage *Locrians* here the Shoars infest:
 There fierce *Idomeneus* his City builds,
 And guards with Arms the *Salentinian* Fields.
 And on the Mountains Brow *Petilia* stands,
 Which *Philoctetes* with his Troops commands.
 Ev'n when thy Fleet is landed on the Shore,
 And Priests with holy Vows the Gods adore;

Then with a Purple Veil involve your Eyes,
Left hostile Faces blast the Sacrifice.

520

These Rites and Customs to the rest commend;
That to your Pious Race they may descend.

When parted hence, the Wind that ready waits
For *Sicily*, shall bear you to the Streights:

Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider Way,

525

Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea:

Veer Star-board Sea and Land. Th' *Italian* Shore,

And fair *Sicilia's* Coast were one, before

An Earthquake caus'd the Flaw, the roaring Tides

The Passage broke, that Land from Land divides: 530

And where the Lands retir'd, the rushing Ocean rides.

Distinguish'd by the Streights, on either hand,

Now rising Cities in long order stand;

And fruitful Fields: (So much can Time invade

The mouldring Work, that beauteous Nature made.) 535

Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides:

Charybdis roaring on the left presides;

And in her greedy Whirl-pool sucks the Tides:

Then Spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,

The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n.

But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,

540

The sinking Vessel in her Eddy draws;

Then dashes on the Rocks: A Human Face,

And Virgin Bosom, hides her Tail's Disgrace.

Her

Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
 With Dogs inclos'd; and in a Dolphin end.
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to Sea,
 And coast *Pachynus*, tho' with more Delay;
 Than once to view mishapen *Scylla* near,
 And the loud Yell of wat'ry Wolves to hear.

Besides, if Faith to *Helenus* be due,
 And if Prophetick *Phœbus* tell me true,
 Do not this Precept of your Friend forget;
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat.
 Above the rest, great *Juno's* Name adore:
 Pay Vows to *Juno*; *Juno's* Aid implore.
 Let Gifts be to the mighty Queen design'd;
 And mollify with Pray'rs her haughty Mind.
 Thus, at the length, your Passage shall be free,
 And you shall safe descend on *Italy*.
 Arriv'd at *Cuma*, when you view the Flood
 Of black *Avernus*, and the sounding Wood,
 The mad prophetick *Sibyl* you shall find,
 Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd.
 She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits,
 The Notes and Names inscrib'd, to *Leafs* commits.
 What she commits to *Leafs*, in order laid,
 Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd:
 Unmov'd they lie: but if a Blast of Wind
 Without, or Vapours issue from behind,

The Leafs are born aloft in liquid Air,
 And she resumes no more her Museful Care:
 Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse;
 Nor sets in order what the Winds disperse.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
 The Madneſs of the viſionary Maid;
 And with loud Curſes leave the myſtick Shade.

575 }
 }

Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
 Though thy Companions chide thy long Delay:
 Tho' ſummon'd to the Seas, tho' pleaſing Gales
 Invite thy Courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling Sails.
 But beg the ſacred Prieſteſs to relate
 With ſwelling Words, and not to write thy Fate.

580

The fierce *Italian* People ſhe will ſhow;
 And all thy Wars, and all thy future Woe;
 And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.
 She ſhall direct thy Courſe, inſtruct thy Mind;
 And teach thee how the happy Shoars to find.

585 }
 }

This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:
 New part in Peace; purſue thy better Fate,
 And raiſe, by Strength of Arms, the *Trojan* State.

590 }
 }

This when the Prieſt with friendly Voice declar'd,
 He gave me Licence, and rich Gifts prepar'd:
 Bounteous of Treſure, he ſupply'd my want
 With heavy Gold, and poliſh'd Elephant.]

595

Then *Dodonaean* Caldrons put on Board,
And ev'ry Ship with Sums of Silver stor'd.
A trusty Coat of Mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Use and Ornament:
The Helm of *Pyrrhus* added to the rest, 600
Then flourish'd with a Plume and waving Crest.
Nor was my Sire forgotten, nor my Friends:
And large Recruits he to my Navy sends;
Men, Horses, Captains, Arms, and warlike Stores:
Supplies new Pilots, and new sweeping Oars. 605
Mean time, my Sire commands to hoist our Sails;
Lest we shou'd lose the first auspicious Gales.
The Prophet blest the parting Crew: and last,
With Words like these, his ancient Friend embrac'd.
Old happy Man, the Care of Gods above, 610
Whom heav'nly *Venus* honour'd with her Love,
And twice preserv'd thy Life, when *Troy* was lost;
Behold from far the wish'd *Ansonian* Coast:
There land; but take a larger Compass round;
For that before is all forbidden Ground. 615
The Shoar that *Phæbus* has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new Abodes;
Bless'd in a Son, and favour'd by the Gods:
Far I with useles Words prolong your Stay;
When Southern Gales have summon'd you away. 620



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Nor less the Queen our parting thence deplor'd;
 Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan Lord.
 A noble Present to my Son she brought,
 A Robe with Flow'rs on Golden Tissue wrought; 625
 A Phrygian Vest; and loads, with Gifts beside
 Of precious Texture, and of Asian Pride.
 Accept, she said, these Monuments of Love;
 Which in my Youth with happier Hands I wove:
 Regard these Trifles for the Giver's sake; 630
 'Tis the last Present *Hector's* Wife can make.
 Thou call'st my lost *Ashtanax* to mind:
 In thee his Features, and his Form I find.
 His Eyes so sparkled with a lively Flame;
 Such were his Motions, such was all his Frame; 635
 And ah! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his Years had been the
 same.

With Tears I took my last adieu, and said,
 Your Fortune, happy Pair, already made,
 Leaves you no farther Wish: My diff'rent State,
 Avoiding one, incurs another Fate. 640
 To you a quiet Seat the Gods allow,
 You have no Shoars to search, no Seas to plow,
 Nor Fields of flying *Italy* to chase:
 (Deluding Visions, and a vain Embrace!)
 You see another *Simois*, and enjoy 645
 The Labour of your Hands, another *Troy*;

With better Auspice than her ancient Tow'rs:

And less obnoxious to the *Grecian* Pow'rs.

If e'er the Gods, whom I with Vows adore,

Conduct my Steps to *Tiber's* happy Shore:

650

If ever I ascend the *Latian* Throne,

And build a City I may call my own,

As both of us our Birth from *Troy* derive,

So let our Kindred Lines in Concord live:

And both in Acts of equal Friendship strive.

655

Our Fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,

The double *Troy* shall differ but in Name:

That what we now begin, may never end;

But long, to late Posterity descend.

Near the *Ceraunian* Rocks our Course we bore:

660

(The shortest Passage to th' *Italian* Shore:)

Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,

And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night:

We land: and on the Bosom of the Ground

A safe Retreat, and a bare *Lodging* found;

665

Close by the Shoar we lay; the Sailors keep

Their Watches, and the rest securely sleep.

The Night proceeding on with silent Pace,

Stood in her Noon; and view'd with equal Face

Her sleepy Rise, and her declining Race.

670

Then wakeful *Palinurus* rose, to spie

The Face of Heav'n, and the Nocturnal Sky;

And listen'd, ev'ry Breath of Air to try:

Observes the Stars, and notes their sliding Course,
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and their wat'ry Force; 675
And both the *Bears* is careful to behold;
And bright *Orion* arm'd with burnish'd Gold.
Then when he saw no threat'ning Tempest nigh,
But a sure-Promise of a settled Sky;
He gave the Sign to weigh: we break our Sleep; 680
Forake the pleasing Shoar, and plow the Deep.
And now the rising Morn, with rosie Light
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight:
When we from far, like bluish Mists, descry
The Hills, and then the Plains of *Italy*. 685
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful Sound;
Then *Italy* the chearful Crew rebound.
My Sire *Anchises* crown'd a Cup with Wine,
And off'ring, thus implor'd the Pow'rs Divine.
Ye Gods, presiding over Lands and Seas, 690
And you who raging Winds and Waves appease,
Breath on our swelling Sails a prosp'rous Wind,
And smoothe our Passage to the Port assign'd.
The gentle Gales their flagging Force renew;
And now the happy Harbour is in view. 695
Minerva's Temple then salutes our Sight;
Plac'd, as a Land-mark, on the Mountains height:
We furl our Sails, and turn the Prows to Shoar;
The curling Waters round the Gallies roar:

The Land lies open to the raging East, 700
Then, bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the Storms; the Winds and Waves complain,
And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.

The Port lies hid within; on either side
Two Tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide. 705

The Temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the Shore.
Scarce landed, the first Omens I beheld

Were four white Steeds that crop'd the flow'ry Field.
War, War is threaten'd from this Foreign Ground, 710

(My Father cry'd) where warlike Steeds are found.

Yet, since reclaim'd to Chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn Yokes, and champ the Bitt,
Peace may succeed to War. Our way we bend
To *Pallas*, and the sacred Hill ascend. 715

There prostrate to the fierce *Virago* pray;
Whose Temple was the Land-Mark of our Way.

Each with a *Phrygian* Mantle veil'd his Head; 720
And all Commands of *Helenus* obey'd;
And pious Rites to *Grecian Juno* paid.

These Dues perform'd, we stretch our Sails, and stand
To Sea, forsaking that suspected Land.

From hence *Tarentum's* Bay appears in view;

For *Hercules* renown'd, if Fame be true.

Just opposite, *Lacinian Juno* stands;

725

Caulonian Tow'rs, and *Scylacæan* Strands.

For Shipwrecks fear'd: Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,

Known by the smoaky Flames which cloud the Sky.

Far off we hear the Waves, with surly Sound

Inva'de the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound. 730

The Billows break upon the sounding Strand;

And rowl the rising Tide, impure with Sand.

Then thus *Anchises*, in Experience old,

'Tis that *Charybdis* which the Seer foretold:

And those the promis'd Rocks; bear off to Sea: 735

With haste the frighted Mariners obey.

First *Palinurus* to the Larboard veer'd

Then all the Fleet by his Example steer'd.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride;

Then down to Hell descend, when they divide. 740

And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony Ground,

And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound,

And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dews around. }

The flagging Winds forsook us, with the Sun;

And weary'd, on *Cyclopean* Shoars we run. 745

The Port capacious, and secure from Wind,

Is to the foot of thundring *Ætna* join'd.

By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high;

By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly; 749 }

And Flakes of mounting Flames, that lick the Sky.

Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*, 755
With blasted Limbs came trembling from above:
And, where he fell, th'avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
As often as he turns his weary Sides, 759
He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides.
In shady Woods we pass the tedious Night,
Where bellowing Sounds and Groans our Souls affright;
Of which no Cause is offer'd to the Sight. }
For not one Star was kindled in the Sky;
Nor cou'd the Moon her borrow'd Light supply: 765
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament;
The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising Sun the Day reveal'd;
Scarce had his Heat the pearly Dews dispell'd;
When from the Woods there bolts, before our Sight, 770
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright.
So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,
So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious Aid, and pointed to the Shore, 775

We look behind; then view his shaggy Beard;
 His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs
 The rest, in Meen, in Habit, and in Face, [besmear'd:
 Appear'd a *Greek*, and such indeed he was.

He cast on us, from far, a frightful View, 780

Whom soon for *Trojans* and for Foes he knew:

Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began

To stretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran.

Soon as approach'd, upon his Knees he falls,

And thus with Tears and Sighs for Pity calls. 785

Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we share

From Nature's common Gift, this vital Air,

O *Trojans*, take me hence: I beg no more,

But bear me far from this unhappy Shore.

'Tis true, I am a *Greek*, and farther own, 790

Among your Foes besieg'd th' Imperial Town;

For such Demerits if my Death be due,

No more for this abandon'd Life I sue:

This only Favour let my Tears obtain,

To throw me headlong in the rapid Main: 795

Since nothing more than Death my Crime demands,

I die content, to die by human Hands.

He said, and on his Knees my Knees embrac'd:

I bad him boldly tell his Fortune past;

His present State, his Lineage, and his Name; 800

Th' Occasion of his Fears, and whence he came.

The good *Anchises* rais'd him with his Hand;
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our Demand:
 From *Ithaca* my Native Soil I came,
 To *Troy*, and *Achamenides* my Name.

805

Me, my poor Father with *Ulysses* sent;
 (O had I stay'd, with Poverty content!)

But fearful for themselves, my Countrymen
 Left me forsaken in the *Cyclops*' Den.

The Cave, tho' large, was dark, the dismal Floor 810

Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.

Our monstrous Host, of more than Human Size,

Erects his Head, and stares within the Skies.

Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.

Ye Gods, remove this Plague from mortal View! 815

The Joints of slaughter'd Wretches are his Food:

And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.

These Eyes beheld, when with his spacious Hand

He seiz'd two Captives of our *Grecian* Band;

Stretch'd on his Back, he dash'd against the Stones 820

Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones:

With spouting Blood the Purple Pavement swims,

While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.

Not unreveng'd, *Ulysses* bore their Fate,

Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy State: 825

For, gorg'd with Flesh, and drunk with Human Wine,

While fast asleep the Giant lay supine;

Snoaring

Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigested Foam, and Morsels raw :

We pray, we cast the Lots, and then surround 830

The monstrous Body, stretch'd along the Ground :

Each, as he cou'd approach him, lends a Hand
To bore his Eyeball with a flaming Brand :

Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye,

(For only one did the vast Frame supply ;)

But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd,

Like the Sun's Disk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.

The Stroke succeeds; and down the Pupil bends ;

This Vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd Friends.

But haste, unhappy Wretches, haste to fly; 840

Your Cables cut, and on your Oars rely.

Such, and so vast as *Polypheme* appears,

A hundred more this hated Island bears :

Like him in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,

Like him, their Herds on tops of Mountains keep; 845

Like him, with mighty Strides, they stalk from Steep to
Steep.

And now three Moons their sharpen'd Horns renew,

Since thus in Woods and Wilds, obscure from view,

I drag my loathsom Days with mortal Fright;

And in deserted Caverns lodge by Night. 850

Oft from the Rocks a dreadful Prospect see

Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree:

From

From far I hear his thund'ring Voice resound;
 And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.
 Cornels and salvage Berries of the Wood,
 And Roots and Herbs have been my meagre Food.

855

While all around my longing Eyes I cast,
 Saw your happy Ships appear at last.

On those I fix'd my Hopes, to these I run,

Tis all I ask, this cruel Race to shun:

860

What other Death you please your selves, bestow.

Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's Brow

We saw the Giant-Shepherd stalk before

His following Flock, and leading to the Shore.

A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight,

865

His Staff a trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.

His pondrous Whistle from his Neck descends;

His woolly Care their pensive Lord attends:

This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.

Soon as he reach'd the Shoar, and touch'd the Waves, 870

From his bor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves:

He gnash'd his Teeth and groan'd; thro' Seas he strides,

And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his Sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden Fear, we run to Sea,

The Cables cut, and silent haste away:

875

The well-deserving Stranger entertain;

Then, buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.

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The Giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But when our Vessels out of reach he found,

He strided onward; and in vain essay'd 880

Th' *Ionian* Deep, and durst no farther wade.

With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful Cry
Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas; the Billows fly
Before the bellowing Noise, to distant *Italy*.

The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembling all around: 885

The winding Caverns echo to the sound.

His Brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar;
And, rushing down the Mountains, crowd the Shoar:

We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-ey'd Glance, that vainly threatned War. 890

A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high;
The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*,
Or tallest Cypress of *Diana's* Grove.

New Pangs of mortal Fear our Minds assail, 895
We tug at ev'ry Oar, and hoist up ev'ry Sail;
And take th' Advantage of the friendly Gale.

Forewarn'd by *Helenus*, we strive to shun
Charybdis Gulph, nor dare to *Scylla* run.

An equal Fate on either side appears; 900

We, tacking to the left, are free from Fears.

For from *Pelorus* Point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift *Pantagias* flows.

His

His Rocky Mouth we pass; and make our Way
 By *Thapsus*, and *Megara's* winding Bay; 905
 This Passage *Achamenides* had shown,
 Tracing the Course which he before had run.
 Right o'er-against *Plemmyrium's* watry Strand
 There lies an Isle, once call'd th' *Ortygian* Land:
Alpheus, as Old Fame reports, has found 910
 From *Greece* a secret Passage under-ground:
 By Love to beauteous *Arethusa* led,
 And mingling here, they rowl in the same Sacred Bed.
 As *Helenus* enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's Name, Protectress of the Shore. 915
 With prosp'rous Gales we pass the quiet Sounds
 Of still *Elorns*, and his fruitful Bounds.
 Then doubling *Cape Pachynus*, we survey
 The rocky Shore extended to the Sea.
 The Town of *Camarine* from far we see; 920
 And fenny Lake undrain'd by Fates Decree.
 In sight of the *Geloan* Fields we pass,
 And the large Walls, where mighty *Gela* was:
 Then *Agragas* with lofty Summits crown'd;
 Long for the Race of warlike Steeds renown'd: 925
 We pass'd *Selinus*, and the Palmy Land,
 And widely shun the *Lilybaan* Strand,
 Unsafe, for secret Rocks, and moving Sand.

At length on Shoar the weary Fleet arriv'd;
 Which *Drepanum's* unhappy Port receiv'd. 930
 Here, after endless Labours, often tost
 By raging Storms, and driv'n on ev'ry Coast,
 My dear, dear Father, spent with Age, I lost.
 Ease of my Cares, and Solace of my Pain,
 Sav'd through a thousand Toils, but sav'd in vain. 935
 The Prophet, who my future Woes reveal'd,
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd:
 And dire *Celano*, whose foreboding Skill
 Denounc'd all else, was silent of this Ill:
 This my last Labour was. Some friendly God 940
 From thence convey'd us to your blest Abode.

Thus to the listning Queen, the Royal Guest
 His wand'ring Course, and all his Toils express'd;
 And here concluding, he retir'd to Rest.





The Fourth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her Sister her Passion for Æneas, and her Thoughts of Marrying him. She prepares a Hunting-Match for his Entertainment. Juno by Venus's consent raises a Storm, which separates the Hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same Cave, where their Marriage is suppos'd to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage; Æneas secretly prepares for his Voyage: Dido finds out his Design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own, and her Sister's Entreaties, and discovers all the Variety of Passions that are incident to a neglected Lover: When nothing wou'd prevail upon him, she contrives her own Death, with which this Book concludes.



UT anxious Cares already seiz'd the Queen:
She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen:
The Heroe's Valour, Acts, and Birth, inspire
Her Soul with Love, and fann the secret
Fire.

His Words, his Looks imprinted in her Heart,
Improve the Passion, and increase the Smart.

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Now, when the Purple Morn had chas'd away
 The dewy Shadows, and restor'd the Day;
 Her Sister first, with early Care she fought,
 And thus in mournful Accents eas'd her Thought. 10
 My dearest *Anna*, what new Dreams affright
 My lab'ring Soul; what Visions of the Night
 Disturb my Quiet, and distract my Breast,
 With strange Ideas of our *Trojan* Guest?
 His Worth, his Actions, and Majestick Air, 15
 A Man descended from the Gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
 His Birth is well asserted by his Mind.
 Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
 What brave Attempts for falling *Troy* he made! 20
 Such were his Looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That were I not resolv'd against the Yoke
 Of hapless Marriage; never to be curs'd
 With second Love, so fatal was my first;
 To this one Error I might yield again: 25
 For since *Sichæus* was untimely slain,
 This only Man is able to subvert
 The fix'd Foundations of my stubborn Heart.
 And to confess my Frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30
 Too like the Sparkles of my former flame.

But

But first let yawning Earth a Passage rend;
 And let me through the dark Abyss descend;
 First let avenging *Jove*, with Flames from high,
 Drive down this Body, to the neather Sky,
 Condemn'd with Ghosts in endless Night to lye;
 Before I break the plighted Faith I gave;
 No; he who had my Vows, shall ever have;
 For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the Grave.

35

She said; the Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,
 And stop'd her Speech: her Sister thus replies.
 O dearer than the vital Air I breath,
 Will you to Grief your blooming Years bequeath?
 Condemn'd to waste in Woes your lonely Life,
 Without the Joys of Mother, or of Wife.
 Think you these Tears, this pompous Train of Woe,
 Are known, or valu'd by the Ghosts below?
 I grant, that while your Sorrows yet were green,
 It well became a Woman, and a Queen,
 The Vows of *Tyrian* Princes to neglect,
 To scorn *Iarbas*, and his Love reject;
 With all the *Libyan* Lords of mighty Name;
 But will you fight against a pleasing Flame!
 This little Spot of Land, which Heav'n bestows,
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike Foes:
Getulian Cities here are spread around;
 And fierce *Numidians* there your Frontiers bound;

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ere lies a barren Waste of thirsty Land,
 and there the *Syrtes* raise the moving Sand:
African Troops besiege the narrow Shore; 60
 and from the Sea *Pygmalion* threatens more.
 propitious Heav'n, and gracious *Juno*, lead
 this wand'ring Navy to your needful Aid:
 how will your Empire spread, your City rise
 from such an Union, and with such Allies! 65
 explore the Favour of the Pow'rs above;
 and leave the Conduct of the rest to Love.
 Continue still your hospitable way,
 and still invent occasions of their stay;
 Till Storms, and Winter Winds, shall cease to threat,
 and Planks and Oars repair their shatter'd Fleet. 71
 These Words, which from a Friend, and Sister came,
 With ease resolv'd the Scruples of her Fame;
 And added Fury to the kindled Flame. }
 inspir'd with Hope, the Project they pursue; 75
 On ev'ry Altar Sacrifice renew;
 A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:
 Preferring *Juno's* Pow'r: For *Juno* ties
 The Nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys. 80
 The beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
 And holds the Golden Goblet in her Hands:

A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
And while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with *Sabaan* Smoke.
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting Entrails views.
What Priestly Rites, alas! what Pious Art,
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart!
A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins;
Where the soft God secure in Silence reigns.

Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,
From Street to Street, the raving *Dido* roves.
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;
Distracted with her pain she flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods;
With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
Sticks in her side; and rankles in her Heart.
And now she leads the *Trojan* Chief along
The lofty Walls, amidst the busie Throng;
Displays her *Tyrian* Wealth; and rising Town,
Which Love, without his Labour, makes his own.
This Pomp she shows to tempt her wandering Guest;
Her falt'ring Tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When Day declines, and Feasts renew the Night,
Still on his Face she feeds her famish'd sight;

longs again to hear the Prince relate
his own Adventures, and the *Trojan* Fate:

110

tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
or still she begs to hear it, once again.

The Hearer on the Speaker's Mouth depends;
and thus the Tragick Story never ends.

Then, when they part, when *Phæbe's* paler Light

withdraws, and falling Stars to Sleep invite,

116

the last remains, when ev'ry Guest is gone,

on the Bed he press'd, and sighs alone;

absent, her absent Heroe sees and hears;

in her Bosom young *Ascanius* bears:

120

and seeks the Father's Image in the Child,

Love by Likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising Tow'rs are at a stand:

to Labours exercise the youthful Band:

for use of Arts, nor Toils of Arms they know;

125

the Mole is left unfinish'd to the Foe.

The Mounds, the Works, the Walls, neglected lye,

sort of their promis'd height that seem'd to threat the Sky.

But when Imperial *Juno*, from above,

now *Dido* fetter'd in the Chains of Love;

130

not with the Venom, which her Veins inflam'd,

and by no sense of Shame to be reclaim'd:

With soothing Words to *Venus* she begun.

Oh! endless Honours you have won,

And

And mighty Trophies with your worthy Son:
 Two Gods a silly Woman have undone.
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
 This rising City, which my Hands erect:
 But shall Coelestial Discord never cease?
 'Tis better ended in a lasting Peace.
 You stand possess'd of all your Soul desir'd;
 Poor *Dido* with consuming Love is fir'd:
 Your *Trojan* with my *Tyrian* let us join,
 So *Dido* shall be yours, *Æneas* mine:
 One common Kingdom, one united Line.
Eliza shall a *Dardan* Lord obey,
 And lofty *Carthage* for a Dow'r convey.
 Then *Venus*, who her hidden Fraud descry'd,
 (Which wou'd the Sceptre of the World misguide
 To *Libyan* Shores,) thus artfully reply'd:
 Who but a Fool, wou'd Wars with *Juno* chuse,
 And such Alliance, and such Gifts refuse?
 If Fortune with our joint Desires comply:
 The Doubt is all from *Jove*, and Destiny;
 Lest he forbid, with absolute Command,
 To mix the People in one common Land.
 Or will the *Trojan*, and the *Tyrian* Line,
 In lasting Leagues, and sure Succession join?
 But you, the Partner of his Bed and Throne,
 May move his Mind; my Wishes are your own.

138

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133 Mine, said Imperial *Juno*, be the Care;
140 Time urges, now, to perfect this Affair:
 Attend my Counsel, and the Secret share.
 When next the Sun his rising Light displays,
 And gilds the World below with Purple Rays; 165
 The Queen, *Æneas*, and the *Tyrian* Court,
 Shall to the shady Woods, for Silvan Game, resort.
 There, while the Huntsmen pitch their Toils around,
 And cheerful Horns, from Side to Side, resound;
145 A Pitchy Cloud shall cover all the Plain 170
 With Hail, and Thunder, and tempestuous Rain:
 The fearful Train shall take their speedy Flight,
 Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy Night:
150 One Cave a grateful Shelter shall afford
 To the fair Princess and the *Trojan* Lord. 175
 I will my self the bridal Bed prepare,
 If you, to bless the Nuptials, will be there:
 So shall their Loves be crown'd with due Delights,
 And *Hymen* shall be present at the Rites.
 The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles 180
155 At her vain Project, and discover'd Wiles.
 The rosy Morn was risen from the Main,
 And Horns and Hounds awake the Princely Train:
 They issue early through the City Gate,
 Where the more wakeful Huntsmen ready wait, 185

With

With Nets, and Toils, and Darts, beside the force
 Of *Spartan* Dogs, and swift *Massylian* Horse.
 The *Tyrian* Peers, and Officers of State,
 For the slow Queen, in Anti-Chambers wait :
 Her lofty Courser, in the Court below, 196
 (Who his Majestick Rider seems to know,)
 Proud of his Purple Trappings, paws the Ground,
 And champs the Golden Bitt ; and spreads the Foam around.
 The Queen at length appears : On either Hand
 The brawny Guards in Martial order stand. 197
 A flower'd Cymarr, with Golden Fringe she wore,
 And at her Back a Golden Quiver bore :
 Her flowing Hair, a Golden Caul restrains ;
 A golden Clasp, the *Tyrian* Robe sustains.
 Then young *Ascanius*, with a sprightly Grace, 200
 Leads on the *Trojan* Youth to view the Chace.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great *Æneas*, when the Troop he joins :
 Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the Frost
 Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast : 205
 When to his Native *Delos* he resorts,
 Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports :
 Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,
 Before the joyful Altars join their Hands.
 Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below 210
 The Merry Madness of the sacred Show.

There fix'd their Arms, and there renew'd their Name,
And there in Quiet rules, and crown'd with Fame:
But we, descended from your sacred Line, 340
Entitled to your Heav'n, and Rites Divine,
Are banish'd Earth, and, for the Wrath of one,
Remov'd from *Latium*, and the promis'd Throne.
Are these our Scepters? These our due Rewards?
And is it thus that *Jove* his plighted Faith regards? 345
To whom, the Father of immortal Race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent Face,
With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies:
First gave a holy Kiss; then thus replies.

Daughter, dismiss thy Fears: To thy Desire 350
The Fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd *Lavinian* Walls,
And, ripe for Heav'n, when Fate *Æneas* calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
No Councils have revers'd my firm Decree. 355
And lest new Fears disturb thy happy State,
Know, I have search'd the Mystick Rolls of Fate:
Thy Son (nor is th'appointed Season far)
In *Italy* shall wage successful War:
Shall tame fierce Nations in the bloody Field, 360
And Sov'reign Laws impose, and Cities build.
'Till, after ev'ry Foe subdu'd, the Sun
Thrice thro' the Signs his Annual Race shall run:

This is his Time prefix'd. *Ascanius* then,
 Now call'd *Iulus*, shall begin his Reign. 365
 He thirty rowling Years the Crown shall wear:
 Then from *Lavinium* shall the Seat transfer:
 And, with hard Labour, *Alba-longa* build;
 The Throne with his Succession shall be fill'd,
 Three hundred Circuits more: then shall be seen, 370
Lia the fair, a Priestess and a Queen.
 Who full of *Mars*, in time, with kindly Throws,
 Shall at a Birth two goodly Boys disclose.
 The Royal Babes a tawny Wolf shall drain,
 Then *Romulus* his Grandfire's Throne shall gain, 375
 Of Martial Tow'rs the Founder shall become,
 The People *Romans* call, the City *Rome*.
 To them, no Bounds of Empire I assign;
 Nor Term of Years to their immortal Line.
 Ev'n haughty *Juno*, who, with endless Broils, 380
 Earth, Seas, and Heav'n, and *Jove* himself turmoils,
 At length atton'd, her friendly Pow'r shall joyn,
 To cherish and advance the *Trojan* Line.
 The subject World shall *Rome's* Dominion own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the Nation of the Gown. 385
 An Age is ripening in revolving Fate,
 When *Troy* shall overturn the *Grecian* State:
 And sweet Revenge her conqu'ring Sons shall call,
 To crush the People that conspir'd her Fall.

Then

Then *Cæsar* from the *Julian* Stock shall rise, 390
 Whose Empire Ocean, and whose Fame the Skies
 Alone shall bound. Whom, fraught with *Eastern* Spoils,
 Our Heav'n, the just Reward of Human Toils,
 Securely shall repay with Rites Divine;
 And Incense shall ascend before his sacred Shrine. 395
 Then dire Debate, and impious War shall cease,
 And the stern Age be softned into Peace:
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again return.
 And Vestal Fires in hallow'd Temples burn,
 And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain 400
 The righteous Laws, and Fraud and Force restrain.
Janus himself before his Fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful Issues of his Gate,
 With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains: 405
 High on a Trophie rais'd, of useleſs Arms,
 He ſits, and threats the World with vain Alarms.

He ſaid, and ſent *Cyllenius* with Command
 To free the Ports, and ope the *Punick* Land
 To *Trojan* Gueſts; leſt ignorant of Fate, 410
 The Queen might force them from her Town and State.
 Down from the Steep of Heav'n *Cyllenius* flies,
 And cleaves with all his Wings the yielding Skies.
 Soon on the *Libyan* Shoar deſcends the God;
 Performs his Meſſage, and diſplays his Rod: 415

The furly Murmurs of the People cease,
 And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the Peace.
 The Queen her self suspends the rigid Laws,
 The *Trojans* pities, and protects their Cause.

Mean time, in Shades of Night *Æneas* lies; 420
 Care seiz'd his Soul, and Sleep forsook his Eyes.

But when the Sun restor'd the chearful Day,
 He rose, the Coast and Country to survey,
 Anxious and eager to discover more:

It look'd a wild uncultivated Shoar: 425

But whether Human Kind, or Beasts alone
 Possess'd the new-found Region, was unknown.

Beneath a ledge of Rocks his Fleet he hides;

Tall Trees surround the Mountains shady sides:

The bending Brow above, a safe Retreat provides. 430

Arm'd with two pointed Darts, he leaves his Friends,

And true *Achates* on his Steps attends.

Loe, in the deep Recesses of the Wood,

Before his Eyes his Goddess Mother stood:

A Huntress in her Habit and her Meen; 435

Her Dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen.

Bare were her Knees, and Knots her Garments bind; }

Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind; }

Her Hand sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind. }

She seem'd a Virgin of the *Spartan* Blood: 440

With such Array *Harpalice* bestrode

Her *Thracian* Courser, and out-strip'd the rapid Flood. }



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Ho! Strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
 One of my Sisters, like my self array'd;
 Who crost the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd? 445 }
 A painted Quiver at her Back she bore;
 Vary'd with Spots, a *Linx's* Hide she wore:
 And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar? }
 Thus *Venus*: Thus her Son reply'd agen;
 None of your Sisters have we heard or seen, 450
 O Virgin! or what other Name you bear
 Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
 Your Voice and Meen Coelestial Birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the Sister of the Day;
 Or one at least of Chast *Diana's* Train, 455
 Let not an humble Suppliant sue in vain:
 But tell a Stranger, long in Tempests tost,
 What Earth we tread, and who commands the Coast?
 Then on your Name shall wretched Mortals call;
 And offer'd Victims at your Altars fall. 460
 I dare not, she reply'd, assume the Name
 Of Goddess, or Coelestial Honours claim:
 For *Tyrian* Virgins Bows and Quivers bear,
 And Purple Buskins o'er their Ankles wear.
 Know, gentle Youth, in *Libyan* Lands you are: 465
 A People rude in Peace, and rough in War.
 The rising City, which from far you see,
 Is *Carthage*; and a *Tyrian* Colony.

Phœnician Dido rules the growing State,
 Who fled from *Tyre*, to shun her Brother's Hate: 470 }
 Great were her Wrongs, her Story full of Fate;
 Which I will sum in short. *Sichæus* known
 For Wealth, and Brother to the *Punic* Throne,
 Possess'd fair *Dido's* Bed: And either Heart
 At once was wounded with an equal Dart. 475
 Her Father gave her, yet a spotless Maid;
Pygmalion then the *Tyrian* Scepter sway'd:
 One who condemn'd Divine and Humane Laws.
 Then Strife ensu'd, and curst Gold the Cause.
 The Monarch, blinded with Desire of Wealth; 480
 With Steel invades his Brother's Life by Stealth;
 Before the sacred Altar made him bleed,
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel Deed:
 Some Tale, some new Pretence, he daily coin'd,
 To sooth his Sister, and delude her Mind. 485
 At length, in dead of Night, the Ghost appears
 Of her unhappy Lord: The Spectre stares,
 And with erected Eyes his bloody Bosom bares.
 The cruel Altars, and his Fate he tells,
 And the dire Secret of his House reveals. 490
 Then warns the Widow, and her household Gods,
 To seek a Refuge in remote Abodes.
 Last, to support her, in so long a Way,
 He shows her where his hidden Treasure lay.

Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal Fright, 495
 The Queen provides Companions of her Flight:
 They meet, and all combine to leave the State,
 Who hate the Tyrant, or who fear his Hate.
 They seize a Fleet, which ready rigg'd they find:
 Nor is *Pygmalion's* Treasure left behind. 500

The Vessels, heavy laden, put to Sea
 With prosp'rous Winds; a Woman leads the Way.
 I know not, if by Stress of Weather driv'n,
 Or was their fatal Course dispos'd by Heav'n;
 At last they landed, where from far your Eyes 505
 May view the Turrets of new *Carthage* rise:
 There bought a space of Ground, which *Byrsa* call'd
 From the Bull's Hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 But whence are you, what Country claims your Birth?
 What seek you, Strangers, on our *Libyan* Earth? 510

To whom, with Sorrow streaming from his Eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her Son replies:
 Cou'd you with Patience hear, or I relate,
 O Nymph! the tedious Annals of our Fate!
 Thro' such a Train of Woes if I shou'd run, 515
 The Day wou'd sooner than the Tale be done!
 From ancient *Troy*, by Force expell'd, we came,
 If you by chance have heard the *Trojan* Name:
 On various Seas, by various Tempests tost,
 At length we landed on your *Libyan* Coast: 520

The Good *Æneas* am I call'd, a Name,
 While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to Fame:
 My Household Gods, Companions of my Woes,
 With pious Care I rescu'd from our Foes.
 To fruitful *Italy* my Course was bent, 535
 And from the King of Heav'n is my Descent.
 With twice ten Sail I cross'd the *Phrygian* Sea;
 Fate and my Mother Goddess led my Way.
 Scarce sev'n, the thin Remainder of my Fleet,
 From Storms preserv'd, within your Harbour meet: 538
 My self distress'd, an Exile, and unknown,
 Debar'd from *Europe*, and from *Asia* thrown,
 In *Libyan* Desarts wander thus alone. }

His tender Parent cou'd no longer bear;
 But, interposing, fought to sooth his Care. 539
 Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
 Since on our friendly Shoar your Ships are driv'n,
 Have Courage: To the Gods permit the rest,
 And to the Queen expose your just Request.
 Now take this Earnest of Success, for more: 540
 Your scatter'd Fleet is join'd upon the Shoar;
 The Winds are chang'd, your Friends from Danger free,
 Or I renounce my Skill in Augury.
 Twelve Swans behold, in beauteous Order move,
 And stoop with closing Pinions from above: 545

Whom

Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had driv'n along,
And thro' the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng:
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.
As they, with Joy returning, clap their Wings, 550
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings:
Not otherwise your Ships, and ev'ry Friend,
Already hold the Port, or with swift Sails descend.
No more Advice is needful, but pursue
The Path before you, and the Town in view. 555
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her Neck refulgent, and dishevel'd Hair;
Which, flowing from her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
And widely spread Ambrosial Scents around:
In length of Train descends her swEEPing Gown, 560
And by her graceful Walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The Prince pursu'd the parting Deity,
With Words like these: Ah! whither dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your Son
In borrow'd Shapes, and his Embrace to shun: 565
Never to bless my Sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in Accents not your own.
Against the Goddess these Complaints he made;
But took the Path, and her Commands obey'd.
They march obscure, for *Venus* kindly shrouds, 570
With Mists, their Persons, and involves in Clouds:

That, thus unseen, their Passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the Causes of their Way.

This part perform'd, the Goddess flies sublime,
To visit *Paphos*, and her native Clime:

575

Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r:
A hundred Altars in her Temple smoke,
A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.

They climb the next Ascent, and looking down, 580
Now at a nearer Distance view the Town:

The Prince with Wonder sees the stately Tow'rs,
Which late were Huts, and Shepherd's homely Bow'rs;
The Gates and Streets; and hears from ev'ry part
The Noise, and busy Concourse of the Mart.

585

The toiling *Tyrians* on each other call,
To ply their Labour: Some extend the Wall,
Some build the Citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unweildly Stones along.

Some for their Dwellings chuse a Spot of Ground,
Which, first design'd, with Ditches they surround.

590

Some Laws ordain, and some attend the Choice
Of holy Senates, and elect by Voice.

Here some design a Mole, while others there
Lay deep Foundations for a Theatre:

595

From Marble Quarries mighty Columns hew,
For Ornaments of Scenes, and future View.

Such

Such is their Toyl, and such their busy Pains,
As exercise the Bees in flow'ry Plains;
When Winter past, and Summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labour in the Sun:
Some lead their Youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid Store, and some in Cells dispenſe.
Some at the Gate stand ready to receive
The Golden Burthen, and their Friends relieve. 605
All, with united Force, combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive;
With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds;
The fragrant Work with Diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whose Walls already rise; 610
Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted Eyes,
Their lofty Tow'rs: then ent'ring at the Gate,
Conceal'd in Clouds, (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy Throng,
Born by the Tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
Full in the Centre of the Town there stood,
Thick set with Trees, a venerable Wood:
The *Tyrians* landing near this holy Ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous Omen found:
From under Earth a Courser's Head they drew, 620
Their Growth and future Fortune to foreshew:
This fated Sign their Foundress *Juno* gave,
Of a Soil fruitful, and a People brave.

Sidonian Dido here with solemn State

Did *Juno's* Temple build, and consecrate: 625

Enrich'd with Gifts, and with a Golden Shrine;

But more the Goddess made the Place Divine.

On Brazen Steps the Marble Threshold rose,

And Brazen Plates the Cedar Beams inclose:

The Rafter's are with brazen Cov'rings crown'd, 630

The lofty Doors on brazen Hinges found.

What first *Æneas* in this Place beheld,

Reviv'd his Courage, and his Fear expell'd.

For while, expecting there the Queen, he rais'd

His wond'ring Eyes, and round the Temple gaz'd; 635

Admir'd the Fortune of the rising Town,

The striving Artists, and their Arts renown:

He saw in order painted on the Wall,

Whatever did unhappy *Troy* befall:

The Wars that Fame around the World had blown, 640

All to the Life, and ev'ry Leader known.

There *Agamemnon*, *Priam* here he spies,

And fierce *Achilles* who both Kings defies.

He stop'd, and weeping said, O Friend! ev'n here

The Monuments of *Trojan* Woes appear! 645

Our known Disasters fill ev'n foreign Lands:

See there, where old unhappy *Priam* stands!

Ev'n the mute Walls relate the Warrior's Fame,

And *Trojan* Griefs the *Tyrians* Pity claim.

He said: his Tears a ready Passage find,
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
 And with an empty Picture fed his Mind.

650 }
 }
 }

For there he saw the fainting *Grecians* yield,
 And here the trembling *Trojans* quit the Field,
 Pursu'd by fierce *Achilles* through the Plain,

655

On his high Chariot driving o'er the Slain.

The Tents of *Rhesus* next, his Grief renew,

By their white Sails betray'd to nightly view.

And wakeful *Diomede*, whose cruel Sword

659

The Centries slew; nor spar'd their slumb'ring Lord.

Then took the fiery Steeds, e'er yet the Food

Of *Troy* they taste, or drink the *Xanthian* Flood.

Elsewhere he saw where *Troilus* defy'd

Achilles, and unequal Combat try'd.

Then, where the Boy disarm'd, with loosen'd Reins,

665

Was by his Horses hurry'd o'er the Plains:

Hung by the Neck and Hair, and drag'd around,

The hostile Spear yet sticking in his Wound;

With tracks of Blood inscrib'd the dusty Ground.

}
 }
 }

Mean time the *Trojan* Dames oppress'd with Woe,

To *Pallas'* Fane in long Procession go,

671

In hopes to reconcile their Heav'nly Foe:

They weep, they beat their Breasts, they rend their Hair,

And rich embroider'd Vests for Presents bear:

But the stern Goddess stands unmov'd with Pray'r.

}
 }
 }

Thrice

Thrice round the *Trojan* Walls *Achilles* drew 676
 The Corps of *Hector*, whom in Fight he slew.
 Here *Priam* fues; and there, for Sums of Gold,
 The lifeless Body of his Son is fold.
 So sad an Object, and so well express'd, 680
 Drew Sighs and Groans from the griev'd Heroe's Breast;
 To see the Figure of his lifeless Friend,
 And his old Sire, his helpless Hand extend.
 Himself he saw amidst the *Grecian* Train,
 Mix'd in the bloody Battel on the Plain. 685
 And swarthy *Memnon* in his Arms he knew,
 His pompous Ensigns, and his *Indian* Crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty Grace,
 Leads to the Wars an *Amazonian* Race:
 In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield; 690
 The left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar Shield.
 Athwart her Breast a Golden Belt she throws,
 Amidst the Press alone provokes a thousand Foes: }
 And dares her Maiden Arms to Manly Force oppose. }
 Thus, while the *Trojan* Prince employs his Eyes, 695
 Fix'd on the Walls with Wonder and Surprise;
 The Beauteous *Dido*, with a num'rous Train,
 And Pomp of Guards, ascends the sacred Fane.
 Such on *Eurotas*' Banks, or *Cynthus*' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the Sight, 700

When

When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
 The Quire of Nymphs, and overtops their Heads.
 Known by her Quiver, and her lofty Meen,
 She walks Majestick, and she looks their Queen:

Latona sees her shine above the rest,

705

And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast.

Such *Dido* was; with such becoming State,

Amidst the Crowd, she walks serenely great.

Their Labour to her future Sway she speeds,

And passing with a gracious Glance proceeds:

710

Then mounts the Throne, high plac'd before the Shrine;

In Crowds around, the swarming People join.

She takes Petitions, and dispences Laws,

Hears, and determines ev'ry private Cause.

Their Tasks in equal Portions she divides,

715

And where unequal, there by Lots decides.

Another way by chance *Æneas* bends

His Eyes, and unexpected sees his Friends:

Antheus, *Sergestus* grave, *Cloanthus* strong,

And at their Backs a mighty Trojan Throng:

720

Whom late the Tempest on the Billows tost,

And widely scatter'd on another Coast.

The Prince, unseen, surpriz'd with Wonder stands,

And longs, with joyful haste, to join their Hands:

But doubtful of the wish'd Event, he stays,

725

And from the hollow Cloud his Friends surveys:

Impa-

Impatient till they told their present State,
 And where they left their Ships, and what their Fate;
 And why they came, and what was their Request:
 For these were sent commission'd by the rest,
 To sue for leave to land their sickly Men,
 And gain Admission to the gracious Queen.
 Ent'ring, with Cries they fill'd the holy Fane;
 Then thus, with lowly Voice, *Ilioneus* began.
 O Queen! indulg'd by Favour of the Gods,
 To found an Empire in these new Abodes;
 To build a Town, with Statutes to restrain
 The wild Inhabitants beneath thy Reign:
 We wretched *Trojans* tost on ev'ry Shoar,
 From Sea to Sea, thy Clemency implore:
 Forbid the Fires our Shipping to deface,
 Receive th' unhappy Fugitives to Grace,
 And spare the Remnant of a pious Race.
 We come not with Design of wastful Prey,
 To drive the Country, force the Swains away:
 Nor such our Strength, nor such is our Desire,
 The vanquish'd dare not to such Thoughts aspire.
 A Land there is, *Hesperia* nam'd of old,
 The Soil is fruitful, and the Men are bold:
 Th' *Oenotrians* held it once, by common Fame,
 Now call'd *Italia*, from the Leader's Name,

730

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To

To that sweet Region was our Voyage bent,
 When Winds, and ev'ry warring Element,
 Disturb'd our Course, and far from sight of Land,
 Cast our torn Vessels on the moving Sand: 755

The Sea came on; the South with mighty Roar,
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the Rocky Shoar.
 Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,
 Unless you interpose, a Shipwreck here;

What Men, what Monsters; what inhuman Race, 760
 What Laws, what barb'rous Customs of the Place,
 Shut up a desert Shoar to drowning Men,
 And drive us to the cruel Seas agen!

If our hard Fortune no Compassion draws,
 Nor hospitable Rights, nor human Laws, 765
 The Gods are just, and will revenge our Cause.

Æneas was our Prince, a juster Lord,
 Or nobler Warrior, never drew a Sword:
 Observant of the Right, religious of his Word.

If yet he lives, and draws this vital Air: 770

Nor we his Friends of Safety shall despair;
 Nor you, great Queen, these Offices repent,
 Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.

We want not Cities, nor *Sicilian* Coasts,
 Where King *Acestes Trojan* Lineage boasts. 775

Permit our Ships a Shelter on your Shoars,
 Refitted from your Woods with Planks and Oars;

That

That if our Prince be safe, we may renew
 Our destin'd Course, and *Italy* pursue.
 But if, O best of Men! the Fates ordain
 That thou art swallow'd in the *Libyan* Main:
 And if our young *Iulus* be no more,
 Dismiss our Navy from your friendly Shoar;
 That we to good *Acestes* may return,
 And with our Friends our common Losses mourn.
 Thus spoke *Ilioneus*; the *Trojan* Crew
 With Cries and Clamours his Request renew.
 The modest Queen a while, with down-cast Eyes,
 Ponder'd the Speech; then briefly thus replies.

Trojans, dismiss your Fears: my cruel Fate,
 And doubts attending an unsettled State,
 Force me to guard my Coast, from Foreign Foes:
 Who has not heard the story of your Woes?
 The Name and Fortune of your Native Place,
 The Fame and Valour of the *Phrygian* Race?
 We *Tyrians* are not so devoid of Sense,
 Nor so remote from *Phœbus*' Influence.
 Whether to *Latian* Shores your Course is bent,
 Or driv'n by Tempests from your first intent,
 You seek the good *Acestes*' Government;
 Your Men shall be receiv'd, your Fleet repair'd,
 And sail, with Ships of Convoy for your guard:

Or, wou'd you stay, and join your friendly Pow'rs,
To raise and to defend the *Tyrian* Tow'rs;
My Wealth, my City, and my Self are yours. 805
And wou'd to Heav'n the Storm, you felt, wou'd bring
On *Carthaginian* Coasts your wand'ring King.
My People shall, by my Command, explore
The Ports and Creeks of ev'ry winding Shore;
And Towns, and Wilds, and shady Woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a Guest. 811
Rais'd in his Mind the *Trojan* Heroe stood,
And long'd to break from out his Ambient Cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O Goddess born, this long delay? 815
What more can you desire, your Welcome sure,
Your Fleet in safety, and your Friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the Main.
Orontes in his Fate our Forfeit paid, 820
The rest agrees with what your Mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the Cloud gave way,
The Mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in Day.
The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open fight,
August in Visage, and serenely bright. 825
His Mother Goddess, with her Hands Divine,
Had form'd his Curling Locks, and made his Temples shine:

And

And giv'n his rowling Eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face:
Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold:
Thus radiant from the circling Cloud he broke;
And thus with manly Modesty he spoke.

830

He whom you seek am I: by Tempests tost,
And sav'd from Shipwreck on your *Libyan* Coast:
Presenting, gracious Queen, before your Throne,
A Prince that owes his Life to you alone.
Fair Majesty, the Refuge and Redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and Wants oppress.
You, who your pious Offices employ
To save the Reliques of abandon'd *Troy*;
Receive the Shipwreck'd on your friendly Shore,
With hospitable Rites relieve the Poor:
Associate in your Town a wandring Train,
And Strangers in your Palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched Fugitives return,
Who scatter'd thro' the World in exile mourn?
The Gods, (if Gods to Goodness are inclin'd,)
If Acts of Mercy touch their Heav'nly Mind;
And more than all the Gods, your gen'rous Heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this Age is happy, and this Earth:
And Parents more than Mortal gave you birth.

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While

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While



While rowling Rivers into Seas shall run,
 And round the space of Heav'n the radiant Sun; 855
 While Trees the Mountain-tops with Shades supply,
 Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall never dye.

What e'er Abode my Fortune has assign'd,
 Your Image shall be present in my Mind.

Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste, 860

And joyful his expecting Friends embrac'd:

With his right Hand *Ilioneus* was grac'd,

Prestus with his left; then to his Breast

Moanthus and the Noble *Gyas* prest;

And so by turns descended to the rest. 865

The *Tyrian* Queen stood fix'd upon his Face,
 Seas'd with his Motions, ravish'd with his Grace:
 Admir'd his Fortunes, more admir'd the Man;
 Then recollected stood; and thus began.

What Fate, O Goddeffs-born, what angry Pow'rs
 Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren Shores? 871

Are you the great *Æneas*, known to Fame,

Who from Cœlestial Seed your Lineage claim!

The same *Æneas*, whom fair *Venus* bore

To fam'd *Anchises* on th' *Idaan* Shore? 875

calls into my Mind, tho' then a Child,

When *Tenecer* came from *Salamis* exil'd;

And sought my Father's aid, to be restor'd:

My Father *Belus* then with Fire and Sword

Invaded *Cyprus*, made the Region bare,
 And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful War.
 From him the *Trojan* Siege I understood,
 The *Grecian* Chiefs, and your Illustrious Blood.
 Your Foe himself the *Dardan* Valour prais'd,
 And his own Ancestry from *Trojans* rais'd.
 Enter, my Noble Guest; and you shall find,
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.
 For I my self, like you, have been distress'd;
 Till Heav'n afforded me this place of Rest.
 Like you an Alien in a Land unknown,
 I learn to pity Woes, so like my own.
 She said, and to the Palace led her Guest,
 Then offer'd Incense, and proclaim'd a Feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent Friends,
 Twice ten fat Oxen to the Ships she sends:
 Besides a hundred Boars, a hundred Lambs,
 With bleating cries, attend their Milky Dams.
 And Jars of gen'rous Wine, and spacious Bowls,
 She gives to cheer the Sailors drooping Souls.
 Now Purple Hangings cloath the Palace Walls,
 And sumptuous Feasts are made in splendid Halls:
 On *Tyrian* Carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
 With loads of Massy Plate the Side-boards shine.
 And Antique Vases all of Gold Emboss'd;
 (The Gold it self inferiour to the Cost:)

880

885

890

895

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905

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Of curious Work, where on the sides were seen
 The Fights and Figures of Illustrious Men;
 From their first Founder to the present Queen.

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The Good *Æneas*, whose Paternal Care
Julus' Absence could no longer bear,

910

Dispatch'd *Achates* to the Ships in haste,
 To give a glad Relation of the past;
 And, fraught with precious Gifts, to bring the Boy
 Snatch'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*:

A Robe of Tissue, stiff with golden Wire;

915

An upper Vest, once *Helen*'s rich Attire;

From *Argos*, by the fam'd Adultress brought;

With Golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;

Her Mother *Leda*'s Present, when she came

To ruin *Troy*, and set the World on flame.

920

The Sceptre *Priam*'s eldest Daughter bore,

Her orient Necklace, and the Crown she wore;

Of double texture, glorious to behold;

One order set with Gems, and one with Gold.

Instructed thus, the wise *Achates* goes:

925

And in his Diligence his Duty shows.

But *Venus*, anxious for her Son's Affairs,

New Counsels tries; and new Designs prepares:

That *Cupid* shou'd assume the Shape and Face

Of sweet *Ascanius*, and the sprightly grace:

930

Shou'd

Shou'd bring the Presents, in her Nephew's stead, 936
 And in *Eliza's* Veins the gentle Poison shed.
 For much she fear'd the *Tyrians*, double tongu'd,
 And knew the Town to *Juno's* Care belong'd.
 These Thoughts by Night her Golden Slumbers broke;
 And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke.
 My Son, my Strength, whose mighty Pow'r alone
 Controuls the Thund'rer, on his awful Throne;
 To thee thy much-afflicted Mother flies,
 And on thy Succour, and thy Faith relies. 940
 Thou know'st, my Son, how *Jove's* revengeful Wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy Brother's life.
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his Pains;
 Him *Dido* now with Blandishment detains; 945
 But I suspect the Town were *Juno* reigns.
 For this, 'tis needful to prevent her Art,
 And fire with Love the proud *Phœnician's* Heart.
 A Love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.
 How this may be perform'd, now take my Mind: 950
Ascanius, by his Father is design'd
 To come, with Presents, laden from the Port,
 To gratifie the Queen, and gain the Court.
 I mean to plunge the Boy in pleasing Sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in *Idalian* Bow'rs to keep; 955

Or high *Cythara*: That the sweet Deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the Cheat;
 Take thou his Form and Shape. I beg the Grace
 But only for a Night's revolving Space;
 Thy self a Boy, assume a Boy's dissembled Face. 960

That when amidst the fervour of the Feast,
 The *Tyrian* hugs, and fonds thee on her Breast,
 And with sweet Kisses in her Arms constrains,
 Thou may'st infuse thy Venom in her Veins.
 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside 965
 His Bow, and Quiver, and his plummy Pride:
 He walks *Iulus* in his Mother's Sight:
 And in the sweet Resemblance takes Delight.

The Goddess then to young *Ascanius* flies,
 And in a pleasing Slumber seals his Eyes; 970
 Lull'd in her Lap, amidst a Train of Loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful Groves:
 Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.

Cupid mean time assum'd his Form and Face, 975
 Foll'wing *Achates* with a shorter Pace;
 And brought the Gifts. The Queen, already fate
 Amidst the *Trojan* Lords, in shining State,
 High on a Golden Bed: Her Princely Guest
 Was next her side, in order fate the rest. 980

Then Canisters with Bread are heap'd on high;
 Th' Attendants Water for their Hands supply;
 And having wash'd, with filken Towels dry.
 Next fifty Handmaids in long order bore
 The Censers, and with Fumes the Gods adore. 985
 Then Youths, and Virgins twice as many, join
 To place the Dishes, and to serve the Wine.
 The *Tyrian* Train, admitted to the Feast,
 Approach, and on the painted Couches rest.
 All on the *Trojan* Gifts, with Wonder gaze; 990
 But view the beauteous Boy with more amaze.
 His Rosy-colour'd Cheeks, his radiant Eyes,
 His Motions, Voice, and Shape, and all the God's disguise,
 Nor pass unprais'd the Vest and Veil Divine,
 Which wand'ring Foliage and rich Flow'rs entwine.
 But far above the rest, the Royal Dame, 995
 (Already doom'd to Love's disastrous Flame;)
 With Eyes insatiate, and tumultuous Joy,
 Beholds the Presents, and admires the Boy.
 The guileful God, about the Heroe long, 1000
 With Children's play, and false Embraces hung;
 Then sought the Queen: She took him to her Arms,
 With greedy Pleasure, and devour'd his Charms.
 Unhappy *Dido* little thought what Guest,
 How dire a God she drew so near her Breast. 1005

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But he, not mindless of his Mother's Pray'r,
 Works in the pliant Bosom of the Fair;
 And moulds her Heart anew, and blots her former Care.
 The dead is to the living Love resign'd,
 And all *Æneas* enters in her Mind.

1019

Now, when the Rage of Hunger was appeas'd,
 The Meat remov'd, and ev'ry Guest was pleas'd;
 The Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine are crown'd,
 And through the Palace chearful Cries resound.
 From gilded Roofs depending Lamps display
 Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.

1015

A Golden Bowl, that shone with Gems Divine,
 The Queen commanded to be crown'd with Wine,
 The Bowl that *Belus* us'd, and all the *Tyrian* Line.

3

Then Silence through the Hall proclaim'd, she spoke:

O hospitable *Jove*! we thus invoke,

1020

With solemn Rites, thy sacred Name and Pow'r!

Bless to both Nations this auspicious Hour.

So may the *Trojan* and the *Tyrian* Line,

In lasting Concord, from this Day combine.

1025

Thou, *Bacchus*, God of Joys and friendly Cheer,

And gracious *Juno*, both be present here:

And you, my Lords of *Tyre*, your Vows address

To Heav'n with mine, to ratifie the Peace.

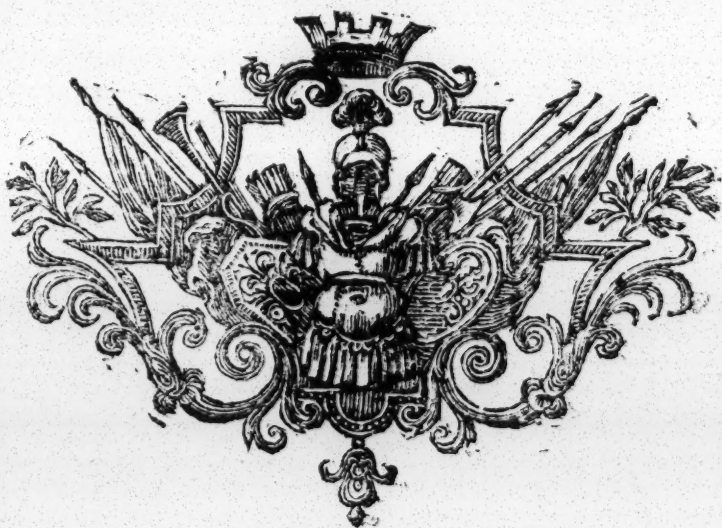
The Goblet then she took, with *Nectar* crown'd,

1030

(Sprinkling the first Libations on the Ground,)

And rais'd it to her Mouth with sober Grace,
 Then sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'Twas *Bitias* whom she call'd, a thirsty Soul,
 He took the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl: 1035
 With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the Brimmer saw.
 The Goblet goes around: *Iopas* brought
 His Golden Lyre, and sung what ancient *Atlas* taught.
 The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon, 1049
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
 Th' Original of Men, and Beasts; and whence
 The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence;
 And fix'd, and erring Stars, dispose their Influence. }
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays 1048
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
 With Peals of Shouts the *Tyrians* praise the Song; }
 Those Peals are echo'd by the *Trojan* Throng.
 Th' unhappy Queen with Talk prolong'd the Night,
 And drank large Draughts of Love with vast Delight.
 Of *Priam* much enquir'd, of *Hector* more; 1051
 Then ask'd what Arms the swarthy *Memnon* wore; }
 What Troops he landed on the *Trojan* Shore.
 The Steeds of *Diomedes* vary'd the Discourse,
 And fierce *Achilles*, with his matchless Force. 1055
 At length, as Fate and her ill Stars requir'd,
 To hear the Series of the War desir'd:

Relate at large, my God-like Guest, she said;
The *Grecian* Stratagems, the Town betray'd;
The fatal Issue of so long a War, 1060
Your Flight, your Wand'rings, and your Woes declare.
For since on ev'ry Sea, on ev'ry Coast,
Your Men have been distress'd, your Navy tost,
Sev'n times the Sun has either Tropick view'd,
The Winter banish'd, and the Spring renew'd. 1065





The Second Book of the Æ N E I S.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the City of Troy was taken after a Ten Years Siege, by the Treachery of Sinon, and the Stratagem of a Wooden Horse. He declares the fixt Resolution he had taken not to survive the Ruins of his Country, and the various Adventures he met with in the Defence of it: at last, having been before advis'd by Hector's Ghost, and now by the Appearance of his Mother Venus, he is prevail'd upon to leave the Town, and settle his Household-Gods in another Country. In order to this, he carries off his Father on his Shoulders, and leads his little Son by the Hand, his Wife following him behind. When he comes to the Place appointed for the general Rendezvous, he finds a great Confluence of People, but misses his Wife, whose Ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the Land which was design'd for him.



ALL were attentive to the God-like Man;
When from his lofty Couch he thus began:
Great Queen, what you command me to
relate,

Renews the sad Remembrance of our Fate,

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An Empire from its old Foundations rent,
 And ev'ry Woe the *Trojans* underwent:
 A Peopl'd City made a Defart Place;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:
 Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes cou'd hear,
 Nor stern *Ulysses* tell without a Tear. 10

And now the latter Watch of wailing Night,
 And setting Stars to kindly Rest invite.
 But since you take such Int'rest in our Woe,
 And *Troy's* disastrous End desire to know:
 I will restrain my Tears, and briefly tell 15
 What in our last and fatal Night befel.

By Destiny compell'd, and in Despair,
 The *Greeks* grew weary of the tedious War:
 And by *Minerva's* Aid a Fabrick rear'd,
 Which like a Steed of monstrous height appear'd; 20
 The Sides were plank'd with Pine, they feign'd it made
 For their Return, and this the Vow they paid.
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow Side,
 Selected Numbers of their Soldiers hide:
 With inward Arms the dire Machine they load, 25
 And Iron Bowels stuff the dark Abode.
 In Sight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos*, an Isle,
 (While Fortune did on *Priam's* Empire smile)
 Renown'd for Wealth; but since a faithless Bay,
 Where Ships expos'd to Wind and Weather lay. 30

There was their Fleet conceal'd: We thought for Greece
The Sails were hoisted, and our Fears release.

The *Trojans* coop'd within their Walls so long,

Unbar their Gates, and issue in a Throng,

Like swarming Bees, and with Delight survey

The Camp deserted, where the *Grecians* lay:

The Quarters of the sev'ral Chiefs they shew'd,

Here *Phoenix*, here *Achilles* made abode,

Here join'd the Battels, there the Navy rode.

Part on the Pile their wond'ring Eyes employ,

(The Pile by *Pallas* rais'd to ruin *Troy*.)

Thymates first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,

Or so the *Trojan* Destiny requir'd)

Mov'd that the Ramparts might be broken down,

To lodge the Monster Fabrique in the Town.

But *Capys*, and the rest of sounder Mind,

The fatal Present to the Flames design'd;

Or to the wat'ry Deep: At least to bore

The hollow sides, and hidden Frauds explore:

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,

With Noise say nothing, and in parts divide.

Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous Crowd,

Ran from the Fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;

O wretched Countrymen! what Fury reigns?

What more than Madness has possess'd your Brains?

Think

Think you the *Grecians* from your Coasts are gone,
 And are *Ulysses'* Arts no better known?
 This hollow Fabrick either must inclose,
 Within its blind Recefs, our secret Foes;
 Or 'tis an Engine rais'd above the Town, 60
 T'o'erlook the Walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd; by Fraud or Force;
 Trust not their Presents, nor admit the Horse.
 Thus having said, against the Steed he threw
 His forceful Spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65
 Pierc'd thro' the yielding Planks of jointed Wood,
 And trembling in the hollow Belly stood.
 The Sides transpierc'd, return a rattling Sound,
 And Groans of *Greeks* inclos'd, come issuing thro' the Wound.
 And had not Heav'n the Fall of *Troy* design'd, 70
 Or had not Men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done, t'inspire a better Mind:
 Then had our Lances pierc'd the treach'rous Wood,
 And *Ilian* Tow'rs, and *Priam's* Empire stood.
 Mean time, with Shouts, the *Trojan* Shepherds bring 75
 A captive *Greek* in Bands, before the King:
 Taken, to take; who made himself their Prey,
 T'impose on their Belief, and *Troy* betray.
 Fix'd on his Aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent, 80

About the Captive, Tides of *Trojans* flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the Foe.
 Now hear how well the *Greeks* their Wiles disguis'd,
 Behold a Nation in a Man compris'd.
 Trembling the Miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound; 85
 He star'd, and rowl'd his hagger'd Eyes around:
 Then said, Alas! what Earth remains, what Sea
 Is open to receive unhappy me!
 What Fate a wretched Fugitive attends,
 Scorn'd by my Foes, abandon'd by my Friends. 90
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful Eye:
 Our Pity kindles, and our Passions dye.
 We cheer the Youth to make his own Defence,
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
 What News he cou'd impart, we long to know, 95
 And what to credit from a captive Foe.

His Fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
 My Fate ordains, my Words shall be sincere:
 I neither can, nor dare my Birth disclaim,
 Greece is my Country, *Sidon* is my Name: 100
 Though plung'd by Fortune's Pow'r in Misery,
 'Tis not in Fortune's Pow'r to make me lye.
 If any chance has hither brought the Name
 Of *Palamedes*, not unknown to Fame,
 Who suffer'd from the Malice of the Times; 105
 Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended Crimes:

Because

Because the fatal Wars he wou'd prevent;
Whose Death the wretched *Greeks* too late lament;

Me, then a Boy, my Father, poor and bare
Of other Means, committed to his Care:

His Kinsman and Companion in the War.

While Fortune favour'd, while his Arms support
The Cause, and rul'd the Counsels of the Court,
I made some figure there; nor was my Name
Obscure, nor I without my share of Fame.

But when *Ulysses*, with fallacious Arts,
Had made Impression in the Peoples Hearts;
And forg'd a Treason in my Patron's Name,
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by Fame)

My Kinsman fell; then I, without Support,
In private mourn'd his Loss, and left the Court.

Mad as I was, I cou'd not bear his Fate
With silent Grief, but loudly blam'd the State:
And curs'd the direful Author of my Woes.

'Twas told again, and hence my Ruin rose.

I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Wou'd land me safely on my Native Shore,
His Death with double Vengeance to restore.

This mov'd the Murd'rer's Hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' Effects of Malice from a Man so proud.

Ambiguous Rumors thro' the Camp he spread,
And fought, by Treason, my devoted Head:

New Crimes invented, lest unturn'd no Stone,
To make my Guilt appear, and hide his own. 134

'Till *Calchas* was by Force and Threat'ning wrought;

But why — Why dwell I on that anxious Thought?

If on my Nation just Revenge you seek,

And 'tis t'appear a Foe, t'appear a *Greek*;

Already you my Name and Country know,

Affuage your Thirst of Blood, and strike the Blow: 140

My Death will both the Kingly Brothers please,

And set insatiate *Ithacus* at ease.

This fair unfinish'd Tale, these broken Starts,

Rais'd Expectations in our longing Hearts;

Unknowing as we were in *Grecian* Arts. 145

His former Trembling once again renew'd,

With acted Fear, the Villain thus pursu'd.

Long had the *Grecians* (tir'd with fruitless Care,

And weary'd with an unsuccessful War,)

Resolv'd to raise the Siege, and leave the Town; 150

And had the Gods permitted, they had gone.

But oft the Wint'ry Seas, and Southern Winds,

Withstood their Passage home, and chang'd their Minds.

Portents and Prodigies their Souls amaz'd;

But most, when this stupendious Pile was rais'd. 155

Then flaming Meteors, hung in Air, were seen,

And Thunders rattled through a Sky serene:

Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire Event,

Eurypylus, t' enquire their Fate, was sent;

He from the Gods this dreadful Answer brought; 160

O *Grecians*, when the *Trojan* Shores you fought,

Your Passage with a Virgin's Blood was bought:

So must your safe Return be bought again;

And *Grecian* Blood, once more atone the Main.

The spreading Rumour round the People ran; 165

All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the Man.

Ulysses took th' Advantage of their Fright:

Call'd *Calchas*, and produc'd in open Sight:

Then bade him name the Wretch, ordain'd by Fate,

The Publick Victim, to redeem the State. 170

Already some presag'd the dire Event,

And saw what Sacrifice *Ulysses* meant.

For twice five Days the good old Seer withstood

Th'intended Treason, and was dumb to Blood.

Till tir'd with endless Clamours, and Pursuit

Of *Ithacus*, he stood no longer Mute: 175

But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd, that I

Was destin'd by the wrathful Gods to die.

All prais'd the Sentence, pleas'd the Storm shou'd fall

On one alone, whose Fury threaten'd all. 180

The dismal Day was come, the Priests prepare

Their heav'n'd Cakes, and Fillets for my Hair.

I follow'd Nature's Laws, and must avow
 I broke my Bonds, and fled the fatal Blow.
 Hid in a weedy Lake all Night I lay, 185
 Secure of Safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further Hopes for me remain,
 To see my Friends or Native Soil again?
 My tender Infants, or my careful Sire;
 Whom they returning will to Death require? 190
 Will perpetrate on them their first Design,
 And take the forfeit of their Heads for mine?
 Which, O if Pity Mortal Minds can move!
 If there be Faith below, or Gods above!
 If Innocence and Truth can claim Desert, 195
 Ye *Trojans*, from an injur'd Wretch avert.
 False Tears true Pity move: the King commands
 To loose his Fetters, and unbind his Hands:
 Then adds these friendly Words; Dismiss thy Fears,
 Forget the *Greeks*, be mine as thou wert theirs: 200
 But truly tell, was it for Force or Guile,
 Or some Religious End, you rais'd this Pile?
 Thus said the King. He, full of fraudulent Arts,
 This well-invented Tale for Truth imparts.
 Ye Lamps of Heav'n! he said, and lifted high 205
 His Hands now free, thou venerable Sky,
 Inviolable Pow'rs, ador'd with Dread,
 Ye fatal Fillets, that once bound this Head,
 Ye sacred Altars, from whose Flames I fled!

Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may, 210

Without a Crime, th' ungrateful *Greeks* betray!

Reveal the Secrets of the guilty State,

And justly punish whom I justly hate!

But you, O King, preserve the Faith you gave,

If I, to save my self, your Empire save. 215

The *Grecian* Hopes, and all th' Attempts they made,

Were only founded on *Minerva's* Aid.

But from the Time when impious *Diomede*,

And false *Ulysses*, that inventive Head,

Her fatal Image from the Temple drew, 220

The sleeping Guardians of the Castle slew,

Her Virgin Statue with their bloody Hands

Polluted, and prophan'd her holy Bands:

From thence the Tide of Fortune left their Shore,

And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225

Their Courage languish'd, as their Hopes decay'd,

And *Pallas*, now averse, refus'd her Aid.

Nor did the Goddess doubtfully declare

Her alter'd Mind, and alienated Care:

When first her fatal Image touch'd the Ground, 230

She sternly cast her glaring Eyes around;

That spark'd as they rowl'd, and seem'd to threat:

Her Heav'nly Limbs distill'd a briny Sweat.

Thrice from the Ground she leap'd, was seen to wield

Her brandish'd Lance, and shake her horrid Shield. 235

Then

Then *Calchas* bad our Host for Flight prepare,
 And hope no Conquest from the tedious War:
 Till first they sail'd for *Greece*; with Pray'rs besought
 Her injur'd Pow'r, and better Omens brought.
 And now their Navy ploughs the Wat'ry Main,
 Yet, soon expect it on your Shoars again,
 With *Pallas* pleas'd; as *Calchas* did ordain.
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd Maid,
 For her stoln Statue, and her Tow'r betray'd;
 Warn'd by the Scer, to her offended Name
 We rais'd, and dedicate this wond'rous Frame:
 So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden Gates
 It pass, and intercept our better Fates.
 For, once admitted there, our Hopes are lost;
 And *Troy* may then a new *Palladium* boast.
 For so Religion and the Gods ordain;
 That if you violate with Hands prophane
Minerva's Gift, your Town in Flames shall burn,
 (Which Omen, O ye Gods, on *Gracia* turn!)
 But if it climb, with your assisting Hands,
 The *Trojan* Walls, and in the City stands;
 Then *Troy* shall *Argos* and *Mycenæ* burn,
 And the Reverse of Fate on us return.

With such Deceits he gain'd their easy Hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious Arts.

240 }
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245

252

255

260

What

What *Diomede*, nor *Thetis*' greater Son,
 A thousand Ships, nor ten Years Siege had done:
 False Tears and fawning Words the City won,
 A greater Omen, and of worse portent,
 Did our unwary Minds with Fear torment:
 Concurring to produce the dire Event.

265

Laocoon, *Neptune*'s Priest by Lot that Year,
 With solemn Pomp then sacrific'd a Steer.

When, dreadful to behold, from Sea we spy'd
 Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.
 Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,
 Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:

270

Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,
 And on the sounding Shoar the flying Billows force.
 And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
 Their ardent Eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
 Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.

274

We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
 And to *Laocoon* and his Children make:

280

And first around the tender Boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen'd Fangs their Limbs and Bodies
 grind.

The wretched Father, running to their Aid
 With pious Haste, but vain, they next invade:

285

Twice

Twice round his Wasse their winding Volumes rowl'd,
And twice about his gasping Throat they fold.

The Priest, thus doubly choak'd, their Crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his Head, in Triumph ride.

With both his Hands he labours at the Knots,

290

His Holy Fillets the blue Venom blots:

His roaring fills the flitting Air around.

Thus, when an Ox receives a glancing Wound,

He breaks his Bands, the fatal Altar flies,

294

And with loud Bellowings breaks the yielding Skies.

Their Tasks perform'd, the Serpents quit their Prey,

And to the Tow'r of *Pallas* make their way:

Couch'd at her Feet, they lie protected there,

By her large Buckler, and protended Spear.

Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral Cry

300

Proclaims *Laocoon* justly doom'd to die,

Whose Hand the Will of *Pallas* had withstood,

And dar'd to violate the Sacred Wood.

All Vote t'admit the Steed, that Vows be paid,

And Incense offer'd to th' offended Maid.

308

A spacious Breach is made, the Town lies bare,

Some hoisting Leavers, some the Wheels prepare,

And fasten to the Horses Feet: the rest

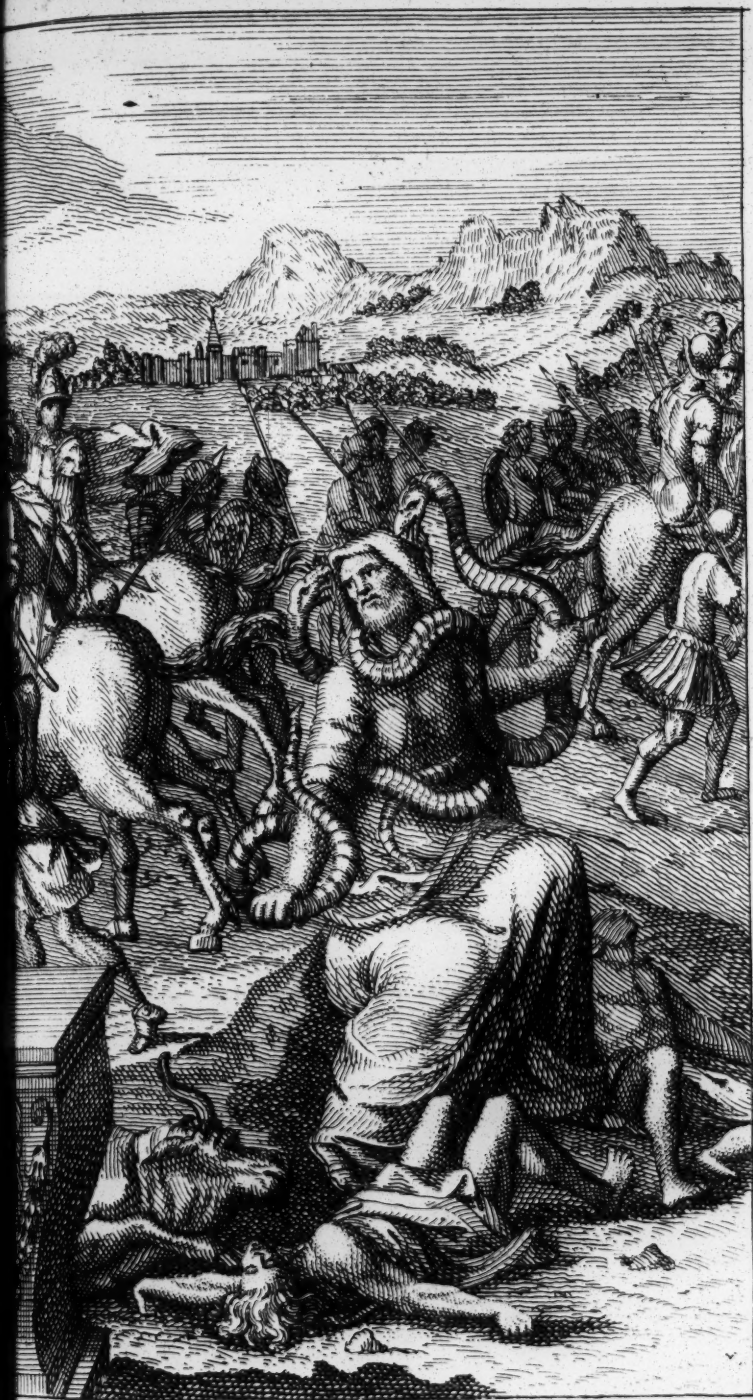
With Cables haul along th' unwieldly Beast.

Each on his Fellow for Assistance calls:

310

At length the fatal Fabrick mounts the Walls,

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Big with Destruction. Boys with Chaplets crown'd,
And Quires of Virgins sing, and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our Heads, and threatens the Town. 315
O sacred City! built by Hands divine!
O valiant Heroes of the *Trojan* Line!
Four times he struck; as oft the clashing sound
Of Arms was heard, and inward Groans rebound.
Yet mad with Zeal, and blinded with our Fate, 320
We hawl along the Horse, in solemn state;
Then place the dire Portent within the Tow'r,
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy Hour;
Foretold our Fate; but by the Gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd the Prophecy. 325
With Branches we the Fanes adorn, and waft
In Jollity, the Day ordain'd to be the last.
Mean time the rapid Heav'ns rowl'd down the Light,
And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night:
Our Men secure, nor Guards nor Centries held, 330
But easie Sleep their weary Limbs compell'd.
The *Grecians* had embark'd their Naval Pow'rs
From *Tenedos*, and sought our well known Shoars:
Safe under Covert of the silent Night,
And guided by th' Imperial Galley's light. 335
When *Simon*, favour'd by the Partial Gods,
Unlock'd the Horse, and ope'd his dark abodes:

Re-

Restor'd to vital Air our hidden Foes,
 Who joyful from their long Confinement rose.
Tylander bold, and *Sthenelus* their Guide,
 And dire *Ulysses* down the Cable slide:
 Then *Thoas*, *Athamas*, and *Pyrrhus* hast;
 Nor was the *Podalyrian* Heroe last:
 Nor injur'd *Menelaus*, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal Engine fram'd.
 A nameless Crowd succeed; their Forces join
 T' invade the Town, oppress'd with Sleep and Wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their Fate,
 Then to their Fellows they unbar the Gate.
 'Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
 Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,
 When *Hector's* Ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody Shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in Tears.
 Such as he was, when, by *Pelides* slain,
Thessalian Courfers drag'd him o'er the Plain.
 Swoln were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thrust
 Through the bor'd holes, his Body black with Dust.
 Unlike that *Hector*, who return'd from toils
 Of War Triumphant, in *Æacian* Spoils:
 Or him, who made the fainting *Greeks* retire,
 And lanch'd against their Navy *Phrygian* Fire.
 His Hair and Beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the Wounds he for his Country bore,

Now stream'd afresh, and with new Purple ran:
I wept to see the visionary Man:

365

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346

And while my Trance continu'd, thus began.

O Light of *Trojans*, and Support of *Troy*,
Thy Father's Champion, and thy Country's Joy!
O, long expected by thy Friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our Defence?

376

348

Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of Labours, and with Toils of War?

After so many Fun'ral's of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining Town?

But say, what Wounds are these? What new Disgrace

356

Deforms the Manly Features of thy Face?

376

To this the Spectre no Reply did frame;

But answer'd to the Cause for which he came:

And, groaning from the bottom of his Breast,

This Warning, in these mournful Words express'd.

380

358

O Goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,

rust

The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.

The Foes already have possess'd the Wall,

Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough is paid to *Priam's* Royal Name,

385

360

More than enough to Duty and to Fame.

If by a Mortal Hand my Father's Throne

Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:

Now *Troy* to thee commends her future State,
 And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate:
 From their assistance happier Walls expect,
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable Statues of the Gods:
 With ancient *Vesta* from the sacred Quire,
 The Wreaths and Relicks of th' Immortal Fire.

Now peals of Shouts come thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingl'd War:
 The Noise approaches, though our Palace stood
 Aloof from Streets, encompass'd with a Wood.
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' Alarms
 Of Human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:
 Fear broke my Slumbers; I no longer stay,
 But mount the Terrass, thence the Town survey,
 And hearken what the fruitful Sounds convey.
 Thus when a flood of Fire by Wind is born,
 Crackling it rowls, and mows the standing Corn:
 Or Deluges, descending on the Plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the Pains
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's gains:
 Unroot the Forest Oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey.
 The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far,
 The wastful Ravage of the wat'ry War.

Then *Hector's* Faith was manifestly clear'd; 415
 And *Grecian* Frauds in open light appear'd.
 The Palace of *Deiphobus* ascends
 In smoaky Flames, and catches on his Friends.
Neleus burns next; the Seas are bright
 With splendor, not their own; and shine with *Trojan* light.
 New Clamours and new Clangors now arise, 421
 The sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
 With Frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' Alarms,
 Resolv'd on Death, resolv'd to die in Arms.
 But first to gather Friends, with them t' oppose, 425
 If Fortune favour'd, and repell the Foes.
 Spurr'd by my Courage, by my Country fir'd;
 With sense of Honour, and Revenge inspir'd.
 } *Pantheus*, *Apollo's* Priest, a sacred Name,
 Had escap'd the *Grecian* Swords, and pass'd the Flame;
 } With Reliques loaden, to my Doors he fled, 431
 And by the Hand his tender Grand-son led.
 What hope, O *Pantheus*! whither can we run?
 } Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
 } Scarce had I said, when *Pantheus*, with a groan, 435
 } *Troy* is no more, and *Ilium* was a Town!
 The fatal Day, th' appointed Hour is come,
 When wrathful *Jove's* irrevocable Doom
 Transfers the *Trojan* State to *Grecian* Hands.
 The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands:
 Then And

And armed Hosts, an unexpected Force,
 Break from the Bowels of the Fatal Horse.
 Within the Gates, proud *Simon* throws about
 The Flames, and Foes for entrance press without.
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
 More than from *Argos*, or *Mycena* came.
 To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide;
 Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide.
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprize;
 Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
 The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal Combat, and resist in vain.
 I heard; and Heav'n, that well born Souls inspires,
 Prompts me, thro' lifted Swords, and rising Fires
 To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
Ripheus and *Iph'itas* by my side engage,
 For Valour one renown'd, and one for Age.
Dymas and *Hypanis* by Moonlight knew
 My Motions, and my Meen, and to my Party drew;
 With young *Choræbus*, who by Love was led
 To win Renown, and fair *Cassandra's* Bed;
 And lately brought his Troops to *Priam's* Aid;
 Forewarn'd in vain, by the Prophetic Maid.
 Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in Arms to fall,
 And that one Spirit animated all;

Brave Souls, said I, but Brave, alas! in vain:

Come, finish what our Cruel Fates ordain.

You see the desp'rate state of our Affairs;

And Heav'ns protecting Pow'rs are deaf to Pray'rs. 470

The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile

Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil

Their own Abodes: we, feeble few, conspire

To save a sinking Town, involv'd in Fire.

Then let us fall, but fall amidst our Foes, 475

Despair of Life, the Means of living shows.

So bold a Speech encourag'd their desire

Of Death, and added fuel to their Fire.

As hungry Wolves, with raging appetite,

Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the Stormy Night; 480

Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,

And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood:

So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,

Resolv'd in Death the last Extrems to try.

We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare 485

Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square:

Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.

What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?

What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright!

An ancient and imperial City falls, 490

The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:

Houses and Holy Temples float in Blood,
 And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their turn,
 The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors mourn. 495
 Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night;
 Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight.
 All parts resound with Tumults, Complaints, and Fears,
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his Band, 500
 Who thought us *Grecians* newly come to Land :
 From whence, said he, my Friends this long delay?
 You loiter, while the Spoils are born away :
 Our Ships are laden with the *Trojan* Store,
 And you like Truants come too late ashore. 505
 He said, but soon corrected his Mistake,
 Found, by the doubtful Answers which we make :
 Amaz'd, he wou'd have shun'd th' unequal Fight,
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
 As when some *Reasant* in a bushy Brake 510
 Has with unwary Footing press'd a Snake;
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising Crest, blue Neck, and rowling Eyes;
 So from our Arms, surpriz'd *Androgeos* flies.
 In vain; for him and his we compass'd round, 515
 Possess'd with Fear, unknowing of the Ground;
 And of their Lives an easie Conquest found.

II.

495

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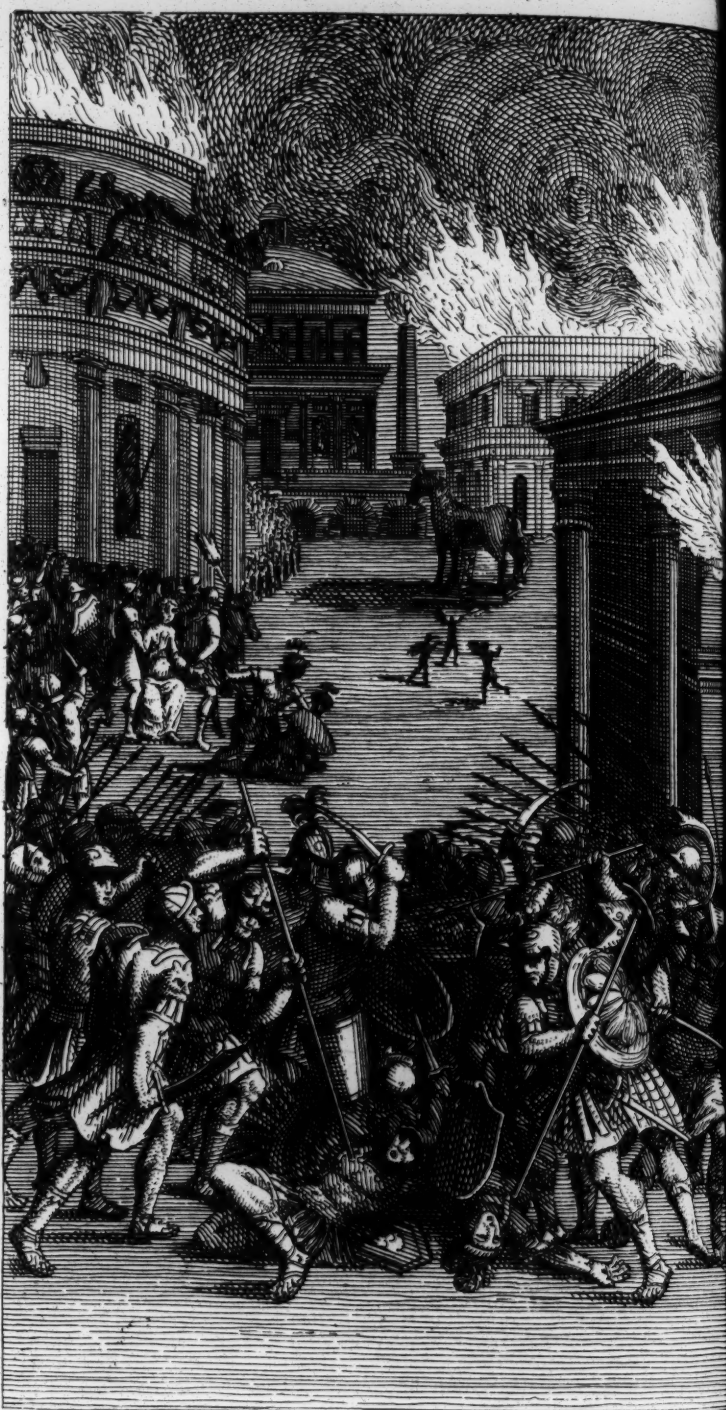
510

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515

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Thus



P. Fourdrinier Scul.

Thus Fortune on our first Endeavour smil'd:

Choræbus then, with youthful Hopes beguil'd,

Swoln with Success, and of a daring Mind,

520

This new Invention fatally design'd.

My Friends, said he, since Fortune shows the way,

'Tis fit we shou'd th' auspicious Guide obey.

For what has she these *Grecian* Arms bestow'd,

But their Destruction, and the *Trojans* good?

525

Then change we Shields, and their Devices bear,

Let Fraud supply the want of Force in War.

They find us Arms. This said, himself he dress'd

In dead *Androgeos*' Spoils, his upper Vest,

His painted Buckler, and his plummy Crest.

530

Thus *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, all the *Trojan* Train

Lay down their own Attire, and strip the slain.

Mix'd with the *Greeks*, we go with ill Presage,

Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy Rage:

Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,

535

And strew, with *Grecian* Carcasses, the Street.

Thus while their stragling Parties we defeat,

Some to the Shoar and safer Ships retreat:

And some oppress'd with more ignoble Fear,

Remount the hollow Horse, and pant in secret there.

But ah! what use of Valour can be made,

541

When Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid!

Behold the royal Prophets, the Fair

Cassandra, drag'd by her dishevel'd Hair;

Whom not *Minerva's* Shrine, nor sacred Bands,

545

In safety cou'd protect from sacrilegious Hands:

On Heav'n she cast her Eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,

('Twas all she cou'd) her tender Arms were ty'd.

So sad a Sight *Choræbus* cou'd not bear,

But fir'd with Rage, distracted with Despair;

550

Amid the barb'rous Ravishers he flew:

Our Leader's rash Example we pursue.

But Storms of Stones, from the proud Temple's height,

Pour down, and on our batter'd Helms alight:

We from our Friends receiv'd this fatal Blow,

555

Who thought us *Grecians*, as we seem'd in show.

They aim at the mistaken Crests, from high,

And ours beneath the pond'rous Ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with Anger and Disdain, to see

Their Troops dispers'd, the Royal Virgin free:

560

The *Grecians* rally, and their Pow'rs unite;

With Fury charge us, and renew the Fight.

The Brother-Kings with *Ajax* join their Force,

And the whole Squadron of *Thessalian* Horse.

Thus, when the Rival Winds their Quarrel try,

565

Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky;

South, East and West, on airy Coursers born,

The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn:

Then

Then *Nereus* strikes the deep, the Billows rise,
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies. 579
 The Troops we squander'd first, again appear
 From sev'ral Quarters, and enclose the Rear.
 They first observe, and to the rest betray
 Our diff'rent Speech; our borrow'd Arms survey.
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall; *Choræbus* first, 583
 At *Pallas'* Altar, by *Peneleus* pierc'd.
 Then *Ripheus* follow'd, in th' unequal Fight;
 Just of his Word, observant of the right:
 Heav'n thought not so: *Dymas* their Fate attends,
 With *Hypanis*, mistaken by their Friends. 589
 Nor *Pantheus*, thee, thy Mitre nor the Bands
 Of awful *Phœbus*, sav'd from impious Hands.
 Ye *Trojan* Flames your Testimony bear,
 What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
 No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife, 595
 Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.
 Witness, ye Heav'ns! I live not by my Fault,
 I strove to have deserv'd the Death I fought.
 But when I cou'd not fight, and wou'd have dy'd,
 Born off to distance by the growing Tide, 599
 Old *Iphitus* and I were hurry'd thence,
 With *Pelias* wounded, and without Defence.
 New Clamors from th' invested Palace ring;
 We run to die, or disengage the King.

So hot th' Assault, so high the Tumult rose, 595
 While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose;
 As all the *Dardan* and *Argolick* Race
 Had been contracted in that narrow Space:
 Or as all *Ilium* else were void of Fear,
 And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there. 600
 Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, the Foes
 Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose:
 Some mount the scaling Ladders, some more bold
 Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold;
 Their left Hand gripes their Bucklers, in th' ascent, 605
 While with the right they seize the Battlement.
 From the demolish'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
 Huge heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe:
 And heavy Beams, and Rafters from the sides,
 (Such Arms their last Necessity provides:) 610
 And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The marks of State, and ancient Royalty.
 The Guards below, fix'd in the Pass, attend
 The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.
 Renew'd in Courage with recover'd Breath, 615
 A second time we ran to tempt our Death:
 To clear the Palace from the Foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A Postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind Gallery, 620

To

To the King's Closet led; a way well known
 To *Hector's* Wife, while *Priam* held the Throne:
 Through which she brought *Astyanax*, unseen,
 To cheer his Grandfire, and his Grandfire's Queen.
 Thro' this we pass, and mount the Tow'r, from whence
 With unavailing Arms the *Trojans* make defence. 626
 From this the trembling King had oft descry'd
 The *Grecian* Camp, and saw their Navy ride.
 Beams from its lofty height with Swords we hew;
 Then wrenching with our Hands, th' Assault renew. 630
 And where the Rafters on the Columns meet,
 We push them headlong with our Arms and Feet:
 The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall;
 Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall:
 Down goes the top at once; the *Greeks* beneath 637
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to Death are sent;
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 Before the Gate stood *Pyrrhus*, threat'ning loud,
 With glitt'ring Arms conspicuous in the Crowd. 640
 So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
 Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake:
 And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
 Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent sides 645
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides;

High o'er the Grass, hissing he rowls along,
 And brandishes by fits his forky Tongue.
 Proud *Periphas*, and fierce *Automedon*,
 His Father's Charioteer, together run 650
 To force the Gate: The *Scyrian* Infantry
 Rush on in Crouds, and the barr'd Passage free.
 Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
 And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his Blows, 655
 And with his Ax repeated Stroaks bestows
 On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
 Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double Bars at length
 Yield to his Ax, and unresisted Strength. 660
 A mighty Breach is made; the Rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
 The Halls of Audience, and of publick State,
 And where the lonely Queen in secret fate.
 Arm'd Souldiers now by trembling Maids are seen, 665
 With not a Door, and scarce a Space between.
 The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
 And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.
 The fearful Matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace. 670
 The fatal work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
 And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.

Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his Force sustain;
 The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
 In rush the *Greeks*, and all th' Apartments fill; 675
 Those few Defendants whom they find, they kill.
 Not with so fierce a Rage, the foaming Flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid Course withstood:
 Bears down the Dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away. 680
 These Eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
 The Brother-Kings: I saw th' unhappy Queen,
 The hundred Wives, and where old *Priam* stood,
 To stain his hallow'd Altar with his Blood.
 The fifty Nuptial Beds: (such Hopes had he, 685
 So large a Promise of a Progeny.)
 The Posts of plated Gold, and hung with Spoils,
 Fell the Reward of the proud Victor's Toils.
 Where e'er the raging Fire had left a space,
 The *Grecians* enter, and possess the Place. 690
 Perhaps you may of *Priam's* Fate enquire.
 He, when he saw his Regal Town on Fire,
 His ruin'd Palace, and his ent'ring Foes,
 On ev'ry side inevitable Woes;
 In Arms disus'd, invests his Limbs decay'd 695
 Like them, with Age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble Shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
 Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pains;
 Despairing of Success; ambitious to be slain!

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Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view 700
 An Altar; near the hearth a Lawrel grew;
 Dodder'd with Age, whose Boughs encompass round
 The Household Gods, and shade the holy Ground.
 Here *Hecuba*, with all her helpless Train
 Of Dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705
 Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
 Their Images they hugg, and to their Altars fly.
 The Queen, when she beheld her trembling Lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy Sword,
 What Rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my Husband's Mind;
 What Arms are these, and to what Use design'd? 710
 These times want other Aids: were *Hector* here,
 Ev'n *Hector* now in vain, like *Priam* wou'd appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
 Or in one common Fate with us be join'd. 715
 She said, and with a last Salute embrac'd
 The poor old Man, and by the Lawrel plac'd.
 Behold *Polites*, one of *Priam's* Sons,
 Pursu'd by *Pyrrhus*, there for Safety runs.
 Thro' Swords, and Foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies 720
 Through empty Courts, and open Galleries:
 Him *Pyrrhus*, urging with his Lance, pursues;
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The Youth transfix'd, with lamentable Cries
 Expires, before his wretched Parent's Eyes, 725
 Whom,

Whom, gasping at his Feet, when *Priam* saw,
The Fear of Death gave place to Nature's Law.
And shaking more with Anger, than with Age,
The Gods, said *He*, requite thy brutal Rage:
As sure they will, Barbarian, sure they must,
If there be Gods in Heav'n, and Gods be just:
Who tak'st in Wrongs an insolent delight;
With a Son's death t' infect a Father's fight.
Not *He*, whom thou and lying Fame conspire
To call thee his; Not he, thy vaunted Sire,
Thus us'd my wretched Age: The Gods he fear'd,
The Laws of Nature and of Nations heard.
He cheer'd my Sorrows, and for Sums of Gold
The bloodless Carcass of my *Hector* sold.
Pity'd the Woes a Parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his Tent.

730

735

740

This said, his feeble Hand a Javelin threw,
Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly tinckl'd on the Brazen Shield.

745

Then *Pyrrhus* thus: Go thou from me to Fate;
And to my Father my foul Deeds relate.
Now dye: with that he dragg'd the trembling Sire,
Slidd'ring through clotter'd Blood, and holy Mire,
(The mingl'd Palle his murder'd Son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade;
And on the Sacred Pile, the Royal Victim laid.

750

His right Hand held his bloody Fauchion bare;

His left he twisted in his hoary Hair:

754

Then, with a speeding Thrust, his Heart he found:

The lukewarm Blood came rushing through the Wound,

And sanguine Streams distain'd the sacred Ground.

Thus *Priam* fell: and shar'd one common Fate

With *Troy* in Ashes, and his ruin'd State:

He, who the Sceptre of all *Asia* sway'd,

760

Whom Monarchs like Domestick Slaves obey'd,

On the bleak Shoar now lies th' abandon'd King,

* A headless Carcass, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my crudled Blood

Congel with Fear; my Hair with Horror stood:

765

My Father's Image fill'd my pious Mind;

Left equal Years might equal Fortune find.

Again I thought on my forsaken Wife;

And trembled for my Son's abandon'd Life.

I look'd about; but found my self alone;

770

Deserted at my need, my Friends were gone,

Some spent with Toil, some with Despair oppress'd,

Leap'd headlong from the Heights; the Flames consum'd
the rest,

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a Guide,

The graceless *Helen* in the Porch I spy'd

775

OF

* This whole Line is taken from Sir John Denham.



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Of *Vesta's* Temple; there she lurk'd alone;
 Muffled she sate, and, what she cou'd, unknown:
 But, by the Flames, that cast their Blaze around,
 That common Bane of *Greece* and *Troy*, I found:
 For *Ilium* burnt, she dreads the *Trojan* Sword; 780 }
 More dreads the Vengeance of her injur'd Lord;
 Ev'n by those Gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
 Trembling with Rage, the Strumpet I regard;
 Resolv'd to give her Guilt the due Reward.
 Shall she triumphant sail before the Wind, 785 }
 And leave in Flames unhappy *Troy* behind?
 Shall she, her Kingdom and her Friends review,
 In State attended with a Captive Crew;
 While unreveng'd the good old *Priam* falls,
 And *Grecian* Fires consume the *Trojan* Walls? 790 }
 For this the *Phrygian* Fields, and *Xanthian* Flood
 Were swell'd with Bodies, and were drunk with Blood?
 'Tis true, a Soldier can small Honour gain;
 And boast no Conquest from a Woman slain:
 Yet shall the Fact not pass without Applause, 795 }
 Of Vengeance taken in so just a Cause.
 The punish'd Crime shall set my Soul at ease:
 And murm'ring Manes of my Friends appease.
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing Light
 Spread o'er the Place, and shining Heav'nly bright, 800 }
 My Mother stood reveal'd before my Sight.

Never

Never so radiant did her Eyes appear;
 Nor her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.
 Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
 She looks, and breaths her self into their Love. 805
 She held my Hand, the destin'd Blow to break:
 Then from her rosie Lips began to speak.
 My Son, from whence this Madness, this Neglect
 Of my Commands, and those whom I protect?
 Why this unmanly Rage? Recall to mind 810
 Whom you forsake, what Pledges leave behind.
 Look if your helpless Father yet survive;
 Or if *Ascanius*, or *Creüsa* live.
 Around your House the greedy *Grecians* err;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly War, 815
 But for my Presence and protecting Care.
 Not *Helen's* Face, nor *Paris* was in Fault:
 But by the Gods was this Destruction brought.
 Now cast your Eyes around; while I dissolve
 The Mists and Films that Mortal Eyes involve: 820
 Purge from your Sight the Dross, and make you see
 The Shape of each avenging Deity.
 Enlightned thus, my just Commands fulfil:
 Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.
 Where yon disorder'd Heap of Ruin lies, 825
 Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of Dust arise,

Amid that Smother, *Neptune* holds his Place:

Below the Wall's Foundation drives his Mace:

And heaves the Building from the solid Base.

Look where, in Arms, Imperial *Juno* stands,

Full in the *Scaan* Gate, with loud Commands;

Urging on Shoar the tardy *Grecian* Bands.

See *Pallas*, of her snaky Buckler proud,

Bestrides the Tow'r, refulgent through the Cloud:

See *Jove* new Courage to the Foe supplies,

And arms against the Town the partial Deities.

Haste hence, my Son; this fruitless Labour end:

Haste where your trembling Spouse, and Sire attend:

Haste, and a Mother's Care your Passage shall befriend.

She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my Sight,

Obscure in Clouds, and gloomy Shades of Night.

I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful Sounds I hear;

And the dire Forms of hostile Gods appear.

Troy sunk in Flames I saw, nor cou'd prevent;

And *Ilium* from its old Foundations rent.

Rent like a Mountain Ash, which dar'd the Winds;

And stood the sturdy Stroaks of lab'ring Hinds:

About the Roots the cruel Ax resounds,

The Stumps are pierc'd, with oft repeated Wounds.

The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown

Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.

To their united Force it yields, tho' late;
 And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate.
 The Roots no more their upper Load sustain;
 But down she falls, and spreads a Ruin thro' the Plain. 855

Descending thence, I scape thro' Foes, and Fire:
 Before the Goddess, Foes and Flames retire.
 Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such Toils I undertake,
 The good *Anchises*, whom, by timely Flight, 860
 I purpos'd to secure on *Ida's* height,
 Refus'd the Journey: Resolute to die,
 And add his Fun'rals to the Fate of *Troy*:
 Rather than Exile and old Age sustain.

Go you, whose Blood runs warm in ev'ry Vein: 865
 Had Heav'n decreed that I shou'd Life enjoy,
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy *Troy*.

'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
 Twice to have seen our *Ilium* overthrown.
 Make haste to save the poor remaining Crew; 870
 And give this uselefs Corps a long Adieu.

These weak old Hands suffice to stop my Breath:
 At least the pitying Foes will aid my Death,
 To take my Spoils: and leave my Body bare:
 As for my Sepulchre let Heav'n take Care. 875

'Tis long since I, for my Cœlestial Wife,
 Loath'd by the Gods, have drag'd a lingring Life:

Since

Since ev'ry Hour and Moment I expire,
 Blasted from Heav'n by *Jove's* avenging Fire.

This oft repeated, he stood fixt to die:

880

My self, my Wife, my Son, my Family,

Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful Cry.

What, will he still persist, on Death resolve,

And in his Ruin all his House involve!

He still persists his Reasons to maintain;

885

Our Pray'rs, our Tears, our loud Laments are vain.

Urg'd by Despair, again I go to try

The Fate of Arms, resolv'd in Fight to die.

What Hope remains, but what my Death must give?

Can I without so dear a Father live?

890

You term it Prudence, what I Baseness call:

Could such a Word from such a Parent fall?

If Fortune please, and so the Gods ordain,

That nothing shou'd of ruin'd *Troy* remain:

And you conspire with Fortune, to be slain;

895

The way to Death is wide, th' Approaches near:

For soon relentless *Pyrrhus* will appear,

Reeking with *Priam's* Blood: The Wretch who slew

The Son (inhuman) in the Father's View,

And then the Sire himself to the dire Altar drew.

900

O Goddess-Mother, give me back to Fate;

Your Gift was undesir'd, and came too late.

Did

Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Thro' Foes and Fires to see my House a Prey?
Shall I, my Father, Wife, and Son, behold
Welt'ring in Blood, each others Arms infold?
Haste, gird my Sword, tho' spent, and overcome:
'Tis the last Summons to receive your Doom.
I hear thee, Fate, and I obey thy Call:
Not unreveng'd the Foe shall see my Fall.
Restore me yet to the unfinish'd Fight:
My Death is wanting to conclude the Night.
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring Sword I wield,
While th' other Hand sustains my weighty Shield:
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd Field.
I went; but sad *Creiisa* stop'd my Way,
And cross the Threshold in my Passage lay;
Embrac'd my Knees; and when I wou'd have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble Sire, and tender Son.
If Death be your Design, at least, said she,
Take us along, to share your Destiny.
If any farther Hopes in Arms remain,
This Place, these Pledges of your Love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your Father's Life,
Your Son's, and mine, your now forgotten Wife?
While thus she fills the House with clam'rous Cries,
Our Hearing is diverted by our Eyes.



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For while I held my Son, in the short space,
Betwixt our Kisses and our last Embrace ;

Strange to relate, from young *Iulus* Head
A lambent Flame arose, which gently spread
Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed.

930 }
}

Amaz'd, with running Water we prepare
To quench the sacred Fire, and shake his Hair ;

But old *Anchises*, vers'd in Omens, rear'd
His Hands to Heav'n, and this Request preferr'd.

935

If any Vows, Almighty *Jove*, can bend

Thy Will, if Piety can Pray'rs commend,

Confirm the glad Presage which thou art pleas'd to send.

}
}

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear

940

A Peal of ratling Thunder rowl in Air :

There shot a streaming Lamp along the Sky,

Which on the winged Light'ning seem'd to fly ;

From o'er the Roof the Blaze began to move ;

And trailing vanish'd in th' *Idean* Grove.

945

It swept a Path in Heav'n, and shone a Guide ;

Then in a steaming Stench of Sulphur dy'd.

The good old Man with suppliant Hands implor'd

The Gods Protection, and their Star ador'd.

Now, now, said he, my Son, no more Delay,

950

I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the Way.

Keep (O my Country Gods) our Dwelling-place,

And guard this Relick of the *Trojan* Race :

This

This tender Child; these Omens are your own;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd Town.
At least accomplish what your Signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said; the crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.
With *Vulcan's* Rage the rising Winds conspire;
And near our Palace howl the Flood of Fire.
Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.
What e'er befalls, your Life shall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance we will share.
My Hand shall lead our little Son; and you,
My faithful Comfort, shall our Steps pursue.
Next, you my Servants, heed my strict Commands:
Without the Walls a ruin'd Temple stands,
To *Ceres* hallow'd once; a Cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable Head on high;
By long Religion kept: there bend your Feet;
And in divided Parties let us meet.
Our Country Gods, the Relicks, and the Bands,
Hold you, my Father, in your guiltless Hands:
In me 'tis impious holy Things to bear,
Red as I am with Slaughter, new from War:
Till in some living Stream I cleanse the Guilt
Of dire Debate, and Blood in Battel spilt.

Thus,



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Thus, ord'ring all that Prudence cou'd provide, 980
 cloath my Shoulders with a Lion's Hide;
 and yellow Spoils: Then, on my bending Back,
 the welcome load of my dear Father take.
 While on my better Hand *Ascanius* hung,
 and with unequal Paces tript along. 985
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
 through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious Way.
 who so bold and dauntless just before,
 The *Grecian* Darts and Shock of Lances bore,
 At ev'ry Shadow now am seiz'd with Fear: 990
 Not for my self, but for the Charge I bear.
 Till near the ruin'd Gate arriv'd at last,
 secure, and deeming all the Danger past;
 A frightful Noise of trampling Feet we hear;
 My Father looking thro' the Shades, with Fear, 995
 Cry'd out, Haste, haste, my Son, the Foes are nigh;
 Their Swords, and shining Armour I descry.
 Some hostile God, for some unknown Offence,
 Had sure bereft my Mind of better Sense:
 For while thro' winding Ways I took my Flight; 1000
 and sought the Shelter of the gloomy Night;
 alas! I lost *Creüsa*: hard to tell
 If by her fatal Destiny she fell,
 Or weary fate, or wander'd with Affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my Sight. 1005

I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
 My Friends, at *Ceres'* now deserted Seat:
 We met: not one was wanting, only she
 Deceiv'd her Friends, her Son, and wretched me.
 What mad Expressions did my Tongue refuse!
 Whom did I not of Gods or Men accuse!
 This was the fatal Blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.
 Stung with my Loss, and raving with Despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten Care,
 Of Counsel, Comfort, and of Hope bereft,
 My Sire, my Son, my Country Gods, I left.
 In shining Armour once again I sheath
 My Limbs, not feeling Wounds, nor fearing Death.
 Then headlong to the burning Walls I run,
 And seek the Danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former Tracks: thro' Night explore
 Each Passage, ev'ry Street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of Horrour and Affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the Silence of the Night.
 Then, to my Father's House I make repair,
 With some small Glimps' of Hope to find her there:
 Instead of her the cruel *Greeks* I met;
 The House was fill'd with Foes, with Flames beset.
 Driv'n on the Wings of Winds, whole Sheets of Fire,
 Thro' Air transported, to the Roofs aspire,

From thence to *Priam's* Palace I resort;

And search the Citadel, and desert Court.

Then, unobserv'd, I pass by *Juno's* Church;

Guard of *Grecians* had possess'd the Porch: 1035

Where *Phoenix* and *Ulysses* watch the Prey;

And thither all the Wealth of *Troy* convey.

The Spoils which they from ransack'd Houses brought;

And golden Bowls from burning Altars caught.

The Tables of the Gods, the Purple Vests; 1040

The People's Treasure, and the Pomp of Priests.

A Rank of wretched Youths, with pinion'd Hands,

And captive Matrons in long Order stands.

Then, with ungovern'd Madness, I proclaim,

Thro' all the silent Streets, *Creüsa's* Name. 1045

Creüsa still I call: At length she hears;

And sudden, thro' the Shades of Night appears.

Appears, no more *Creüsa*, nor my Wife:

But a pale Spectre, larger than the Life.

Ughast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with Fear, 1050

Stood; like Bristles rose my stiffen'd Hair.

Then thus the Ghost began to sooth my Grief:

Nor Tears, nor Cries, can give the Dead Relief;

Desist, my much lov'd Lord, t' indulge your Pain:

You bear no more than what the Gods ordain. 1055

My Fates permit me not from hence to fly;

Nor he, the great Comptroller of the Sky.

Long

Long wand'ring Ways for you the Pow'rs decree:
On Land hard Labours, and a length of Sea.
Then, after many painful Years are past, 1066
On *Latium's* happy Shoar you shall be cast:
Where gentle *Tiber* from his Bed beholds
The flow'ry Meadows, and the feeding Folds.
There end your Toils: And there your Fates provide
A quiet Kingdom, and a Royal Bride: 1065
There Fortune shall the *Trojan* Line restore;
And you for lost *Creüsa* weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch with servile Shame,
Th'imperious Looks of some proud *Grecian* Dame:
Or, stooping to the Victor's Lust, disgrace 1070
My Goddess-Mother, or my Royal Race.
And now, Farewell: the Parent of the Gods
Restrains my fleeting Soul in her Abodes:
I trust our common Issue to your Care.
She said: And gliding pass'd unseen in Air. 1075
I strove to speak, but Horror ty'd my Tongue;
And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung:
And thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung.
Light as an empty Dream at Break of Day,
Or as a Blast of Wind, she rush'd away. 1080

Thus, having pass'd the Night in fruitless Pain,
I, to my longing Friends, return again.

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Vol 2. Æn 4. p 577.

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Vol. 1

Green Wreaths of Bays his length of Hair inclose,

A Golden Fillet binds his awful Brows:

His Quiver sounds: Not less the Prince is seen

In manly Presence, or in lofty Meen. 215

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat
Of salvage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat;

The Cry pursues the Mountain-Goats; they bound
From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:

Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train, 220

In Herds unsingled, scour the dusty Plain;

And a long Chace, in open view, maintain.

The glad *Ascanius*, as his Courser guides,

Spurs through the Vale; and these and those outrides.

His Horses flanks and fides are forc'd to feel 225

The clanking lash, and goring of the Steel,

Impatiently he views the feeble Prey,

Wishing some Nobler Beast to cross his way.

And rather wou'd the tusky Boar attend,

Or see the tawny Lyon downward bend. 230

Mean time, the gath'ring Clouds obscure the Skies:

From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning flies;

The rattling Thunders rowl; and *Juno* pours

wintry Deluge down, and sounding Show'rs.

The Company dispers'd, to Coverts ride, 235

And seek the homely Cotts, or Mountains hollow side.

The rapid Rains, descending from the Hills,
To rowling Torrents raise the creeping Rills.
The Queen and Prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common Cavern in her Bosom hides.
Then first the trembling Earth the signal gave;
And flashing Fires enlighten all the Cave:
Hell from below, and *Fumo* from above,
And howling Nymphs, were conscious to their Love.
From this ill Omen'd Hour, in Time arose
Debate and Death, and all succeeding Woes.

The Queen, whom sense of Honour cou'd not move,
No longer made a Secret of her Love;
But call'd it Marriage, by that specious Name
To veil the Crime, and sanctifie the Shame.

The loud Report through *Libyan* Cities goes;
Fame, the great Ill, from small beginnings grows.
Swift from the first; and ev'ry Moment brings
New Vigour to her flights, new Pinions to her Wings.
Soon grows the Pygmee to Gigantic size;
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies:
Inrag'd against the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* birth.
Swift in her walk, more swift her winged hast:
A monstrous Fantom, horrible and vast;
As many Plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing Eyes enlarge her sight:

Millions of opening Mouths to Fame belong;
 And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue:
 And round with listning Ears the flying Plague is hung.

She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries; 266

No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes.

By Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews;

And spreads through trembling Crowds disastrous News.

With Court Informers haunts, and Royal Spies, 270

Things done relates, not done she feigns; and mingles

Truth with Lyes.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight

To tell of Prodigies, and cause affright.

She fills the Peoples Ears with *Dido's* Name;

Who, lost to Honour, and the sense of Shame, 275

Admits into her Throne and Nuptial Bed

A wandering Guest, who from his Country fled:

Whole Days with him she passes in delights;

And wastes in Luxury long Winter Nights.

Forgetful of her Fame, and Royal Trust; 280

Isolv'd in Ease, abandon'd to her Lust.

The Goddess wisely spreads the loud Report;

And flies at length to King *Hiarba's* Court.

Then first possess'd with this unwelcome News,

Whom did he not of Men and Gods accuse! 285

This Prince, from ravish'd *Garamantis* born,

Hundred Temples did with Spoils adorn,

In *Ammon*'s Honour, his Cœlestial Sire;
A hundred Altars fed with wakeful Fire;
And thro' his vast Dominions, Priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful Care these holy Rites maintain'd.
The Gates and Columns were with Garlands crown'd,
And Blood of Victim Beasts enrich the Ground.

He, when he heard a Fugitive cou'd move
The *Tyrian* Princess, who disdain'd his Love,
His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire;
Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire.
'Then on the Sacred Altars pouring Wine,
He thus with Pray'rs implor'd his Sire Divine.
Great *Jove*, propitious to the *Maorish* Race,
Who feast on painted Beds, with Off'rings grace
Thy Temples, and adore thy Pow'r Divine
With Blood of Victims, and with sparkling Wine:
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted Thunder, and thy thoughtless Reign?
Do thy broad Hands the forky Lightnings lance,
Thine are the Bolts, or the blind work of Chance?
A wandering Woman builds, within our State,
A little Town, bought at an easie Rate;
She pays me Homage, and my Grants allow
A narrow space of *Libyan* Lands to plough.
Yet scorning me, by Passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd *Trojan* to her Bed:

And now this other *Paris*, with his Train

Of conquer'd Cowards, must in *Africk* reign! 315

Whom, what they are, their Looks and Garb confess;

Their Locks with Oil perfum'd, their *Libyan* dress:)

He takes the Spoil, enjoys the Princely Dame;

And I, rejected I, adore an empty Name.

His Vows, in haughty Terms, he thus prefer'd, 320

And held his Altar's Horns; the mighty Thund'rer heard,

Then cast his Eyes on *Carthage*, where he found

The lustful Pair, in lawless Pleasure drown'd.

Lost in their Loves, insensible of Shame;

And both forgetful of their better Fame: 325

He calls *Cyllenius*; and the God attends;

By whom his menacing Command he sends.

Go, mount the Western Winds, and cleave the Sky;

Then, with a swift descent, to *Carthage* fly:

There find the *Trojan* Chief, who wastes his Days 330

In sloathful Riot, and inglorious Ease.

Nor minds the future City, giv'n by Fate;

To him this Message from my Mouth relate.

Not so, fair *Venus* hop'd, when twice she won

My Life with Pray'rs; nor promis'd such a Son. 335

For 'twas a Heroe, destin'd to command

A Martial Race; and rule the *Latian* Land.

Who shou'd his ancient Line from *Teucer* draw;

And, on the conquer'd World, impose the Law.

If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,
 Nor future Praise, from fading Pleasure wean,
 Yet why shou'd he defraud his Son of Fame;
 And grudge the *Romans* their Immortal Name
 What are his vain Designs! what hopes he more,
 From his long ling'ring on a hostile Shore?
 Regardless to redeem his Honour lost,
 And for his Race to gain th' *Ausonian* Coast!
 Bid him with speed the *Tyrian* Court forsake;
 With this Command the slumb'ring Warrior wake.

Hermes obeys; with Golden Pinions binds
 His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds:
 And whether o'er the Seas or Earth he flies,
 With rapid Force, they bear him down the Skies.
 But first he grasps within his awful Hand,
 The mark of Sov'raign Pow'r, his Magick Wand:
 With this, he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
 With this he drives them down the *Stygian* Waves;
 With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful sight;
 And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light.
 Thus arm'd, the God begins his Airy Race;
 And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.
 Now sees the tops of *Atlas*, as he flies;
 Whose brawny Back supports the Starry Skies:
Atlas, whose Head with Piny Forests crown'd,
 Is beaten by the Winds; with foggy Vapours bound.

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P. Fourdrinier.

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Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin
The Founts of Rolling Streams their Race begin:
A beard of Ice on his large Breast depends:
Here pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height 370
Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight:
Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood:
As Water-fowl, who seek their fishy Food,
Less, and yet less, to distant Prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below: 375
Like these, the steerage of his Wings he plies,
And near the Surface of the Water flies.
Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,
He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on *Libyan* Lands: 379
Where Shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now Tow'rs within the Clouds, advance their Heads.
Arriving there, he found the *Trojan* Prince
New Ramparts raising for the Town's Defence:
A Purple Scarf, with Gold Imbroider'd o'er,
(Queen *Dido's* Gift) about his Wasse he wore; 385
A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,
For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged Words, the God began;
(Resuming his own Shape) Degenerate Man,
Thou Woman's Property, what mak'st thou here, 390
These foreign Walls, and *Tyrian* Tow'rs to rear?

Forgetful of thy own? All pow'rful *Jove*,
 Who sways the World below, and Heav'n above,
 Has sent me down, with this severe Command:
 What means thy ling'ring in the *Libyan* Land? 397
 If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,
 Nor future Praise, from sitting Pleasure wear,
 Regard the Fortunes of thy rising Heir;
 The promis'd Crown let young *Ascanius* wear.
 To whom th' *Ausonian* Sceptre, and the State 400
 Of *Rome's* Imperial Name, is ow'd by Fate.
 So spoke the God; and speaking took his flight,
 Involv'd in Clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.

The Pious Prince was seiz'd with sudden Fear;
 Mute was his Tongue, and upright stood his Hair: 405
 Revolving in his Mind the stern Command,
 He longs to fly, and loaths the charming Land.
 What shou'd he say, or how shou'd he begin,
 What Course, alas! remains, to steer between
 Th' offended Lover, and the Pow'rful Queen! 410
 This way, and that, he turns his anxious Mind,
 And all Expedients tries, and none can find:
 Fix'd on the Deed, but doubtful of the Means;
 After long thought to this Advice he leans.
 Three Chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415
 The Fleet, and ship their Men with silent Care:

Some plausible Pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, mean time, the softest Hours wou'd chuse,
Before the Love-sick Lady heard the News.

420

And move her tender Mind, by slow Degrees,
To suffer what the Sov'raign Pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say:
They hear with Pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the Queen perceives the thin Disguise :
(What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes!)

425

She was the first to find the secret Fraud,
Before the fatal News was blaz'd abroad.
Love, the first Motions of the Lover hears,

Quick to presage, and ev'n in Safety fears.

430

Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The Ships repair'd; the *Trojans* thick Resort,
And Purpose to forsake the *Tyrian* Court.

}

Frantick with Fear, impatient of the Wound,

And impotent of Mind, she roves the City round.

435

Less wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,

When, from afar, their nightly God they hear,

And houl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear.

}

At length she finds the dear perfidious Man;

Prevents his form'd Excuse, and thus began.

440

Base and ungrateful, cou'd you hope to fly,

And undiscover'd scape a Lover's Eye!

Nor cou'd my Kindness your Compassion move,
Nor plighted Vows, nor dearer bands of Love!
Or is the Death of a despairing Queen 445
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the Wint'ry Winds command your stay,
You dare the Tempests, and defie the Sea.
False, as you are, suppose you were not bound
To Lands unknown, and foreign Coasts to sound; 450
Were *Troy* restor'd, and *Priam's* happy Reign,
Now durst you tempt for *Troy*, the raging Main?
See, whom you fly; am I the Foe you shun?
Now by those holy Vows, so late begun,
By this right Hand, (since I have nothing more 455
To challenge, but the Faith you gave before;) I beg you by these Tears too truly shed,
By the new Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed;
If ever *Dido*, when you most were kind, 459
Were pleasing in your Eyes, or touch'd your Mind; 460
By these my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have Place,
Pity the Fortunes of a falling Race.
For you I have provok'd a Tyrant's Hate,
Incens'd the *Libyan*, and the *Tyrian* State;
For you alone I suffer in my Fame; 465
Bereft of Honour, and expos'd to Shame:
Whom have I now to trust, (ungrateful Guest,)
That only Name remains of all the rest!

What have I left, or whither can I fly;

Must I attend *Pygmalion's* Cruelty!

470

Or till *Hiarbas* shall in Triumph lead

A Queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd Bed!

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty Flight,

And left behind some Pledge of our delight,

Some Babe to bless the Mother's mournful sight;

Some young *Æneas*, to supply your place;

Whose Features might express his Father's Face;

I should not then complain to live bereft

Of all my Husband, or be wholly left.

479

Here paus'd the Queen; unmov'd he holds his Eyes,

By *Jove's* Command; nor suffer'd Love to rise,

Tho' heaving in his Heart; and thus at length, replies.

Fair Queen, you never can enough repeat

Your boundless Favours, or I own my Debt;

Nor can my Mind forget *Eliza's* Name,

While vital Breath inspires this Mortal Frame.

This only let me speak in my Defence,

I never hop'd a secret Flight from hence:

Much less pretended to the Lawful Claim

Of Sacred Nuptials, or a Husband's Name.

490

For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,

And not submit my Life to Fate's Decree,

My Choice would lead me to the *Trojan* Shore,

Those Reliques to review, their Dust adore;

And *Priam's* ruin'd Palace to restore.

495

But now the *Delphian Oracle* commands,
 And Fate invites me to the *Latian* Lands.
 That is the promis'd Place to which I steer,
 And all my Vows are terminated there.
 If you, a *Tyrian*, and a Stranger born,
 With Walls and Tow'rs a *Libyan* Town adorn;
 Why may not we, like you, a Foreign Race,
 Like you seek Shelter in a Foreign Place?
 As often as the Night obscures the Skies
 With humid Shades, or twinkling Stars arise,
Anchises' angry Ghost in Dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my Soul with fears:
 And young *Ascanius* justly may complain,
 Of his defrauded Fate, and destin'd Reign.
 Ev'n now the Herald of the Gods appear'd,
 Waking I saw him, and his Message heard.
 From *Jove* he came commission'd, Heav'nly bright
 With Radiant Beams, and manifest to Sight.
 The Sender and the Sent, I both attest,
 These Walls he enter'd, and those Words express'd.
 Fair Queen, oppose not what the Gods command;
 Forc'd by my Fate, I leave your happy Land.

Thus, while he spoke, already She began,
 With sparkling Eyes to view the guilty Man:
 From Head to Foot survey'd his Person o'er,
 No longer these outrageous Threats forbore.

505

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510

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520

False

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
 Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,
 But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;
 And rough *Hyrcean* Tygers gave thee suck.

525

Why shou'd I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lent a list'ning Ear;
 Sigh'd when I sob'd, or shed one kindly Tear?

}

All Symptoms of a base ungrateful Mind,
 So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.

530

Of Man's Injustice, why shou'd I complain?

The Gods, and *Jove* himself behold in vain

Triumphant Treason, yet no Thunder flies:

Nor *Juno* views my Wrongs with equal Eyes;

Faithless is Earth, and faithless are the Skies!

}

535

Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more;

I sav'd the Shipwrack'd Exile on my Shore:

With needful Food his hungry *Trojans* fed;

I took the Traitor to my Throne and Bed:

Fool that I was — 'tis little to repeat

540

The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd Fleet.

I rave, I rave: A God's Command he pleads,

And makes Heav'n accessary to his Deeds.

Now *Lycian* Lotts, and now the *Delian* God;

Now *Hermes* is employ'd from *Jove* abode,

545

To warn him hence; as if the peaceful State

Of Heav'nly Pow'rs were touch'd with Human Fate!

But

But go; thy Flight no longer I detain;
 Go seek thy promis'd Kingdom through the Main:
 Yet if the Heav'ns will hear my pious Vow,
 The faithless Waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret Sands, shall Sepulchres afford
 To thy proud Vessels, and their perjur'd Lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd *Dido's* Name;
Dido shall come, in a black Sulph'ry Flame;
 When Death has once dissolv'd her mortal Frame.
 Shall smile to see the Traitor vainly weep,
 Her angry Ghost arising from the Deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy Sleep.
 At least my Shade thy Punishment shall know;
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing News below.

550

555

560

Abruptly here she stops: Then turns away
 Her loathing Eyes, and shuns the Sight of Day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his Mind
 What Speech to frame, and what Excuse to find.
 Her fearful Maids their fainting Mistress led;
 And softly laid her on her Iv'ry Bed.

565

But good *Æneas*, tho' he much desir'd
 To give that Pity, which her Grief requir'd,
 Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his Love,
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the Will of *Jove*:
 Reviews his Forces; they with early Care
 Unmoor their Vessels, and for Sea prepare.

The

The Fleet is soon afloat, in all its Pride:

And well calk'd Gallies in the Harbour ride.

575

Then Oaks for Oars they fell'd; or as they stood,

Of its green Arms despoil'd the growing Wood.

Studious of Flight: The Beach is cover'd o'er

With *Trojan* Bands that blacken all the Shore:

On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,

580

Thick Swarms of Soldiers loaden from the Town.

Thus, in Battalia, march embody'd Ants,

Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,

T'invade the Corn, and to their Cells convey

The plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey,

585

The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,

Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:

Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain;

Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train;

All ply their sev'ral Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.

590

What Pangs the tender Breast of *Dido* tore,

When, from the Tow'r, she saw the cover'd Shore,

And heard the Shouts of Sailors from afar,

Mix'd with the Murmurs of the wat'ry War?

All-pow'rful Love, what Changes canst thou cause

595

In Human Hearts, subjected to thy Laws!

Once more her haughty Soul the Tyrant bends;

To Pray'rs and mean Submissions she descends.

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To Pray'rs and mean Submissions she descends.

No female Arts or Aids she left untry'd,
 Nor Counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd. 600
 Look, *Anna*, look; the *Trojans* crowd to Sea,
 They spread their Canvass, and their Anchors weigh!
 The shouting Crew, their Ships with Garlands bind;
 Invoke the Sea-Gods, and invite the Wind.
 Cou'd I have thought this threat'ning Blow so near, 605
 My tender Soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last Request deny,
 With yon perfidious Man your Int'rest try;
 And bring me News, if I must live or die.
 You are his Fav'rite, you alone can find 610
 The dark Recesses of his inmost Mind:
 In all his trusted Secrets you have part,
 And know the soft Approaches to his Heart.
 Hasten then, and humbly seek my haughty Foe;
 Tell him, I did not with the *Grecians* go; 615
 Nor did my Fleet against his Friends employ,
 Nor swore the Ruin of unhappy *Troy*.
 Nor mov'd with Hands prophane his Father's Dust;
 Why shou'd he then reject a Suit so just!
 Whom does he shun, and whither wou'd he fly; 620
 Can he this last, this only Pray'r deny!
 Let him at least his dang'rous Flight delay,
 Wait better Winds, and hope a calmer Sea.

The Nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;

Let him pursue the promis'd *Latian* Shore.

625

A short Delay is all I ask him now,

A Pause of Grief; an Interval from Woe:

Till my soft Soul be temper'd to sustain

Accustom'd Sorrows, and inur'd to Pain.

If you in Pity grant this one Request,

630

My Death shall glut the Hatred of his Breast.

This mournful Message, pious *Anna* bears,

And seconds, with her own, her Sister's Tears:

But all her Arts are still employ'd in vain;

Again she comes, and is refus'd again.

635

His harden'd Heart nor Pray'rs nor Threatnings move;

Fate, and the God, had stop'd his Ears to Love.

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try;

Justling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky;

This way and that, the Mountain Oak they bend,

640

His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend;

With Leaves, and falling Mast, they spread the Ground,

The hollow Vallies echo to the Sound:

Unmov'd, the Royal Plant their Fury mocks;

Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks:

645

Far as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,

So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie:

No less a Storm the *Trojan* Heroe bears;

Thick Messages and loud Complaints he hears;

And bandy'd Words, still beating on his Ears.

650

Sighs, Groans and Tears, proclaim his inward Pains,
But the firm Purpose of his Heart remains.

The wretched Queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the Light of Heav'n to hate:
And loaths to live: Then dire Portents she sees, 655
To hasten on the Death her Soul decrees.
Strange to relate: For when before the Shrine
She pours, in Sacrifice, the purple Wine,
The purple Wine is turn'd to putrid Blood:
And the white offer'd Milk, converts to Mud. 660
This dire Presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her Sister, she conceal'd.
A Marble Temple stood within the Grove,
Sacred to Death, and to her murth'rd Love;
That honour'd Chappel she had hung around 665
With snowy Fleeces, and with Garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely Dome,
Strange Voices issu'd from her Husband's Tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away;
Invite her to his Grave; and chide her Stay. 670
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a bodeing Note
The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat:
And on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
With Songs obscene, disturbs the Silence of the Night.
Besides, old Prophecies augment her Fears; 675
And stern *Æneas* in her Dreams appears,

Disdainful

Disdainful as by Day: She seems alone,
 To wander in her Sleep, thro' ways unknown,
 Guideless and dark: or, in a Desert Plain,
 To seek her Subjects, and to seek in vain. 680

Like *Pentheus*, when distracted with his Fear,
 He saw two Suns, and double *Thebes* appear:
 Or mad *Orestes*, when his Mother's Ghost
 Full in his Face, infernal Torches tost;
 And shook her Snaky Locks: He shuns the Sight, 685
 Flies o'er the Stage, surpriz'd with mortal Fright;
 The Furies guard the Door, and intercept his Flight. }

Now, sinking underneath a Load of Grief,
 From Death alone, she seeks her last Relief:
 The Time and Means resolv'd within her Breast, 690
 She to her mournful Sister, thus address'd.

(Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,
 And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears.)
 Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,
 My Lover I shall gain, or lose my Love. 695

Nigh rising *Atlas*, next the falling Sun,
 Long Tracts of *Æthiopian* Climates run:
 There, a *Massylian* Priestess I have found,
 Honour'd for Age; for Magick Arts renown'd;

Th' *Hesperian* Temple was her trusted Care; 700
 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful Dragon's Fare.

She

She Poppy-Seeds in Honey taught to steep;
 Reclaim'd his Rage; and sooth'd him into Sleep.
 She watch'd the Golden Fruit; her Charms unbind
 The Chains of Love; or fix them on the Mind.
 She stops the Torrents, leaves the Channel dry;
 Repels the Stars; and backward bears the Sky.
 The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call;
 Pale Ghosts ascend; and Mountain Ashes fall.
 Witness, ye Gods, and thou my better Part,
 How loth I am to try this impious Art!
 Within the secret Court, with silent Care,
 Erect a lofty Pile, expos'd in Air:
 Hang on the topmost Part, the *Trojan* Vest;
 Spoils, Arms and Presents of my faithless Guest.
 Next, under these, the Bridal Bed be plac'd,
 Where I my Ruin in his Arms embrac'd:
 All Relicks of the Wretch are doom'd to Fire;
 For so the Priestesses, and her Charms require.
 Thus far she said, and farther Speech forbears:
 A mortal Paleness in her Face appears:
 Yet the mistrustless *Anna* cou'd not find
 The secret Fun'ral, in these Rites design'd;
 Nor thought so dire a Rage possess'd her Mind.
 Unknowing of a Train, conceal'd so well,
 She fear'd no worse than when *Sichæus* fell:

7.

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Therefore obeys. The fatal Pile they rear,
 Within the secret Court, expos'd in Air.
 The cloven Holms and Pines are heap'd on high;
 And Garlands on the hollow Spaces lye. 730

Sad Cypress, Vervain, Eugh, compose the Wreath;
 And ev'ry baleful Green denoting Death.

The Queen, determin'd to the fatal Deed,
 The Spoils and Sword he left, in order spread:
 And the Man's Image on the Nuptial Bed. 735

And now (the sacred Altars plac'd around)
 The Priestess enters, with her Hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the Pow'rs below the Ground.

Night, *Erebus* and *Chaos* she proclaims,
 And threefold *Hecat*, with her hundred Names, 740

And three *Diana's*: next she sprinkles round,
 With feign'd *Avernian* Drops, the hallow'd Ground;
 Culls hoary Simples, found by *Phæbe's* Light,
 With brazen Sickles reap'd at Noon of Night.

Then mixes baleful Juices in the Bowl: 745
 And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal;

Robbing the Mother's Love. The destin'd Queen
 Observes, assisting at the Rites obscene:

A leaven'd Cake in her devoted Hands
 She holds, and next the highest Altar stands: 750

One tender Foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd Gown, and loose her Hair.

Thus

Thus dress'd, she summon'd with her dying Breath,
 The Heav'ns and Planets conscious of her Death:
 And ev'ry Pow'r, if any rules above,
 Who minds, or who revenges injur'd Love.

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
 Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose:
 The Winds no longer whisper through the Woods,
 Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods.
 The Stars in silent Order mov'd around,
 And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the ground,
 The Flocks and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool;
 Stretch'd on the quiet Earth securely lay,
 Forgetting the past Labours of the Day.
 All else of Nature's common Gift partake;
 Unhappy *Dido* was alone awake.
 Nor Sleep nor Ease the furious Queen can find.
 Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her Mind.
 Despair, and Rage, and Love, divide her Heart;
 Despair and Rage had some, but Love the greater Part.

Then thus she said within her secret Mind:
 What shall I do, what Succour can I find!
 Become a Suppliant to *Hiarba's* Pride,
 And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
 Shall I with this ungrateful *Trojan* go,
 Forsake an Empire, and attend a Foe?

Himself I refug'd, and his Train reliev'd;

'Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv'd?

780

Can Gratitude in *Trojan* Souls have place!

755

Laomedon still lives in all his Race!

Then, shall I seek alone the Churlish Crew,

And with my Fleet their flying Sails pursue?

What Force have I but those, whom scarce before

785

I drew reluctant from their Native Shore?

760

Will they again Embark at my Desire,

ound.

Once more sustain the Seas, and quit their second *Tyre*?

Rather with Steel thy guilty Breast invade,

And take the Fortune thou thy self hast made.

790

765 Your Pity, Sister, first seduc'd my Mind;

Or seconded too well, what I design'd.

These dear-bought Pleasures had I never known,

Had I continu'd free, and still my own;

Avoiding Love, I had not found Despair:

795

770 But shar'd with salvage Beasts the common Air.

Like them a lonely Life I might have led,

Part.

Not mourn'd the Living, nor disturb'd the Dead.

These Thoughts she brooded in her anxious Breast;

On Board, the *Trojan* found more easie Rest.

800

775 Resolv'd to sail, in Sleep he pass'd the Night;

And order'd all things for his early Flight.

To

To whom once more the winged God appears;
 His former youthful Meen and Shape he wears,
 And with this new Alarm invades his Ears.
 Sleep'st thou, O Goddeſs-born! and canſt thou drown
 Thy needful Cares, ſo near a Hoſtile Town?
 Beſet with Foes; nor hear'ſt the Weſtern Gales
 Invite thy Paſſage, and inſpire thy Sails?
 She harbours in her Heart a furious Hate;
 And thou ſhalt find the dire Effects too late;
 Fix'd on Revenge, and obſtinate to die:
 Haſte ſwiftly hence, while thou haſt Pow'r to fly.
 The Sea with Ships will ſoon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing Firebrands kindle all the Shore.
 Prevent her Rage, while Night obſcures the Skies;
 And ſail before the purple Morn ariſe.
 Who knows what Hazards thy Delay may bring?
 Woman's a various and a changeful Thing.
 Thus *Hermes* in the Dream; then took his Flight,
 Aloft in Air unſeen; and mix'd with Night.
 Twice warn'd by the Cœleſtial Meſſenger,
 The pious Prince aroſe with haſty Fear:
 Then rouz'd his drowſy Train without Delay,
 Haſte to your Banks; your crooked Anchors weigh;
 And ſpread your flying Sails, and ſtand to Sea,

A God commands; he stood before my Sight;
And urg'd us once again to speedy Flight.
O sacred Pow'r, what Pow'r soe'er thou art, 830
To thy blest'd Orders I resign my Heart:
Lead thou the Way; protect thy *Trojan* Bands;
And prosper the Design thy Will commands.
He said, and drawing forth his flaming Sword,
His thund'ring Arm divides the many twisted Cord: 835
An emulating Zeal inspires his Train;
They run, they snatch; they rush into the Main.
With headlong Haste they leave the desert Shoars,
And brush the liquid Seas with lab'ring Oars.
Aurora now had left her Saffron Bed, 840
And Beams of early Light the Heav'ns o'erspread,
When from a Tow'r the Queen, with wakeful Eyes,
Saw Day point upward from the rosie Skies:
She look'd to Seaward, but the Sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing Ships descry'd: 845
Stung with Despight, and furious with Despair,
She struck her trembling Breast, and tore her Hair.
And shall th'ungrateful Traitor go, she said,
My Land forsaken, and my Love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from ev'ry Street, 850
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd Fleet?
Haste, haul my Gallies out, pursue the Foe:
Bring flaming I rans, set Sail, and swiftly row.

What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My Brain; and my distemper'd Bosom burns. 855
Then, when I gave my Person and my Throne,
This Hate, this Rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd Faith, the vaunted Name,
The Pious Man, who, rushing thro' the Flame,
Preserv'd his Gods; and to the *Phrygian* Shore 860
The Burthen of his feeble Father bore!
I shou'd have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in Floods
His scatter'd Limbs, or left expos'd in Woods:
Destroy'd his Friends and Son; and from the Fire
Have set the reeking Boy before the Sire. 865
Events are doubtful, which on Battel wait;
Yet where's the doubt, to Souls secure of Fate!
My *Tyrians*, at their injur'd Queen's Command,
Had toss'd their Fires amid the *Trojan* Band:
At once extinguish'd all the faithless Name; 870
And I my self, in Vengeance of my Shame,
Had fall'n upon the Pile to mend the Fun'ral Flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the World below,
Thou *Juno*, Guardian of the Nuptial Vow,
Thou *Hecat*, hearken from thy dark Abodes; 875
Ye Furies, Fiends, and violated Gods,
All Pow'rs invok'd with *Dido's* dying Breath,
Attend her Curses, and avenge her Death.

If so the Fates ordain, and *Jove* commands,
 Th' ungrateful Wretch shou'd find the *Latian* Lands,
 Yet let a Race untam'd, and haughty Foes, 880
 His peaceful Entrance with dire Arms oppose;
 Oppress'd with Numbers in th' unequal Field,
 His Men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for Succour sue from Place to Place, 885
 Torn from his Subjects, and his Son's Embrace:
 First let him see his Friends in Battel slain;
 And their untimely Fate lament in vain:
 And when, at length, the cruel War shall cease;
 On hard Conditions may he buy his Peace. 890
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme Command;
 But fall untimely, by some hostile Hand:
 And lie unbury'd on the barren Sand. }
 These are my Pray'rs, and this my dying Will:
 And you, my *Tyrians*, ev'ry Curse fulfil. 895
 Perpetual Hate, and mortal Wars proclaim,
 Against the Prince, the People, and the Name.
 These grateful Off'rings on my Grave bestow;
 Nor League, nor Love, the hostile Nations know:
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future Age, 900
 When Rage excites your Arms, and Strength supplies the
 Rage:
 Rise some Avenger of our *Libyan* Blood,
 With Fire and Sword pursue the perjur'd Brood:

Our Arms, our Seas, our Shores, oppos'd to theirs,
And the same Hate descend on all our Heirs.

905

This said, within her anxious Mind she weighs
The Means of cutting short her odious Days.

Then to *Sichæus'* Nurse she briefly said,
(For when she left her Country, hers was dead)

Go *Barce*, call my Sister; let her Care

910

The solemn Rites of Sacrifice prepare:

The Sheep, and all th' attoneing Off'rings bring;

Sprinkling her Body from the Crystal Spring

With living Drops: then let her come, and thou

With sacred Fillets bind thy hoary Brow.

915

Thus will I pay my Vows to *Stygian Fove*;

And end the Cares of my disastrous Love.

Then cast the *Trojan* Image on the Fire;

And as that burns, my Passion shall expire.

The Nurse moves onward, with officious Care,

920

And all the speed her aged Limbs can bear.

But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,

Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd.

With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face,

925

Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Face:

Chastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath,

And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death.

Then swiftly to the fatal Place she pass'd;

And mounts the Fun'ral Pile, with furious Haste.

Un-

Unsheath the Sword the *Trojan* left behind,

930

(Not for so dire an Enterprize design'd,)

But when she view'd the Garments loosely spread,

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious Bed,

She paus'd, and, with a Sigh, the Robes embrac'd;

Then on the Couch her trembling Body cast,

935

Repres'd the ready Tears, and spoke her last.

Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,

Receive a Soul, of mortal Anguish eas'd:

My fatal Course is finish'd; and I go

A glorious Name, among the Ghosts below.

940

A lofty City by my Hands is rais'd;

Pygmalion punish'd, and my Lord appeas'd.

What cou'd my Fortune have afforded more,

Had the false *Trojan* never touch'd my Shore!

Then kiss'd the Couch; and must I die, she said;

945

And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!

Yet ev'n this Death with Pleasure I receive;

On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.

These Flames, from far, may the false *Trojan* view;

These boding Omens his base Flight pursue.

950

She said, and struck: Deep enter'd in her Side

The piercing Steel, with reeking Purple dy'd:

Clog'd in the Wound the cruel Weapon stands;

The spouting Blood came streaming on her Hands.

Her sad Attendants saw the deadly Stroke, 955
 And with loud Cries the sounding Palace shook.
 Distracted from the fatal Sight they fled;
 And thro' the Town the dismal Rumour spread.
 First from the frightened Court, the Yell began,
 Redoubled thence from House to House it ran: 960
 The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries
 Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.
 Not less the Clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by Foes on Fire,
 The rowling Ruin, with their lov'd Abodes, 965
 Involv'd the blazing Temples of their Gods.
 Her Sister hears, and, furious with Despair,
 She beats her Breast, and rends her yellow Hair:
 And calling on *Eliza's* Name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the Place, and breaks the Crowd. 970
 Was all that Pomp of Woe for this prepar'd,
 These Fires, this Fun'ral Pile, these Altars rear'd;
 Was all this Train of Plots contriv'd, said she,
 All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? didst thou in Death pretend 975
 To scorn thy Sister, or delude thy Friend!
 Thy summon'd Sister, and thy Friend had come:
 One Sword had serv'd us both, one common Tomb.
 Was I to raise the Pile, the Pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal Stroke? 980

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At once thou hast destroy'd thy self and me;
 Thy Town, thy Senate, and thy Colony !
 Bring Water, bathe the Wound; while I in Death
 Lay close my Lips to hers, and catch the flying Breath.
 This said, she mounts the Pile with eager Haste; 985
 And in her Arms the gasping Queen embrac'd:
 Her Temples chaf'd; and her own Garments tore
 To stanch the streaming Blood, and cleanse the Gore.
 Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head,
 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed. 990
 Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and saw the Light,
 But having found it, sicken'd at the Sight;
 And clos'd her Lids at last, in endless Night. }
 Then *Juno*, grieving that she shou'd sustain
 A Death so lingring, and so full of Pain; 995
 Sent *Iris* down, to free her from the Strife
 Of lab'ring Nature, and dissolve her Life.
 For since she dy'd, not doom'd by Heav'n's Decree,
 Or her own Crime; but Human Casualty,
 And Rage of Love, that plung'd her in Despair 1000
 The Sisters had not cut the topmost Hair,
 Which *Proserpine*, and they can only know;
 Nor made her sacred to the Shades below.
 Downward the various Goddesses took her Flight;
 And drew a thousand Colours from the Light: 1005

Then stood above the dying Lover's Head,
And said, I thus devote thee to the Dead.
This Off'ring to th' Infernal Gods I bear:
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal Hair;
The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life dissolv'd in
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Æ N E I S.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas setting Sail from Africk, is driven by a Storm on the Coasts of Sicily: Where he is hospitably receiv'd by his Friend Acestes, King of part of the Island, and born of Trojan Parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the Memory of his Father with Divine Honours: And accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who shou'd conquer in them. While the Ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to perswade the Trojan Women to burn the Ships, who upon her Instigation set Fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consum'd the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous Shower extinguish'd it. Upon this Æneas, by the Advice of one of his Generals, and a Vision of his Father, builds a City for the Women, Old Men, and others, who were either unfit for War, or weary of the Voyage, and Sails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a safe Voyage for him and all his Men, excepting only his Pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.



EA N time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his Voyage, thro' the curling Sea:
Then, casting back his Eyes, with dire
Amaze,

Sees on the *Punic* Shore the mounting Blaze.

The Cause unknown; yet his presaging Mind,
 The Fate of *Dido* from the Fire divin'd:
 He knew the stormy Souls of Woman-kind:
 What secret Springs their eager Passions move,
 How capable of Death for injur'd Love.
 Dire Auguries from hence the *Trojans* draw;
 Till neither Fires, nor shining Shores they saw.
 Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound;
 An empty Space above, a floating Field around.
 But soon the Heav'n's with shadows were o'erspread;
 A swelling Cloud hung hov'ring o'er their Head:
 Livid it look'd, (the threatning of a Storm;) 15
 Then Night and Horror Ocean's Face deform.
 The Pilot, *Palinurus*, cry'd aloud,
 What Gusts of Weather from that gath'ring Cloud
 My Thoughts presage; e'er yet the Tempest roars, 20
 Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars;
 Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind:
 The frighted Crew perform the Task assign'd.
 Then, to his fearless Chief, Not Heav'n, said he,
 Tho' *Jove* himself shou'd promise *Italy*, 25
 Can stem the Torrent of this raging Sea.
 Mark how the shifting Winds from West arise,
 And what collected Night involves the Skies!
 Nor can our shaken Vessels live at Sea,
 Much less against the Tempest force their way; 30
 'Tis Fate diverts our Course; and Fate we must obey.

Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
 The southing of the Stars, and Polar Light,
Sicilia lies; whose hospitable Shores
 In safety we may reach with struggling Oars. 35

Æneas then reply'd, Too sure I find,
 We strive in vain against the Seas, and Wind:
 Now shift your Sails: What Place can please me more
 Than what you promise, the *Sicilian* Shore;
 Whose hallow'd Earth *Anchises'* Bones contains, 40
 And where a Prince of *Trojan* Lineage reigns?
 The Course resolv'd, before the Western Wind
 They scud amain; and make the Port assign'd.

Mean time *Acestes*, from a lofty Stand,
 Beheld the Fleet descending on the Land; 45
 And not unmindful of his ancient Race,
 Down from the Cliff he ran with eager Pace:
 And held the Heroe in a strict Embrace. }
 Of a rough *Libyan* Bear the Spoils he wore;
 And either Hand a pointed Jav'lin bore. 50

His Mother was a Dame of *Dardan* Blood;
 His Sire *Crimisus*, a *Sicilian* Flood;
 He welcomes his returning Friends ashore
 With plenteous Country Cates, and homely Store.

Now, when the following Morn had chas'd away 55
 The flying Stars, and Light restor'd the Day,

Æneas

Æneas call'd the *Trojan* Troops around;
 And thus bespoke them from a rising Ground.
 Off-spring of Heav'n, Divine *Dardanian* Race,
 The Sun revolving thro' th' *Ethereal* Space,
 The shining Circle of the Year has fill'd,
 Since first this Isle my Father's Ashes held:
 And now the rising Day renews the Year,
 (A Day for ever sad, for ever dear,)
 This wou'd I celebrate with Annual Games,
 With Gifts on Altars pil'd, and holy Flames,
 Tho' banish'd to *Getulia's* barren Sands,
 Caught on the *Grecian* Seas, or hostile Lands:
 But since this happy Storm our Fleet has driv'n
 (Not, as I deem, without the Will of Heav'n,)
 Upon these friendly Shores, and flow'ry Plains,
 Which hide *Æchses*, and his blest Remains;
 Let us with Joy perform his Honours due;
 And pray for prosp'rous Winds, our Voyage to renew
 Pray, that in Towns, and Temples of our own,
 The Name of great *Æchses* may be known;
 And yearly Games may spread the Gods renown.
 Our Sports, *Æcestes* of the *Trojan* Race,
 With royal Gifts, ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
 Two Steers on ev'ry Ship the King bestows;
 His Gods and ours shall share your equal Vows.

6a

6b

7a

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8c

Besides, if nine Days hence, the rosy Morn
 Shall with unclouded Light the Skies adorn,
 That Day with solemn Sports I mean to grace;
 Light Gallies on the Seas shall run a wat'ry Race. 85
 Some shall in Swiftneſs for the Goal contend,

And others try the twanging Bow to bend:
 The strong with Iron Gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
 Oppos'd in Combat on the yellow Sand.

Let all be present at the Games prepar'd; 90
 And joyful Victors wait the Juſt Reward.

But now aſſiſt the Rites, with Garlands crown'd;
 He ſaid, and firſt his Brows with Myrtle bound.

Then *Helymus*, by his Example led,
 And old *Aceſtes*, each adorn'd his Head; 95
 Thus, young *Ascanius*, with a ſprightly Grace,
 His Temples ty'd, and all the *Trojan* Race.

Aeneas then advanc'd amidſt the Train,
 By Thouſands follow'd thro' the flow'ry Plain,
 To great *Anchiſes'* Tomb: Which when he found, 100
 He pour'd to *Bacchus*, on the hallow'd Ground,
 Two Bowls of ſparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
 And two from offer'd Bulls of Purple Gore.

With Roſes then the Sepulchre he ſtrow'd;
 And thus, his Father's Ghoſt beſpoke aloud. 105

Hail, O ye Holy Manes; hail again
 Paternal Aſhes, now review'd in vain!

The

The Gods permitted not, that you, with me,
 Shou'd reach the promis'd Shores of *Italy*;
 Or *Tyber's* Flood, what Flood so e'er it be.

110

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled Pride,
 A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide;
 His huge Bulk on sev'n high Volumes roll'd;
 Blue was his breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold:

Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass

115

A rowling Fire along; and singe the Grass.

More various Colours thro' his Body run,
 Than *Iris* when her Bow imbibes the Sun;

Betwixt the rising Altars, and around,

The sacred Monster shot along the Ground;

120

With harmless Play amidst the Bowls he pass'd;

And with his lolling Tongue assay'd the Taste:

Thus fed with Holy Food, the wond'rous Guest

Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to rest.

The Pious Prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,

125

The Fun'ral Honours with more Zeal renew'd:

Doubtful if this the Place's Genius were,

Or Guardian of his Father's Sepulchre.

Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he slew;

As many Swine, and Steers of fable Hue;

130

New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,

And call'd his Father's Ghost, from Hell restor'd.

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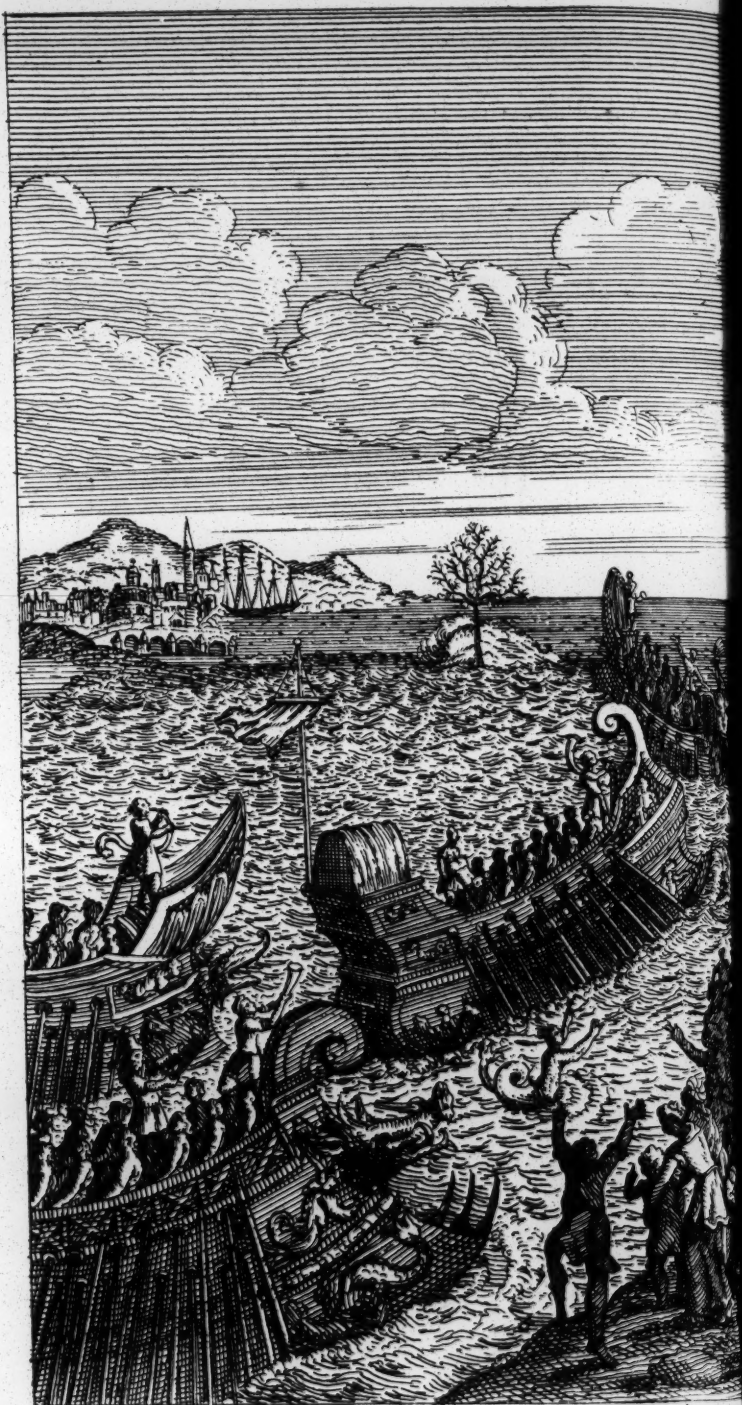
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Whic

The glad Attendants in long Order come,
 Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchises* Tomb;
 Some add more Oxen, some divide the Spoil,
 Some place the Chargers on the grassy Soil;
 Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Entrails broil.

135 }

Now came the Day desir'd; the Skies were bright
 With rosy Lustre of the rising Light:

The bord'ring People, rowz'd by sounding Fame 140
 Of *Trojan* Feasts, and great *Acestes*' Name;
 The crowded Shore with Acclamations fill,
 Part to behold, and part to prove their Skill.

And first the Gifts in Publick View they place, 144
 Green Lawrel Wreaths, and Palm, (the Victor's grace:)
 Within the Circle, Arms and Tripods-lye;
 Ingotts of Gold, and Silver, heap'd, on high;
 And Vests embroider'd of the *Tyrian* dye.

}

The Trumpet's clangor then the Feast proclaims;
 And all prepare for their appointed Games. 150
 Four Gallies first which equal Rowers bear,
 Advancing, in the wat'ry Lifts appear.

The speedy *Dolphin*, that out-strips the Wind,
 Bore *Mnestheus*, Author of the *Memmian* kind:
Gyas, the vast *Chimera*'s Bulk commands, 155
 Which rising like a tow'ring City stands:

Three

Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar;
 Three Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore;
 Beneath their sturdy Stroaks the Billows roar.

Sergesthus, who began the *Sergian* Race,
 In the great *Centaur* took the leading Place:
Cloanthus on the Sea-green *Scylla* stood;
 From whom *Cluentius* draws his *Trojan* Blood.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shoar,
 There stands a Rock; the raging Billows roar
 Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
 In Peace below the gentle Waters run;
 The Cormorants above, lye basking in the Sun.
 On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in sight,
 The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars;
 Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shoars.
 The Lots decide their place; above the rest,
 Each Leader shining in his *Tyrian* Vest:
 The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
 Besmear'd with Oil, their naked Shoulders shine;
 All take their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.
 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
 Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.

The clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign ;

At once they start, advancing in a Line :

With shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies ;

Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise ;

Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.

Exact in time, with equal Strokes they row ;

At once the brushing Oars, and brazen Prow

Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.

Not fiery Courfers, in a Chariot Race,

Invade the Field with half so swift a Pace.

Not the fierce Driver with more Fury lends

The sounding Lash ; and, e'er the Stroke descends,

Low to the Wheels his pliant Body bends.

The partial Crowd their Hopes and Fears divide ;

And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd Side.

Cries, Murmurs, Clamours, with a mixing Sound,

From Woods to Woods, from Hills to Hills rebound.

Amidst the loud Applauses of the Shore,

Gyas outstrip'd the rest, and sprung before ;

Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast ;

But his o'er-masted Gally check'd his Haste.

The Centaur, and the Dolphin brush the brine

With equal Oars, advancing in a Line :

And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,

And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head :

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Now

Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row;
 The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below,
 They reach'd the Mark; proud *Gyas* and his Train,
 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main:

210

But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
 More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand.

Let others bear to Sea. *Menates* heard,
 But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd:
 And fearing, fought the Deep; and still aloof he steer'd.

216

With louder Cries the Captain call'd again;
 Bear to the rocky Shore, and shun the Main.

He spoke, and speaking at his Stern he saw
 The bold *Cloanthus* near the Shelvings draw;

220

Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* stood,
 And in a closer Compass plow'd the Flood,

He pass'd the Mark; and wheeling got before;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore,

Cry'd out for Anger, and his Hair he tore.

Mindless of others Lives, (so high was grown
 His rising Rage,) and careless of his own,

225

The trembling Dotard to the Deck he drew,
 And hoisted up, and over-board he threw:

This done he seiz'd the Helm; his Fellows cheer'd;
 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his Head, the plunging Pilot rears,
 Clog'd with his Cloaths, and cumber'd with his Years:

Now

Now dropping wet, he climbs the Cliff with Pain;
 The Crowd that saw him fall, and float again,
 Shout from the distant Shore; and loudly laught, 235

210 To see his heaving Breast disgorge the briny Draught.

The following *Centaur*, and the *Dolphin's* Crew,

Their vanish'd hopes of Victory renew:

While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race,

To reach the Mark; *Sergesthus* takes the place: 240

Mnestheus pursues; and while around they wind,

215 Comes up, not half his Gally's length behind.

Then, on the Deck amidst his Mates appear'd,

And thus their drooping Courages he cheer'd.

My Friends, and *Hector's* Followers heretofore; 245

220 Exert your Vigour, tug the lab'ring Oar;

Stretch to your Stroaks, my still unconquer'd Crew,

Whom from the flaming Walls of *Troy* I drew.

In this, our common Int'rest, let me find 250

That strength of Hand, that courage of the Mind,

225 As when you stem'd the strong *Malean* Flood,

And o'er the *Syrtes* broken Billows row'd.

I seek not now the foremost Palm to gain;

Tho' yet----But ah, that haughty Wish is vain!

Let those enjoy it whom the Gods ordain. 255

But to be last, the Lags of all the Race,

Redeem your selves and me from that Disgrace.

ars:

Now

Now

Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the Brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em sinks; their lab'ring sides
Are swell'd, and Sweat run gutt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd Success;
Sergesthus, eager with his Beak, to press
Betwixt the Rival Gally and the Rock;
Shuts up th' unweildly *Centaur* in the Lock.
The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful shock
Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke.
The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
And anxious for themselves renounce the Prize.
With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores;
And gather, from the Sea, their floating Oars.
The Crew of *Mnestheus*, with elated Minds,
Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds:
Then ply their Oars and cut their liquid way;
In larger Compass on the roomy Sea.
As when the Dove her Rocky Hold forsakes,
Rows'd in a Fright, her sounding Wings she shakes,
The Cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
And leaves her Callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her Wings:
So *Mnestheus* in the *Dolphin* cuts the Sea,
And flying with a force, that force assists his Way.

Sergesthus in the *Centaur* soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and sticking fast. 285

260 In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practices to row with shatter'd Oars.

Then *Mnestheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies:

The Ship without a Pilot yields the Prize.

Uvanquish'd *Scylla* now alone remains; 290

265 Her he pursues; and all his Vigour strains.

Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude arise,

Applauding Echo to the Shouts replies;

Shouts, Wishes, and Applause run rattling thro' the Skies. 295

These Clamours with Disdain the *Scylla* heard; 295

270 Much grudg'd the Praise, but more the rob'd Reward:

Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace;

All obstinate to dye, or gain the Race.

Rais'd with Success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran,

For they can Conquer who believe they can:) 300

275 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies;

And both, perhaps, had shar'd an equal Prize;

Then to the Seas *Cloanthus* holds his Hands,

And Succour from the Wat'ry Pow'rs demands:

Gods of the liquid Realms, on which I row, 305

280 giv'n by you, the Lawrel bind my Brow,

Lift to make me guilty of my Vow.

Snow-white Bull shall on your Shoar be slain,

His offer'd Entrails cast into the Main;

And

And ruddy Wine from golden Goblets thrown,
 Your graceful Gift, and my Return shall own.
 The Quire of Nymphs, and *Phorcus* from below,
 With Virgin *Panopea*, heard his Vow;
 And old *Portunus*, with his Breadth of Hand;
 Push'd on, and sped the Gally to the Land.
 Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, she flies;
 And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize,

The Herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus Conqu'ror of the Naval Games.

The Prince with Lawrel crowns the Victor's Head,
 And three fat Steers are to his Vessel led;

The Ship's Reward: with gen'rous Wine beside;
 And Sums of Silver, which the Crew divide.

The Leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;

The Victor honour'd with a nobler Vest:

Where Gold and Purple strive in equal Rows;

And Needle-work its happy Cost bestows.

There, *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,

Chasing thro' *Ida's* Groves the trembling Heart:

Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:

When from aloft, descends in open View,

The Bird of *Jove*; and fowling on his Prey,

With crooked Tallons bears the Boy away.

In vain, with lifted Hands, and gazing Eyes,

His Guards behold him soaring thro' the Skies;

And Dogs pursue his Flight, with imitated Cries.

310 *Mnestheus* the second Victor was declar'd;
And summon'd there, the second Prize he shar'd.
A Coat of Mail, which brave *Demoleus* bore;
More brave *Aeneas* from his Shoulders tore;
In single Combat on the *Trojan* Shore.

340 }

315 This was ordain'd for *Mnestheus* to possess;
In War for his Defence; for Ornament in Peace.

Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;

But yet so pond'rous with its Plates of Gold,

345

That scarce two Servants cou'd the Weight sustain;

320 Yet, loaded thus, *Demoleus* o'er the Plain

Pursu'd, and lightly seiz'd the *Trojan* Train.

The Third succeeding to the last Reward,

Two goodly Bowls of Massy Silver shar'd;

350

With Figures prominent, and richly wrought

325 And two Brass Caldrons from *Dodona* brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the Hero's Hands,

Their conqu'ring Temples bound with purple Bands.

And now *Sergesthus*, clearing from the Rock,

335

Brought back his Gally shatter'd with the Shock.

330 Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding Oar;

And howted, by the Vulgar, made to Shoar.

As when a Snake, surpris'd upon the Road,

Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load

360

Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound

335 Her Belly bruis'd, and trodden to the Ground:

In

In vain, with loosen'd Curls, she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue:
 Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales, 365
 But groveling in the Dust, her Parts unfound she trails.
 So slowly to the Port the *Centaur* tends,
 But what she wants in Oars, with Sails amends:
 Yet for his Gally fav'd, the grateful Prince,
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy Chief to recompence. 370
Pholoe, the *Cretan* Slave, rewards his Care,
 Beauteous her self, with lovely Twins, as fair.

From thence his way the *Trojan* Heroe bent,
 Into the neighb'ring Plain, with Mountains pent;
 Whose Sides were shaded with furrounding Wood: 375
 Full in the midst of this fair Vally stood
 A Native Theatre, which rising slow,
 By just Degrees, o'erlook'd the Ground below.
 High on a Sylvan Throne the Leader fate;
 A num'rous Train attend in solemn State;
 Here those, that in the rapid Course delight,
 Desire of Honour, and the Prize invite.
 The Rival Runners, without Order stand,
 The *Trojans*, mix'd with the *Sicilian* Band.
 First *Nisus*, with *Euryalus*, appears,
Euryalus a Boy of blooming Years.
 With sprightly Grace, and equal Beauty crown'd:
Nisus, for Friendship to the Youth, renown'd.

Diores, next, of *Priam's* Royal Race,

Then *Salius*, join'd with *Patron*, took their Place: 390

But *Patron* in *Arcadia* had his Birth,

And *Salius* his, from *Acarmanian* Earth.

Then two *Sicilian* Youths, the Names of these

Swift *Helymus*, and lovely *Panopes*:

Both jolly Huntsmen, both in Forests bred, 395

370 And owning old *Aceses* for their Head.

With sev'ral others of Ignobler Name,

Whom Time has not deliver'd o'er to Fame.

To these the Heroe thus his Thoughts explain'd,

In Words, which gen'ral Approbation gain'd. 400

375 One common Largefs is for all design'd:

The Vanquish'd and the Victor shall be join'd.

Two Darts of polish'd Steel, and *Gnosian* Wood,

Silver studded Ax alike bestow'd.

The foremost three have Olive Wreaths decreed; 405

380 The first of these obtains a stately Steed

Adorn'd with Trappings; and the next in Fame,

The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd;

Golden Belt shall gird his Manly Side, 410

385 Which with a sparkling Diamond shall be ty'd:

The third this *Grecian* Helmet shall content.

And to their appointed Base they went:

With beating Hearts th'expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Barrier leave. 415
Spread out, as on the winged Winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy View.
Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'er-pass'd;
Nor Storms, nor Thunder, equal half his Haste.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far dis-join'd, 420
Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;
Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almost Side by Side:
His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space,
Had won, or left at least a dubious Race. 425

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last;
When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his Haste,
Slipp'd first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen, newly slain:
The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way; 430
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
His Head flew up; and on the grassy Floor
He fell, besmear'd with Filth, and Holy Gore.
Not mindful then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity; 435
He strove th' immediate Rival's hope to cross;
And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose:
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain;
Euryalus springs out, the Prize to gain;

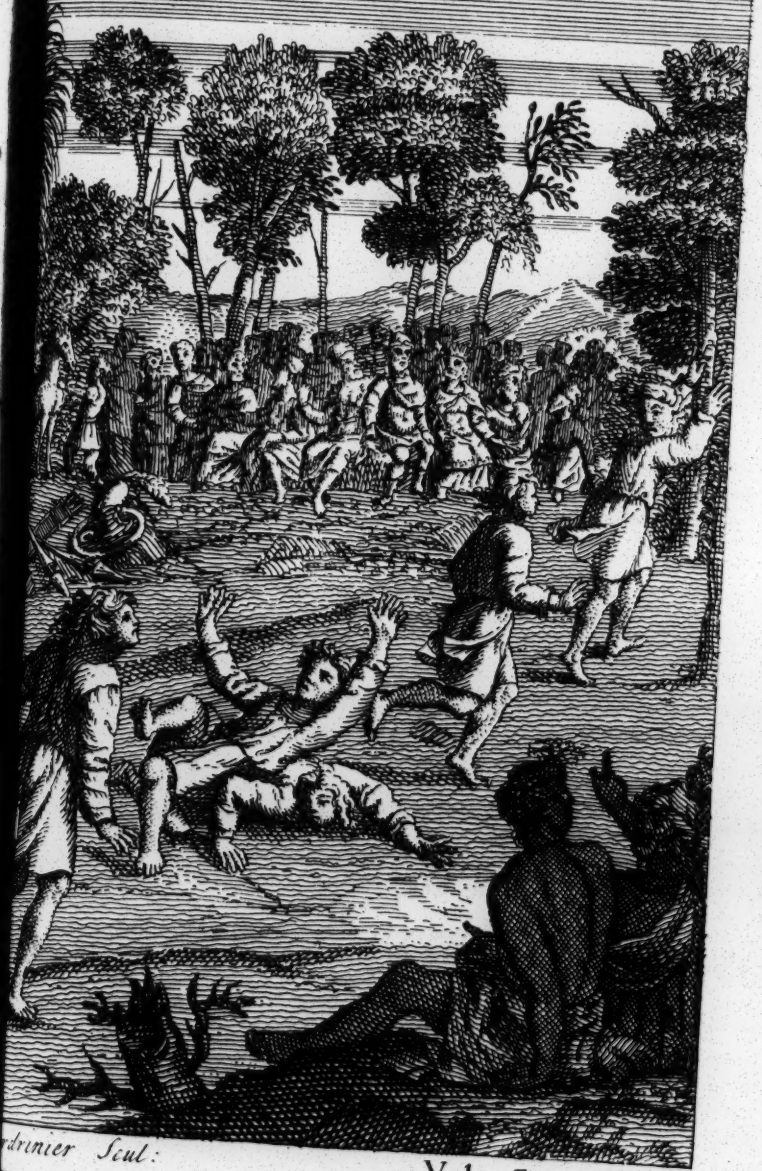
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And leaves the Crowd; applauding Peals attend 440

The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend.

Next *Helymus*, and then *Diores* came,

By two Misfortunes made the third in Fame.

But *Salius* enters; and, exclaiming loud

For Justice, deafens, and disturbs the Crowd: 445

Urges his Cause may in the Court be heard;

And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

But Favour for *Euryalus* appears;

His blooming Beauty, with his tender Years,

Had brib'd the Judges for the promis'd Prize; 450

Besides *Diores* fills the Court with Cries,

Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,

If the first Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.

Then thus the Prince; Let no Disputes arise:

Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize. 455

But Fortune's Errors give me leave to mend,

At least to pity my deserving Friend.

He said, and from among the Spoils, he draws,

Pond'rous with shaggy Main, and golden Faws)

A Lyon's Hide; to *Salius* this he gives: 460

Nisus with Envy sees the Gift, and grieves.

If such Rewards to vanquish'd Men are due,

He said, and Falling is to rise by you,

What Prize may *Nisus* from your Bounty claim,

Who merited the first Rewards and Fame? 465

In falling, both an equal Fortune try'd;
 Wou'd Fortune for my Fall so well provide!
 With this he pointed to his Face, and show'd
 His Hands, and all his Habit smear'd with Blood.
 Th' indulgent Father of the People smil'd;
 470 And caus'd to be produc'd an ample Shield;
 Of wond'rous Art by *Didymaon* wrought,
 Long since from *Neptune's* Bars in Triumph brought.
 This giv'n to *Nisus*; he divides the rest;
 And equal Justice, in his Gifts, express'd.
 475 The Race thus ended, and Rewards bestow'd;
 Once more the Prince bespeaks th' attentive Crowd.
 If there be here, whose dauntless Courage dare
 In Gauntlet fight, with Limbs and Body bare,
 His opposite sustain in open View,
 480 Stand forth the Champion; and the Games renew.
 Two Prizes I propose, and thus divide,
 A Bull with gilded Morns, and Fillets ty'd,
 Shall be the Portion of the conqu'ring Chief:
 A Sword and Helm shall cheer the Loser's Grief.

Then haughty *Dares* in the Lists appears;
 Stalking he strides, his Head erected bears:
 His nervous Arms the weighty Gauntlet wield;
 And loud Applauses echo thro' the Field.
Dares alone, in Combat us'd to stand
 490 The Match of mighty *Paris* hand to hand;

The same, at *Hector's* Fun'ral undertook
 Gigantick *Butes*, of th' *Amician* Stock;
 And by the Stroke of his resistless Hand,
 Stretch'd the vast Bulk upon the yellow Sand. 495
 Such *Dares* was; and such he strode along,
 And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.
 His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows;
 His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;
 And deals, in whistling Air, his empty Blows. 500 }
 His Match is fought; but thro' the trembling Band,
 Not one dares answer to the proud Demand.
 Presuming of his Force, with sparkling Eyes,
 Already he devours the promis'd Prize.
 He claims the Bull with awless Insolence; 505
 And having seiz'd his Horns, accosts the Prince.
 If none my matchless Valour dares oppose,
 How long shall *Dares* wait his dastard Foes?
 Permit me, Chief, permit without Delay,
 To lead this uncontended Gift away. 510
 The Crowd assents; and, with redoubled Cries,
 For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.
Acesses, fir'd with just Disdain, to see
 The Palm usurp'd without a Victory;
 Reproach'd *Entellus* thus, who sat beside, 515
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the *Trojan's* Pride:

Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd Crown?
 A Prize in Triumph born before your Sight,
 And shun for fear the Danger of the Fight? 522
 Where is our *Eryx* now, the boasted Name,
 The God who taught your thund'ring Arm the Game.
 Where now your baffled Honour, where the Spoil
 That fill'd your House, and Fame that fill'd our Isle?
Entellus, thus: My Soul is still the same; 525
 Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with martial Fame;
 But my chill Blood is curdled in my Veins;
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.
 Oh, cou'd I turn to that fair Prime again,
 That Prime, of which this Boaster is so vain, 530
 The Brave who this decrepid Age defies,
 Shou'd feel my Force, without the promis'd Prize.
 He said, and rising at the Word, he threw
 Two pond'rous Gauntlets down, in open view:
 Gauntlets, which *Eryx* wont in Fight to wield, 535
 And sheath his Hands with in the lifted Field.
 With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Crowd beholds
 The Gloves of Death, with sev'n distinguish'd Folds
 Of tough Bull Hides; the Space within is spread
 With Iron, or with loads of heavy Lead. 540
Dares himself was daunted at the Sight,
 Renounc'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd at their Weight the Heroe stands,
 And pois'd the pond'rous Engins in his Hands.
 What had your Wonder, said *Entellus*, been, 545
 Had you the Gauntlets of *Alcides* seen,
 Or view'd the stern Debate on this unhappy Green!
 These which I bear, your Brother *Eryx* bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.
 With these he long sustain'd th' *Herculean* Arms; 550
 And these I wielded while my Blood was warm:
 This languish'd Frame, while better Spirits fed,
 E'er Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'erfnow'd my Head.
 But if the Challenger these Arms refuse,
 And cannot weild their Weight, or dare not use; 555
 If great *Aeneas*, and *Acestes* join
 In his Request, these Gauntlets I resign:
 Let us with equal Arms perform the Fight,
 And let him leave to Fear, since I resign my Right.
 This said, *Entellus* for the Strife prepares; 560
 Strip'd of his quilted Coat, his Body bares:
 Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands,
 A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.
 Then just *Aeneas* equal Arms supply'd,
 Which round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd.
 Both on the Tiptoe stand, at full Extent, 566
 Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent;

Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear a-far;
 With clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
 One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies; 570
 One on his Sinews, and his Gyant fize.
 The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,
 He heaves for Breath, he staggers to and fro:
 And Clouds of issuing Smoak his Nostrils loudly blow. }
 Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike; 575
 Their Ways are diff'rent, but their Art alike.
 Before, behind, the Blows are dealt; around
 Their hollow Sides the ratling Thumps resound.
 A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,
 And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes. 580
 Nor always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws
 A sweeping Stroke, along the crackling Jaws.
 Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,
 But with his warping Body wards the Wound.
 His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace; 585
 While *Dares* traverses, and shifts his Place.
 And like a Captain, who beleaguers round
 Some strong-built Castle, on a rising Ground,
 Views all th' Approaches with observing Eyes,
 This, and that other Part, in vain he tries; 590
 And more on Industry, than Force relies:

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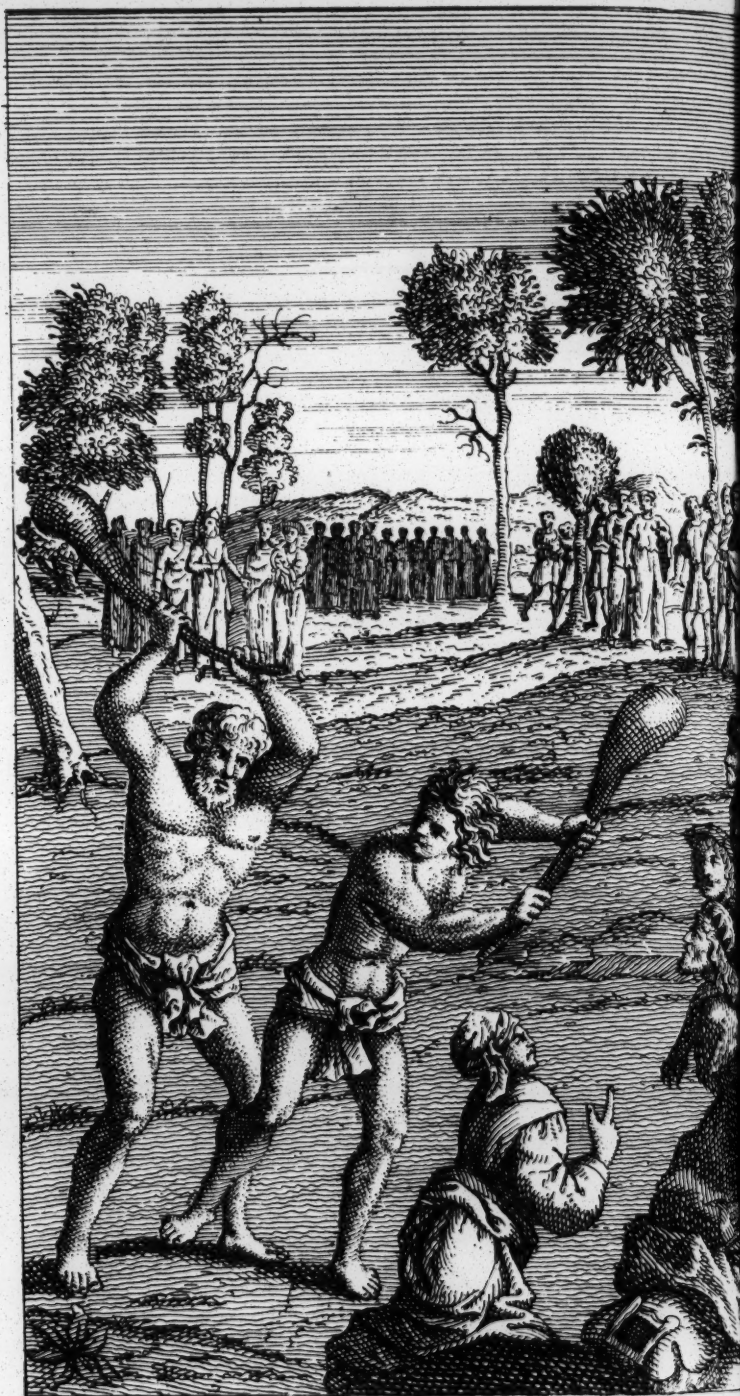
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With



P. Fourdrinier Scul.

With Hands on high, *Entellus* threatens the Foe;
 But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,
 And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long descending Blow.

Entellus wastes his Forces on the Wind; 595

And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,
 Headlong, and heavy fell: his ample Breast,
 And weighty Limbs, his ancient Mother press'd.

So falls a hollow Pine, that long had stood

On *Ida's* Height, or *Erymanthus* Wood, 600

Torn from the Roots: the diff'ring Nations rise,
 And Shouts, and mingled Murmurs, rend the Skies.

Acestes runs, with eager Haste, to raise

The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:

Dauntless he rose, and to the Fight return'd: 605

With Shame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with Fury burn'd.

Disdain, and conscious Virtue fir'd his Breast;

And with redoubled Force his Foe he press'd.

He lays on Load with either Hand, amain,

And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the Plain. 610

Nor stops, nor stays; nor Rest, nor Breath allows,

But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows;

A ratling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.

But now the Prince, who saw the wild Increase

Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to cease: 615

And bounds *Entellus'* Wrath, and bids the Peace.

First to the *Trojan*, spent with Toil, he came,
 And sooth'd his Sorrow for the suffer'd Shame.
 What Fury seiz'd my Friend? the Gods, said he,
 To him propitious, and averse to thee,
 Have giv'n his Arm superior Force to thine; 619
 'Tis Madness to contend with Strength Divine.
 The Gauntlet Fight thus ended, from the Shore
 His faithful Friends unhappy *Dares* bore:
 His Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood; 625
 And pounded Teeth came rushing with his Blood.
 Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing Throng;
 And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.
 The Sword and Casque are carry'd by his Train;
 But with his Foe the Palm and Ox remain. 630

The Champion, then, before *Æneas* came,
 Proud of his Prize; but prouder of his Fame;
 O Goddess-born, and you *Dardanian* Host,
 Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boast:
 Learn what I was, by what remains; and know 635
 From what impending Fate, you sav'd my Foe.
 Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the Bull;
 And, on his ample Forehead, aiming full,
 The deadly Stroke descending, pierc'd the Skull. }
 Down drops the Beast; nor needs a second Wound, 640
 But sprawls in Pangs of Death, and spurns the Ground.

Then

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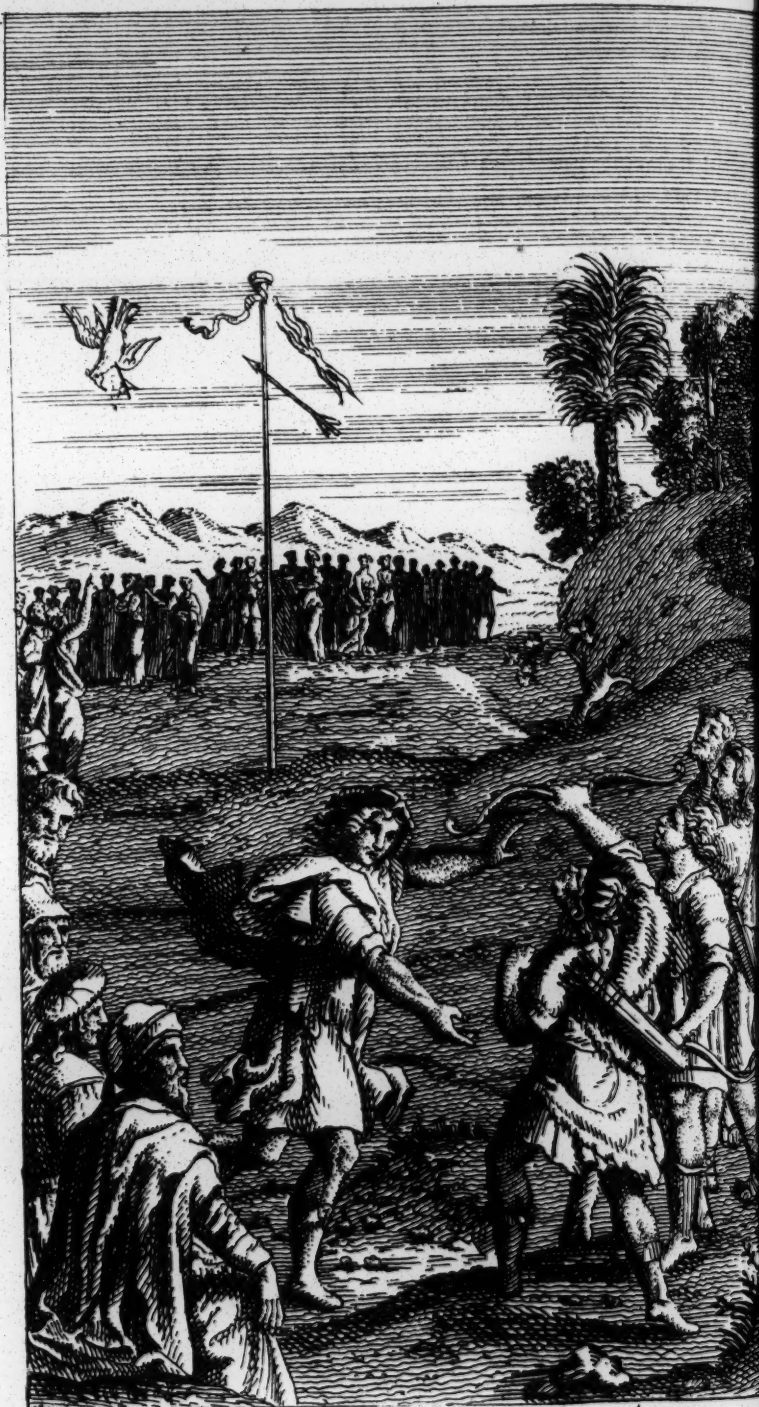
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Then



P. Fourdrinier. Scul.

Then, thus: In *Dares* stead I offer this;

Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice:

Take the last Gift my wither'd Arms can yield,

Thy Gauntlets I resign; and here renounce the Field. 645

This done, *Æneas* orders, for the close,

The Strife of Archers, with contending Bows.

The Mast, *Sergesthus*' shatter'd Gally bore,

With his own Hands, he raises on the Shore:

A flutt'ring Dove upon the Top they tye,

650

The living Mark at which their Arrows fly.

The Rival Archers in a Line advance;

Their turn of Shooting to receive from Chance.

A Helmet holds their Names: The Lots are drawn,

On the first Scroll was read *Hippocoon*:

655

The People shout; upon the next was found

Young *Mnestheus*, late with Naval Honours crown'd:

The third contain'd *Eurytion*'s Noble Name,

Thy Brother, *Pandarus*, and next in Fame:

Whom *Pallas* urg'd the Treaty to confound,

660

And send among the *Greeks* a feather'd Wound.

Aestes in the bottom, last remain'd;

Whom not his Age from youthful Sports restrain'd.

Soon all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,

And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose:

665

Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful Sway

It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid Way:

Fix'd

Fix'd in the Mast the feather'd Weapon stands,
 The fearful Pidgeon futters in her Bands;
 And the Tree trembled: and the shouting Cries
 Of the pleas'd People, rend the vaulted Skies.
 Then *Mnestheus* to the Head his Arrow drove,
 With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;
 But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove.
 Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord
 Which fasten'd, by the Foot, the sitting Bird.
 The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
 And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
 His Bow already bent, *Eurytion* stood,
 And having first invok'd his Brother God,
 His winged Shaft with eager Haste he sped;
 The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:
 She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground;
 And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Acestes grudging at his Lot, remains,
 Without a Prize to gratify his Pains.
 Yet shooting upward, sends his Shaft, to show
 An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.
 The feather'd Arrow gave a dire Portent:
 And latter Augures judge from this Event.
 Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and as it flew,
 A Trail of following Flames, ascending drew:

670

675

680

685

690

Kindling

Kindling they mount; and mark the shiny Way:

Across the Skies as falling Meteors play,

And vanish into Wind; or in a Blaze decay.

}
695 }

The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* wildly stare:

And trembling, turn their Wonder into Pray'r.

The *Dardan* Prince put on a smiling Face,

And strain'd *Acestes* with a close Embrace:

Then hon'ring him with Gifts above the rest,

700

Turn'd the bad Omen, nor his Fears confess'd.

The Gods, said he, this Miracle have wrought;

And order'd you the Prize without the Lot.

Accept this Goblet rough with figur'd Gold,

Which *Thracian Cisseus* gave my Sire of old:

705

This Pledge of ancient Amity receive,

Which to my second Sire I justly give.

He said, and with the Trumpets chearful sound,

Proclaim'd him Victor, and with Lawrel crown'd.

Nor good *Eurytion* envy'd him the Prize;

710

Tho' he transfix'd the Pidgeon in the Skies.

Who cut the Line, with second Gifts was grac'd;

The third was his, whose Arrow pierc'd the Mast.

The Chief, before the Games were wholly done,

Call'd *Periphantes*, Tutor to his Son;

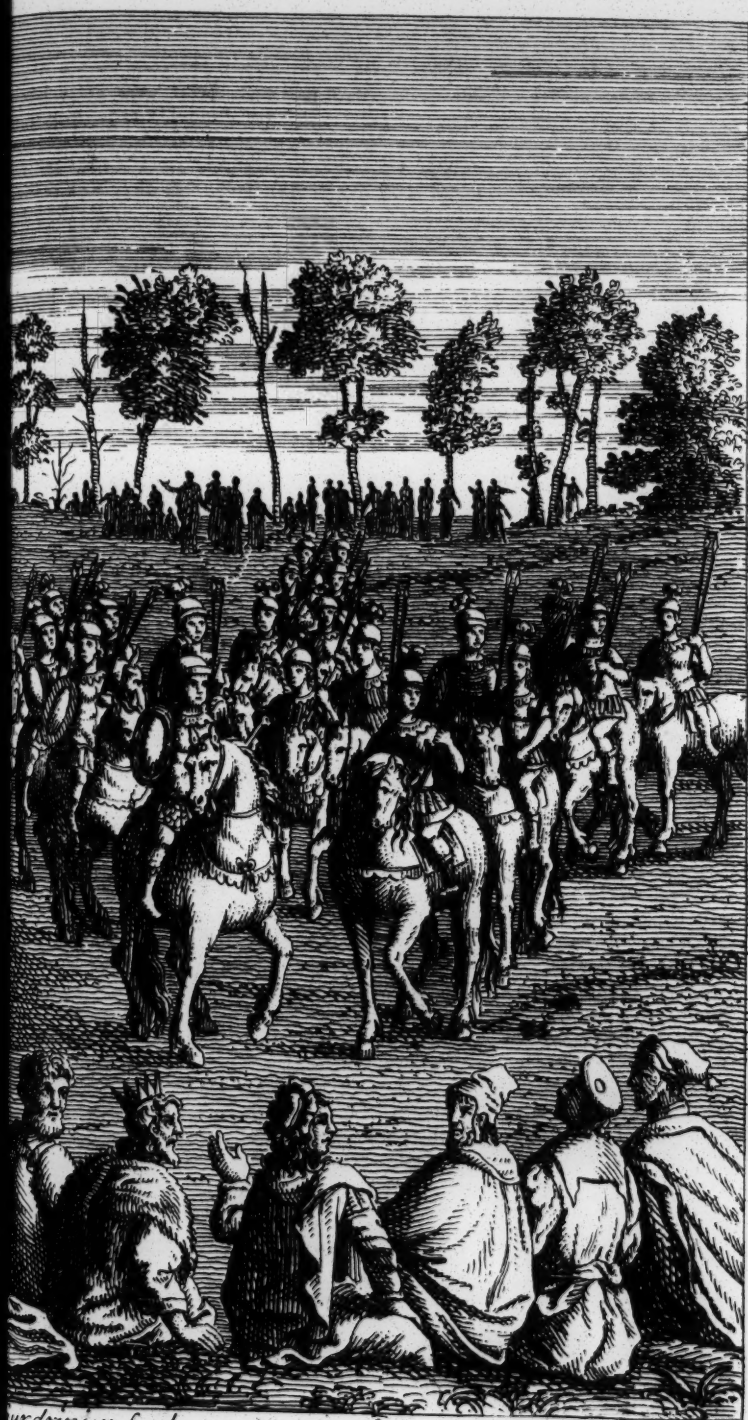
715

And whisper'd thus; with speed *Ascanius* find,

And if his Childish Troop be ready join'd,

On

On Horse-back let him grace his Grandfire's Day;
 And lead his Equals arm'd, in just Array.
 He said, and calling out, the Cirque he clears: 720
 The Crowd withdrawn, an open Plain appears.
 And now the Noble Youths, of Form Divine,
 Advance before their Fathers, in a Line: } shine.
 The Riders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory }
 Thus marching on, in Military Pride, 725
 Shouts of Applause resound from side to side.
 Their Casques, adorn'd with Lawrel Wreaths, they wear,
 Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear.
 Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore;
 Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before; 730
 Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;
 Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen; }
 Twelve follow'd ev'ry Chief, and left a Space between. }
 The first young *Priam* led; a lovely Boy,
 Whose Grandfire was th' unhappy King of *Troy*: 735
 His Race in after-times was known to Fame,
 New Honours adding to the *Latian* Name;
 And well the Royal Boy his *Thracian* Steed became. }
 White were the Fetlocks of his Feet before;
 And on his Front a snowy Star he bore: 740
 Then beauteous *Atys*, with *Iulus* bred,
 Of equal Age, the second Squadron led.



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The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely Features of his Face,
Rode fair *Ascanius* on a fiery Steed,
Queen *Dido's* Gift, and of the *Tyrian* breed.
Sure Coursers for the rest the King ordains;
With Golden Bitts adorn'd, and Purple Reins.

745

The pleas'd Spectators peals of Shouts renew;

And all the Parents in the Children view:

750

Their Make, their Motions, and their sprightly Grace;

And Hopes and Fears alternate in their Face.

Th' unfledg'd Commanders, and their Martial Train,

First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain,

Around their Sires: And at th' appointed Sign,

755

Drawn up in beauteous Order form a Line.

The second Signal sounds: the Troop divides,

In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd Guides,

Again they close, and once again dis-join,

In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line.

760

They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar

With harmless Rage, and well dissembled War.

Then in a round the mingled Bodies run;

Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.

Broken they break, and rallying, they renew

765

In other Forms the Military shew.

At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;

And march together, in a friendly Line.

And

And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,
 With wand'ring Ways, and many a winding fold, 770
 Involv'd the weary Feet, without redress,
 In a round Error, which deny'd recess;
 So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
 Thus Dolphins, in the Deep, each other chase, 775
 In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race.
 This Game, these Carousals *Ascanius* taught;
 And, building *Alba*, to the *Latins* brought.
 Shew'd what he learn'd: The *Latin* Sires impart,
 To their succeeding Sons, the graceful Art: 780
 From these Imperial *Rome* receiv'd the Game;
 Which *Troy*, the Youths the *Trojan* Troop, they name.
 Thus far the sacred Sports they celebrate:
 But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate.
 For while they pay the Dead his Annual dues, 785
 Those envy'd Rites *Saturnian Juno* views;
 And sends the Goddess of the various Bow,
 To try new Methods of Revenge below:
 Supplies the Winds to wing her Airy way;
 Where in the Port secure the Navy lay. 790
 Swiftly fair *Iris* down her Arch descends;
 And undiscern'd her fatal Voyage ends.
 She saw the gath'ring Crowd; and gliding thence,
 The desert Shore, and Fleet without defence.

The *Trojan* Matrons on the Sands alone, 795

770

With Sighs and Tears, *Anchises* death bemoan.

Then, turning to the Sea their weeping Eyes,

Their pity to themselves, renews their Cries.

Alas ! said one, what Oceans yet remain

For us to sail; what Labours to sustain! 800

775

All take the Word; and with a gen'ral groan,

Implore the Gods for Peace; and Places of their own.

The Goddess, great in Mischief, views their pains;

And in a Woman's Form her heav'nly Limbs restrains.

In Face and Shape, old *Beroe* she became, 805

780

Doricles' Wife, a venerable Dame;

Once blest'd with Riches, and a Mother's Name.

e.

Thus chang'd, amidst the crying Crowd she ran,

Mix'd with the Matrons, and these words began.

O wretched we, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'r, 810

785

Nor Flames destroy'd, in *Troy*'s unhappy Hour!

O wretched we, reserv'd by Cruel Fate,

Beyond the Ruins of the sinking State!

Now sev'n revolving Years are wholly run,

Since this improsp'rous Voyage we begun: 815

790

Since toss'd from Shores to Shores, from Lands to Lands,

Inhospitable Rocks and barren Sands;

Wand'ring in Exile, through the stormy Sea,

We search in vain for flying *Italy*.

Now cast by Fortune on this kindred Land,
 What shou'd our Rest, and rising Walls withstand;
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd Band?
 O, Country lost, and Gods redeem'd in vain,
 If still in endless Exile we remain!
 Shall we no more the *Trojan* Walls renew,
 Or Streams of some dissembled *Simois* view!
 Haste, join with me, th' unhappy Fleet consume:
Cassandra bids, and I declare her Doom.
 In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my Hands,
 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming Brands:
 With these, said she, these wand'ring Ships destroy;
 These are your fatal Seats, and this your *Troy*.
 Time calls you now, the precious Hour employ.
 Slack not the good Presage, while Heav'n inspires
 Our Minds to dare, and gives the ready Fires.
 See *Neptune's* Altars minister their Brands;
 The God is pleas'd; the God supplies our Hands.
 Then, from the Pile, a flaming Firr she drew,
 And, toss'd in Air, amidst the Gallies threw.
 Wrap'd in a Maze, the Matrons wildly stare:
 Then *Pyrgo*, reverenc'd for her hoary Hair,
Pyrgo, the Nurse of *Priam's* num'rous Race,
 No *Beroe* this, tho' she belies her Face:
 What Terrors from her frowning Front arise;
 Behold a Goddess in her ardent Eyes!

830

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What Rays round her heav'nly Face are seen,
Mark her Majestick Voice, and more than mortal Meen!
Ereos but now I left; whom pin'd with pain,
Her Age and Anguish from these Rites detain.
She said; the Matrons, seiz'd with new Amaze, 850
Rowl their malignant Eyes, and on the Navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated Land, but fear the fatal Way.
The Goddess, having done her Task below, 854
Mounts up on equal Wings, and bends her painted Bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with Rage Divine;
The Matrons prosecute their mad Design:
They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious Hands,
The food of Altars, Firrs, and flaming Brands.
Green Boughs, and Saplings, mingled in their haste; 860
And smoaking Torches on the Ships they cast.
The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains;
And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd Reins:
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars, 864
And seizes in his way, the Banks, and crackling Oars.
840 *Eumelus* was the first, the News to bear,
While yet they crowd the Rural Theatre.
Then what they hear, is witness'd by their Eyes;
A storm of Sparkles, and of Flames arise.
845 *Ascanius* took th' Alarm, while yet he led 870
His early Warriors on his prancing Steed.
What And

And spurring on, his Equals soon o'erpass'd,
 Nor cou'd his frighted Friends reclaim his haste.
 Soon as the Royal Youth appear'd in view,
 He sent his Voice before him as he flew;
 What Madness moves you, Matrons, to destroy
 The last Remainers of unhappy *Troy*!
 Not hostile Fleets, but your own Hopes you burn,
 And on your Friends your fatal Fury turn.
 Behold your own *Ascanius*: while he said,
 He drew his glitt'ring Helmet from his Head;
 In which the Youths to sportful Arms he led.
 By this, *Æneas* and his Train appear;
 And now the Women, seiz'd with Shame and Fear,
 Dispers'd, to Woods and Caverns take their Flight;
 Abhor their Actions, and avoid the Light:
 Their Friends acknowledge, and their Error find;
 And shake the Goddess from their alter'd Mind.

Not so the raging Fires their Fury cease;
 But lurking in the Seams, with seeming Peace,
 Work on their Way, amid the smouldring Tow,
 Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.
 The silent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,
 And Vomits out a tardy Flame, by fits.
 Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
 The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:

875

880

885

890

895

Nor

Nor Buckets pour'd, nor strength of Human Hand,
Can the victorious Element withstand.

The Pious Heroe rends his Robe, and throws
875 To Heav'n his Hands, and with his Hands his Vows. 900
O *Jove*, he cry'd, if Pray'rs can yet have place ;
If thou abhorr'st not all the *Dardan* Race ;
If any spark of Pity still remain ;
If Gods are Gods, and not invok'd in vain ;
Yet spare the Relicks of the *Trojan* Train. 905
Yet from the Flames our burning Vessels free :
Or let thy Fury fall alone on me.

At this devoted Head thy Thunder throw,
And send the willing Sacrifice below.
885 Scarce had he said, when Southern Storms arise, 910
From Pole to Pole, the forky Lightning flies ;
Loud ratling shakes the Mountains, and the Plain :
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in Rain.
Whole Sheets of Water from the Clouds are sent,
890 Which hissing thro' the Planks, the Flames prevent: 915
And stop the fiery Pest: Four Ships alone
Burn to the wast; and for the Fleet attone.

But doubtful Thoughts the Hero's Heart divide ;
If he should still in *Sicily* reside,
895 Forgetful of his Fates; or tempt the Main, 920
In hope the promis'd *Italy* to gain.

Then *Nantes*, old, and wise, to whom alone
 The Will of Heav'n, by *Pallas* was fore-shown;
 Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd and inspir'd,
 To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd :
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With chearful Words reliev'd his lab'ring Mind.
 O Goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
 With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate.
 By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue ;
 Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
 Your Friend *Acestes* is of *Trojan* Kind,
 To him disclose the Secrets of your Mind:
 Trust in his Hands your old and useles Train,
 Too num'rous for the Ships which yet remain :
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their Ease,
 The Dames who dread the Dangers of the Seas,
 With all the dastard Crew, who dare not stand
 The shock of Battel with your Foes by Land;
 Here you may build a common Town for all;
 And from *Acestes*' Name, *Acesta* call.
 The Reasons, with his Friend's Experience join'd,
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his Mind.
 'Twas dead of Night; when to his slumb'ring Eyes,
 His Father's Shade descended from the Skies;
 And thus he spoke: O more than vital Breath,
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after Death;

925

930

935

940

945

O Son, in various Toils and Troubles tost,
 The King of Heav'n employs my careful Ghost
 On his Commands; the God who sav'd from Fire 950
 Your flaming Fleet, and heard your just desire:
 The wholesom Counsel of your Friend receive;
 And here, the Coward Train, and Women leave:
 The chosen Youth, and those who nobly dare,
 Transport; to tempt the Dangers of the War. 955
 The stern *Italians* with their Courage try;
 Rough are their Manners, and their Minds are high.
 But first to *Pluto's* Palace you shall go,
 And seek my Shade among the Blest below.
 For not with impious Ghosts my Soul remains, 960
 Nor suffers, with the Damn'd, perpetual Pains;
 But breaths the living Air of soft *Elysian* Plains.
 The chaste *Sibylla* shall your steps convey;
 And Blood of offer'd Victims free the way.
 There shall you know what Realms the Gods assign;
 And learn the Fates and Fortunes of your Line. 966
 But now, farewell; I vanish with the Night;
 And feel the blast of Heavens' approaching Light:
 He said, and mix'd with Shades, and took his airy flight. }
 Whither so fast, the filial Duty cry'd, 970
 And why, ah why, the wish'd Embrace deny'd!
 He said, and rose: as holy Zeal inspires
 He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.

His

His Country Gods and *Vesta*, then adores
 With Cakes and Incense; and their Aid implores. 975
 Next, for his Friends, and Royal Host he sent,
 Reveal'd his Vision and the Gods intent,
 With his own Purpose: All, without delay,
 The Will of *Jove*, and his Desires obey.
 They list with Women each degenerate Name, 980
 Who dares not hazard Life, for future Fame.
 These they cashier; the brave remaining few,
 Oars, Banks, and Cables half consum'd renew.
 The Prince designs a City with the Plough;
 The Lots their sev'ral Tenements allow. 985
 This part is nam'd from *Ilium*, that from *Troy*;
 And the new King ascends the Throne with Joy.
 A chosen Senate from the People draws;
 Appoints the Judges, and ordains the Laws.
 Then on the top of *Eryx*, they begin 990
 A rising Temple to the *Paphian* Queen:
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a God,
 A Priest is added, annual Gifts bestow'd;
 And Groves are planted round his blest Abode.
 Nine Days they pass in Feasts, their Temples crown'd;
 And fumes of Incense in the Fanes abound. 996
 Then, from the South arose a gentle Breeze,
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy Seas:

The rising Winds, a ruffling Gale afford,
And call the merry Marriners aboard.

1000

Now loud Laments along the Shores' resound,
Of parting Friends in close Embraces bound.

The trembling Women, the degenerate Train,
Who shun'd the frightful Dangers of the Main;
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough Passage and the promis'd War.

1005

Whom Good *Æneas* cheers; and recommends
To their new Master's Care, his fearful Friends.

On *Eryx* Altars three fat Calves he lays;

A Lamb new fallen to the stormy Seas;

1010

Then slips his Haulsers, and his Anchors weighs.

High on the Deck, the Godlike Heroe stands;

With Olive crown'd; a Charger in his Hands;

Then cast the reeking Entrails in the brine,

And pour'd the Sacrifice of Purple Wine.

1015

Fresh Gales arise, with equal Strokes they vye,

And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly.

Mean time the Mother-Goddess, full of Fears,

To *Neptune* thus address'd, with tender Tears.

The Pride of *Jove's* Imperious Queen, the Rage,

1020

The Malice which no Suff'rings can assuage,

Compell me to these Pray'rs: Since neither Fate,

Nor Time, nor Pity, can remove her Hate.

Ev'n *Jove* is thwarted by his haughty Wife;
 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the Strife. 1025
 As if 'twere little to consume the Town
 Which aw'd the World, and wore th' Imperial Crown:
 She prosecutes the Ghost of *Troy* with Pains;
 And gnaws, ev'n to the Bones, the last Remains.
 Let her the Causes of her Hatred tell; 1030
 But you can witness its Effects too well.
 You saw the Storm she rais'd on *Libyan* Floods,
 That mix'd the mounting Billows with the Clouds.
 When, bribing *Æolus*, she shook the Main;
 And mov'd Rebellion in your wat'ry Reign. 1035
 With Fury she possess'd the *Dardan* Dames
 To burn their Fleet with execrable Flames.
 And forc'd *Æneas*, when his Ships were lost,
 To leave his Foll'wers on a Foreign Coast.
 For what remains, your Godhead I implore; 1040
 And trust my Son to your protecting Pow'r.
 If neither *Jove's*, nor Fate's Decree withstand,
 Secure his Passage to the *Latian* Land.

Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main:
 What may not *Venus* hope, from *Neptune's* Reign? 1045
 My Kingdom claims your Birth: My late Defence
 Of your indanger'd Fleet, may claim your Confidence.
 Nor less by Land than Sea, my Deeds declare,
 How much your lov'd *Æneas* is my Care.

Thee *Xanthus*, and thee *Simois* I attest:

1050

Your *Trojan* Troops, when proud *Achilles* press'd,

And drove before him headlong on the Plain,

And dash'd against the Walls the trembling Train,

When Floods were fill'd with Bodies of the slain:

When Crimson *Xanthus*, doubtful of his way,

1055

Stood up on Ridges to behold the Sea;

New heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his way:

When your *Aeneas* fought, but fought with odds

Of Force unequal, and unequal Gods;

I spread a Cloud before the Victor's fight,

1060

Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.

Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with Joy

The vow'd Destruction of ungrateful *Troy*.

My Will's the same: Fair Goddesses, fear no more,

Your Fleet shall safely gain the *Latian* Shore:

1065

Their Lives are giv'n; one destin'd Head alone

Shall perish, and for Multitudes atone.

Thus having arm'd with Hopes her anxious Mind,

His finny Team *Saturnian Neptune* join'd.

Then, adds the foamy Bridle to their Jaws;

1070

And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.

High on the Waves his Azure Car he guides,

Its Axles Thunder, and the Sea subsides;

And the smooth Ocean rows her silent Tides.

The Tempests fly before their Father's Face, 1075
 Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;
 And Monster Whales before their Master play,
 And Quires of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
 The Martial'd Pow'rs, in equal Troops divide
 To right and left: the Gods his better side 1080
 Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Now smiling Hope, with sweet Vicissitude,
 Within the Hero's Mind, his Joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the Masts, the Sheets display;
 The Chearful Cr w with Diligence obey; 1085
 They scud before the Wind, and sail in open Sea.
 A-head of all the Master Pilot steers,
 And as he leads, the following Navy veers.
 The Steeds of Night had travell'd half the Sky,
 The drowzy Rowers on their Benches lye; 1090
 When the soft God of Sleep, with easie flight,
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of Light.
 Thou *Palinurus* art his destin'd Prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
 Dire Dreams to thee, and Iron Sleep he bears; 1095
 And lighting on thy Prow, the Form of *Phorbas* wears.
 Then thus the Traitor God began his Tale:
 The Winds, my Friend, inspire a pleasing Gale;
 The Ships, without thy Care, securely sail.



Admirer. Scul.

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Now steal an Hour of sweet Repose; and I 1100
 Will take the Rudder, and thy Room supply.
 To whom the yawning Pilot, half asleep;
 Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous Deep?
 The Harlot-smiles of her dissembling Face,
 And to her Faith commit the *Trojan* Race? 1105
 Shall I believe the *Syren* South again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the Monster Main?
 He said, his fasten'd Hands the Rudder keep,
 And fix'd on Heav'n, his Eyes repel invading Sleep.
 The God was wroth, and at his Temples threw 1110
 A Branch in *Lethe* dip'd, and drunk with *Stygian* Dew:
 The Pilot, vanquish'd by the Pow'r Divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming Eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his Limbs extended at their length,
 The God, insulting with superior Strength, 1115
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the Sea,
 And, with the Stern, the Rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and struggling in the Main,
 Cry'd out for helping Hands, but cry'd in vain:
 The Victor Dæmon mounts obscure in Air; 1120
 While the Ship sails without the Pilot's care.
 On *Neptune's* Faith the floating Fleet relies:
 But what the Man forsook, the God supplies;
 And o'er the dang'rous Deep secure the Navy flies.

Glides by the *Syren's* Cliffs, a shelly Coast, 1125
Long infamous for Ships, and Sailors lost;
And white with Bones: Th' impetuous Ocean roars;
And Rocks rebellow from the sounding Shores.
The watchful Heroe felt the knocks; and found
The tossing Vessel sail'd on shoaly Ground. 1130
Sure of his Pilot's loss, he takes himself
The Helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the Shelf.
Inly he griev'd; and groaning from the Breast,
Deplor'd his Death; and thus his Pain express'd: 1134
For Faith repos'd on Seas, and on the flatt'ring Sky,
Thy naked Corps is doom'd, on Shores unknown to lye.



The



P. Fourdrinier. Scul.

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The Sixth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

The ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the Adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell; describing to him the various Scenes of that Place, and conducting him to his Father Anchises. Who instructs him in those sublime Mysteries of the Soul of the World, and the Transmigration: And shews him that glorious Race of Heroes, which was to descend from him, and his Posterity.



E said, and wept: Then spread his Sails
before

The Winds, and reach'd at length the Cæ-
man Shore:

Their Anchors drop'd, his Crew the Vessels moor.
They turn their Heads to Sea; their Sterns to Land;
And greet with greedy Joy th' Italian Strand.
Some strike from clashing Flints their fiery Seed;
Some gather Sticks, the kindled Flames to feed:

Or search for hollow Trees, and fell the Woods,
 Or trace thro' Valleys the discover'd Floods.
 Thus, while their sev'ral Charges they fulfil,
 The Pious Prince ascends the sacred Hill
 Where *Phæbus* is ador'd; and seeks the Shade,
 Which hides from sight, his venerable Maid.
 Deep in a Cave the *Sibyl* makes abode;
 Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.
 Thro' *Trivia*'s Grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.
 When *Dædalus*, to fly the *Cretan* Shore,
 His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in Air,) 'tis sung by Fame,
 To the *Cumæan* Coast at length he came;
 And, here alighting, built this costly Frame.
 Inscrib'd to *Phæbus*, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky:
 Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art emboss'd
Androgeos Death, and Off'rings to his Ghost.
 Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly sent, to meet
 The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet*.
 And next to those the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd Names by Lots were cast:
 The mournful Parents stand around in Tears;
 And rising *Creet* against their Shore appears.

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There

There too, in living Sculpture, might be seen
 The mad Affection of the *Cretan* Queen:
 Then how she cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye: 35
 The rushing leap, the doubtful Progeny,
 The lower part a Beast, a Man above,
 The Monument of their polluted Love.
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze;
 A thousand Doors, a thousand winding Ways; 40
 Here dwells the Monster, hid from Human View,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue:
 Till the kind Artist, mov'd with Pious Grief,
 Lent to the loving Maid this last Relief;
 And all those erring Paths describ'd so well, 45
 That *Theseus* conquer'd, and the Monster fell.
 Here hapless *Icarus* had found his part;
 Had not the Father's Grief restrain'd his Art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his Son in Gold;
 Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould. 50
 All this with wond'ring Eyes *Æneas* view'd:
 Each varying Object his Delight renew'd.
 Eager to read the rest, *Achates* came,
 And by his side the mad divining Dame;
 The Priestess of the God, *Deiphobe* her Name. 55
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed your Eyes
 With empty Pleasures: haste the Sacrifice,

Sev'n Bullocks yet unyok'd, for *Phœbus* chuse,

And for *Diana* sev'n unspotted Ewes.

This said, the Servants urge the Sacred Rites;

60

While to the Temple she the Prince invites.

A spacious Cave, within its farthest part,

Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious Art,

Thro' the Hill's hollow sides: before the place,

A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace:

65

As many Voices issue; and the found

Of Sibyl's Words as many times rebound.

Now to the Mouth they come: Aloud she cries,

This is the time, enquire your Destinies.

He comes, behold the God! Thus while she said,

70

(And shiv'ring at the sacred Entry staid)

Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,

And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came.

Her Hair stood up; convulsive Rage possess'd

75

Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast.

Greater than Human Kind she seem'd to look:

And with an Accent, more than Mortal, spoke.

Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury rowl;

When all the God came rushing on her Soul.

Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,

80

Why this Delay, she cry'd; the Pow'rs invoke.

Thy

Thy Pray'rs alone can open this Abode,
Else vain are my Demands, and dumb the God.
She said no more: The trembling *Trojans* hear;
O'er-spread with a damp Sweat, and holy Fear. 85
The Prince himself, with awful Dread possess'd,
His Vows to great *Apollo* thus address'd.
Indulgent God, propitious Pow'r to *Troy*,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose Hand, the *Dardan* Dart 90
Pierc'd the proud *Grecian's* only Mortal Part:
Thus far, by Fate's Decrees, and thy Commands,
Through ambient Seas, and thro' devouring Sands,
Our exil'd Crew has fought th' *Ausonian* Ground:
And now, at length, the flying Coast is found. 95
Thus far the Fate of *Troy*, from Place to Place,
With Fury has pursu'd her wand'ring Race:
Here cease ye Pow'rs, and let your Vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred Maid, inspir'd to see 100
Th' Event of things in dark Futurity;
Give me, what Heav'n has promis'd to my Fate,
To conquer and command the *Latian* State:
To fix my wand'ring Gods, and find a Place
For the long Exiles of the *Trojan* Race. 105

Then

Then shall my grateful Hands a Temple rear
 To the twin Gods, with Vows and solemn Pray'r;
 And Annual Rites, and Festivals, and Games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious Names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy Honours in my Land, 110
 For there thy faithful Oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in Shrines: and ev'ry sacred Lay,
 Which, by thy Mouth, *Apollo* shall convey.
 All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen Train
 Of holy Priests, and ever shall remain. 115
 But, oh! commit not thy prophetick Mind
 To flitting Leaves, the Sport of ev'ry Wind:
 Lest they disperse in Air our empty Fate:
 Write not, but, what the Pow'rs ordain, relate.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her Load, 120
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God,
 The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,
 With more, and far superior Force he press'd:
 Commands his Entrance, and without Controul,
 Usurps her Organs, and inspires her Soul. 125
 Now, with a furious Blast, the hundred Doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing Whirlwind roars
 Within the Cave; and *Sibyl's* Voice restores.

Escap'd the Dangers of the wat'ry Reign,
 Yet more, and greater Ills, by Land remain. 130

The

The Coast so long desir'd, (nor doubt th' Event)
 Thy Troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid Wars I view; a Field of Blood;
 And *Tyber* rolling with a purple Flood.

Simois nor *Xanthus* shall be wanting there; 135

A new *Achilles* shall in Arms appear:
 And he, too, Goddess-born: fierce *Juno's* Hate,
 Added to hostile Force, shall urge thy Fate.

To what strange Nations shalt not thou resort
 Driv'n to solicit Aid at ev'ry Court! 140

The Cause the same which *Ilium* once oppress'd,
 A foreign Mistress, and a foreign Guest:

But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
 The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppose.

The dawns of thy Safety shall be shown, 145

From whence thou least shalt hope, a *Grecian* Town.

Thus, from the dark Recess, the *Sibyl* spoke,
 And the resisting Air the Thunder broke;
 The Cave rebellow'd; and the Temple shook. }

Th' ambiguous God, who rul'd her lab'ring Breast, 150
 In these mysterious Words his Mind exprest: }

Some Truths reveal'd, in Terms involv'd the rest. }

At length her Fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.

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Then

Then thus the Chief: No Terror to my view, 155
 No frightful Face of Danger can be new.
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
 The Fates, without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.
 This let me crave, since near your Grove the Road
 To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode, 160
 Which *Acheron* surrounds, th'innavigable Flood:
 Conduct me thro' the Regions void of Light,
 And lead me longing to my Father's Sight.
 For him, a thousand Dangers I have fought;
 And, rushing where the thickest *Grecians* fought, 165
 Safe on my Back the sacred Burthen brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging Ocean try'd,
 And Wrath of Heav'n; my still auspicious Guide,
 And bore beyond the Strength decrepid Age supply'd.
 Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of Night, 170
 His rev'rend Image stood before my Sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek below, his holy Shade;
 Conducted there, by your unerring Aid.
 But you, if pious Minds by Pray'rs are won,
 Oblige the Father, and protect the Son. 175
 Yours is the Pow'r; nor *Proserpine* in vain
 Has made you Priestesses of her nightly Reign.
 If *Orpheus*, arm'd with his enchanting Lyre,
 The ruthless King with Pity cou'd inspire;

And

And from the Shades below redeem his Wife:

184

If *Pollux*, off'ring his alternate Life,

Cou'd free his Brother; and can daily go

By turns aloft, by turns descend below:

Why name I *Theseus*, or his greater Friend,

Who trod the downward Path, and upward cou'd ascend?

Not less than theirs, from *Jove* my Lineage came: 186

My Mother greater, my Descent the same.

So pray'd the *Trojan* Prince; and while he pray'd,

His Hand upon the holy Altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the Prophetess Divine:

190

O Goddess-born! of great *Anchises'* Line;

The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;

Smooth the Descent, and easie is the Way:

But, to return, and view the chearful Skies;

In this the Task, and mighty Labour lies.

195

To few great *Jupiter* imparts this Grace:

And those of shining Worth, and Heav'nly Race.

Betwixt those Regions, and our upper Light,

Deep Forests, and impenetrable Night

Possess the middle Space: Th' Infernal Bounds

200

Cocytus, with his fable Waves, surrounds.

But if so dire a Love your Soul invades,

As twice below to view the trembling Shades;

If

If you so hard a Toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable Lake; 205
 Receive my Counsel. In the Neighb'ring Grove
 There stands a Tree; the Queen of *Stygian Fove*
 Claims it her own; thick Woods, and gloomy Night
 Conceal the happy Plant from Human Sight.
 One Bough it bears; but, wond'rous to behold; 210
 The ductile Rind, and Leaves, of radiant Gold:
 This, from the vulgar Branches must be torn,
 And to fair *Proserpine*, the Present born,
 E'er Leave be giv'n to tempt the neather Skies:
 The first thus rent, a second will arise; 215 }
 And the same Metal the same Room supplies.
 Look round the Wood, with lifted Eyes, to see
 The lurking Gold upon the fatal Tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy Rites command:
 The willing Metal will obey thy Hand, 220
 Following with Ease, if favour'd by thy Fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the *Stygian State*:
 If not, no Labour can the Tree constrain:
 And Strength of stubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend, 225
 Th' unworthy Fate of your unhappy Friend:
 Breathless he lies: and his unbury'd Ghost,
 Depriv'd of Funeral Rites, pollutes your Host.

Pay first his Pious Dues: And for the Dead,
 Two fable Sheep around his Herse be led. 230
 Then, living Turfs upon his Body lay;
 This done, securely take the destin'd Way,
 To find the Regions destitute of Day.
 She said: and held her Peace. *Æneas* went
 Sad from the Cave, and full of Discontent; 235
 Unknowing whom the sacred *Sibyl* meant.
Achates, the Companion of his Breast,
 Goes grieving by his Side with equal Cares oppress'd.
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What Friend, the Priestess by those Words design'd. 240
 But soon they found an Object to deplore:
Misenus lay extended on the Shore.
 Son of the God of Winds; none so renown'd,
 The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to sound:
 With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Allarms; 245
 And rouse to dare their Fate, in honourable Arms.
 He serv'd great *Hector*; and was ever near,
 Not with his Trumpet only, but his Spear.
 But, by *Pelides'* Arms when *Hector* fell,
 He chose *Æneas*, and he chose as well. 250
 Swoln with Applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the Sea-Gods from the Shore;

With

With Envy *Triton* heard the Martial Sound,
And the bold Champion, for his Challenge, drown'd.
Then cast his mangled Carcass on the Strand: 255
The gazing Crowd around the Body stand.
All weep, but most *Æneas* mourns his Fate;
And hastens to perform the Funeral state.
In Altar-wise, a stately Pile they rear;
The Basis broad below, and Top advanc'd in Air. 260
An ancient Wood, fit for the Work design'd,
(The shady Covert of the Salvage Kind)
The *Trojans* found: The sounding Ax is ply'd:
Firrs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Forest Ashes, feel the fatal Stroke: 265
And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, rowl with Ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the *Trojan* Prince appears:
And, by his pious Labour, urges theirs. 270
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his Mind,
The Ways to compass what his Wish design'd,
He cast his Eyes upon the gloomy Grove;
And then with Vows implor'd the Queen of Love.
O may thy Pow'r, propitious still to me, 275
Conduct my Steps to find the fatal Tree,



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In this deep Forest; since the *Sibyl's* Breath
Foretold, alas! too true, *Misenus' Death*.

Scarce had he said, when full before his Sight 280 }
Two Doves, descending from their Airy Flight,
Secure upon the grassy Plain alight.

He knew his Mother's Birds: And thus he pray'd:
Be you my Guides, with your auspicious Aid:
And lead my Footsteps, till the Branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring Shadow gilds the sacred Ground: 285
And thou, great Parent! with Cœlestial Care,
In this Distress, be present to my Pray'r.

Thus having said, he stop'd: With watchful Sight
Observing still the Motions of their Flight,
What course they took, what happy Signs they shew: }
They fed, and flutt'ring by Degrees, withdrew 291 }
Still farther from the Place; but still in view:

Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the slow Lake; whose baleful Stench to shun,
They wing'd their Flight aloft; then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double Tree, that bears the golden Bough.
Thro' the green Leafs the glitt'ring Shadows glow;
As on the sacred Oak, the wintry Mistleto:
Where the proud Mother views her precious Brood;
And happier Branches, which she never sow'd. 300

Such

Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy Rind,
 And dancing Leaves, that wanton'd in the Wind.
 He seiz'd the shining Bough with griping hold;
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring Gold.

Then to the *Sibyl's* Palace bore the Prize.

305

Mean time, the *Trojan* Troops, with weeping Eyes,
 To dead *Misennus* pay his Obsequies.

First, from the Ground, a lofty Pile they rear,

Of Pitch-trees, Oaks and Pines, and unctuous Firr:

The Fabrick's Front with Cypress Twigs they strew; 310

And slick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yeugh.

The topmost Part, his glitt'ring Arms adorn;

Warm Waters, then, in brazen Caldrons born,

Are pour'd to wash his Body, Joint by Joint:

And fragrant Oils the stiffen'd Limbs anoint.

315

With Groans and Cries *Misennus* they deplore:

Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,

The breathless Body, thus bewail'd they lay:

And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away:

(Such rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.)

320

Pure Oil, and Incense, on the Fire they throw:

And Fat of Victims, which his Friends bestow.

These Gifts, the greedy Flames to Dust devour;

Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour:

And

VI.

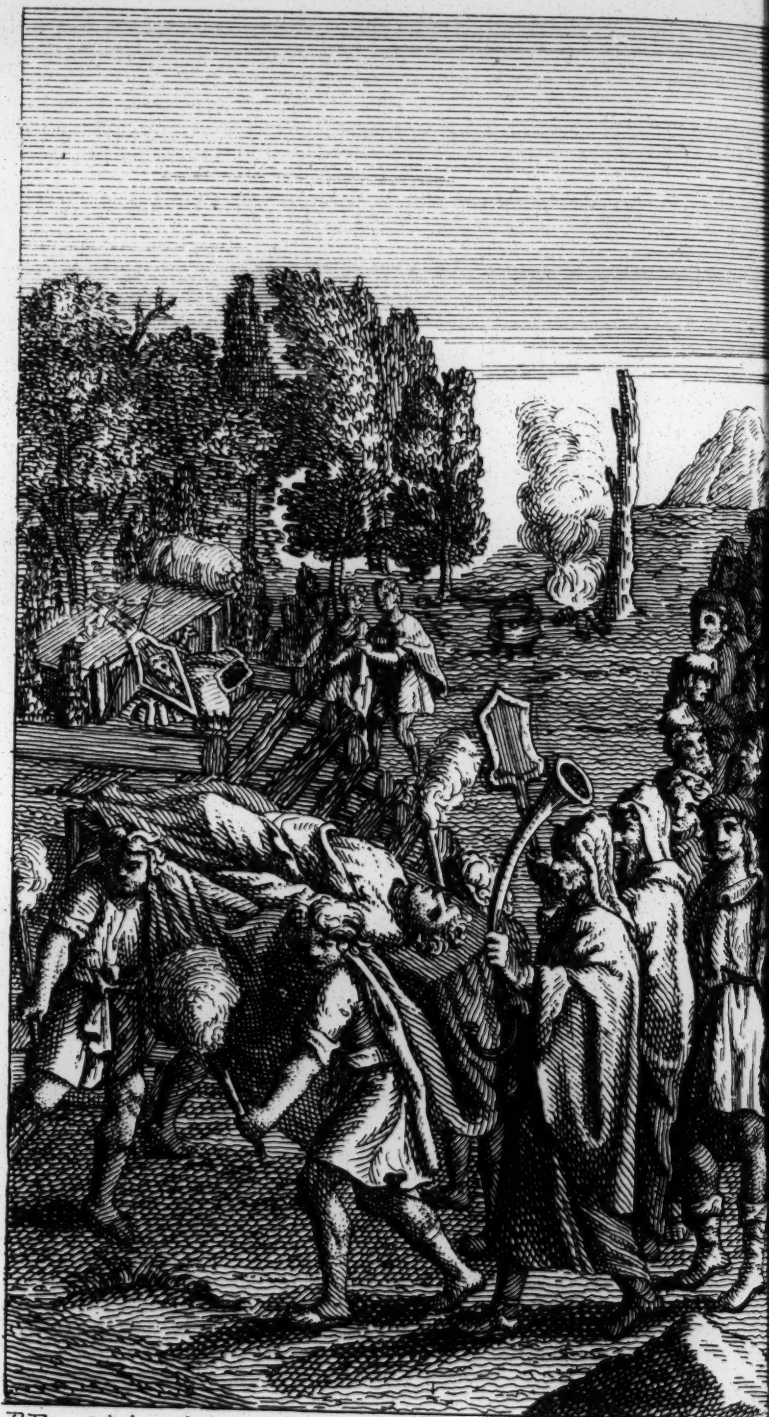
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And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose; 325

Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.

Old *Chorineus* compass'd thrice the Crew,

And dip'd an Olive Branch in holy Dew;

Which thrice he sprinkl'd round; and thrice aloud

Invok'd the Dead, and then dismiss'd the Crowd. 330

But good *Æneas* order'd on the Shore

A stately Tomb; whose Top a Trumpet bore:

A Soldier's Fauchion, and a Seaman's Oar. 335

Thus was his Friend interr'd: And deathless Fame

Still to the lofty Cape consigns his Name. 335

These Rites perform'd, the Prince, without delay,

Hastes to the neather World, his destin'd Way.

Deep was the Cave; and downward as it went

From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent;

And here th' Access a gloomy Grove defends; 340

And here th' unnavigable Lake extends.

O'er whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,

No Bird presumes to steer his Airy Flight;

Such deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,

And steaming Sulphur, that infects the Skies. 345

From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,

And give the Name *Avernus* to the Lake.

Four fable Bulls, in the Yoke untaught,

For Sacrifice the pious Heroe brought.

The

The Priestess pours the Wine betwixt their Horns: 350
Then cuts the curling Hair; that first Oblation burns,
Invoking *Hecate* hither to repair;
(A pow'rful Name in Hell, and upper Air.)
The sacred Priests with ready Knives bereave
The Beasts of Life, and in full Bowls receive 355
The streaming Blood: A Lamb to Hell and Night,
(The fable Wool without a Streak of White)
Æneas offers: And by Fate's Decree,
A barren Heifer, *Proserpine* to thee.
With Holocausts he *Pluto's* Altar fills: 360
Sev'n brawny Bulls with his own Hand he kills:
Then on the broiling Entrails Oyl he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging Flame devours.
Late, the Nocturnal Sacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning Sun. 365
Then Earth began to bellow, Trees to dance;
And howling Dogs in glimm'ring Light advance;
E'er *Hecate* came: Far hence be Souls prophane,
The *Sibyl* cry'd, and from the Grove abstain.
Now, *Trojan*, take the Way thy Fates afford: 370
Assume thy Courage, and unsheath thy Sword.
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy Space:
The Prince pursu'd her Steps with equal Pace.

VI

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P. Foudrinier Scul.

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Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to Human Sight,
Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night, 375
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystick Wonders of your silent State.

Obscure they went thro' dreary Shades, that led
Along the waste Dominions of the dead:
Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night, 380
By the Moon's doubtful, and malignant Light:
When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,
And the faint Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes.

Just in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares, and fullen Sorrows dwell; 385
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's Half-Brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep:
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind, 390
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad: 395
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head:
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread.

Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more;
*Centaur*s, and'double Shapes, besiege the Door:
 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands, 400
 And *Briareus* with all his hundred Hands:
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame;
 And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.
 The Chief unsheath'd his shining Steel, prepar'd,
 Tho' seiz'd with sudden Fear, to force the Guard, 405
 Offering his brandish'd Weapon at their Face;
 Had not the *Sibyl* stop'd his eager Pace,
 And told him what those empty Fantoms were;
 Forms without Bodies, and impassive Air.
 Hence to deep *Acheron* they take their way; 410
 Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* lost:
 There *Charon* stands, who rules the dreary Coast:
 A sordid God; down from his hoary Chin
 A length of Beard descends; uncomb'd, unclean: 415
 His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on Fire:
 A Girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene Attire.
 He spreads his Canvas, with his Pole he steers;
 The Freights of sitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears.
 He look'd in Years; yet in his Years were seen 420
 A youthful Vigour, and Autumnal green.

An Airy Crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood.

Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarried Maids;
And mighty Heroes more Majestick Shades, 425
And Youths, intomb'd before their Father's Eyes,
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods:
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forsake the Floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier Lands: 430
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands:
And press for passage with extended Hands.

Now these, now those, the surly Boatman bore:

The rest he drove to distance from the Shore.

The Heroe, who beheld with wond'ring Eyes, 435
The Tumult mix'd with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries;
Ask'd of his Guide, what the rude Concourse meant?
Why to the Shore the thronging People bent?
What Forms of Law, among the Ghosts were us'd? 440
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?

Son of *Anchises*, Offspring of the Gods,
The Sibyl said; you see the *Stygian* Floods,
The Sacred Streams, which Heav'n's Imperial State
Attests in Oaths, and fears to violate.

The Ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy Crew 445
Depriv'd of Sepulchres, and Fun'ral due.

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 With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:
 Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods:
 Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forsake the Floods,
 And wing their hasty flight to happier Lands: 430
 Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands:
 And press for passage with extended Hands.

Now these, now those, the surly Boatman bore:
 The rest he drove to distance from the Shore.

The Heroe, who beheld with wond'ring Eyes, 435
 The Tumult mix'd with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries;
 Ask'd of his Guide, what the rude Concourse meant?
 Why to the Shore the thronging People bent?
 What Forms of Law, among the Ghosts were us'd? 440
 Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?

Son of *Anchises*, Offspring of the Gods,
 The Sibyl said; you see the *Stygian* Floods,
 The Sacred Streams, which Heav'n's Imperial State
 Attests in Oaths, and fears to violate.

The Ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy Crew 445
 Depriv'd of Sepulchres, and Fun'ral due,

The Boatman *Charon* ; those, the bury'd host,
He Ferries over to the farther Coast.
Nor dares his Transport Vessel cross the Waves,
With such whose Bones are not compos'd in Graves. 450
A hundred Years they wander on the Shore,
At length, their Penance done, are wafted o'er.
The *Trojan* Chief his forward pace repress'd ;
Revolving anxious Thoughts within his Breast. 454
He saw his Friends, who whelm'd beneath the Waves,
Their Fun'ral Honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet Graves.
The lost *Leucaspis* in the Crowd he knew ;
And the brave Leader of the *Lycian* Crew :
Whom, on the *Tyrrhene* Seas, the Tempests met ;
The Sailors master'd, and the Ship o'erfet. 460
Amidst the Spirits *Palinurus* press'd ;
Yet fresh from life ; a new admitted Guest.
Who, while he steering view'd the Stars, and bore
His Course from *Africk*, to the *Latian* Shore,
Fell headlong down. The *Trojan* fix'd his view, 465
And scarcely through the gloom the fullen Shadow knew.
Then thus the Prince. What envious Pow'r, O Friend,
Brought your lov'd Life to this disastrous end?
For *Phæbus*, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my Faith betray'd. 470

The

The God foretold you shou'd not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from Seas, th' *Italian* Shore:
 Is this th' unerring Pow'r? The Ghost reply'd,
 Nor *Phœbus* flatter'd, nor his Answers ly'd;
 Nor envious Gods have sent me to the Deep: 475 }
 But while the Stars, and course of Heav'n I keep,
 My weary'd Eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }
 I fell; and with my weight, the Helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the Winds, and raging Waves, I swear, 480
 Your Safety, more than mine, was then my Care:
 Lest, of the Guide bereft, the Rudder lost,
 Your Ship shou'd run against the rocky Coast.
 Three blust'ring Nights, born by the Southern blast,
 I floated; and discover'd Land at last: 485
 High on a mounting Wave, my Head I bore:
 Forcing my Strength, and gath'ring to the Shore:
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The Craggy Cliffs, and my tir'd Members eas'd.
 While, cumber'd with my dropping Cloaths, I lay, 490
 The cruel Nation, covetous of Prey,
 Stain'd with my Blood th' unhospitable Coast:
 And now, by Winds and Waves, my lifeless Limbs are tost:
 Which ☉ avert, by yon Etherial Light
 Which I have lost, for this eternal Night: 495

Or if by dearer ties you may he won,
 By your dead Sire, and by your living Son,
 Redeem from this Reproach my wand'ring Ghost:
 Or with your Navy seek the *Velin* Coast;
 And in a peaceful Grave my Corps compose: 500
 Or, if a nearer way your Mother shows,
 Without whose Aid, you durst not undertake
 This frightful Passage o'er the *Stygian* Lake;
 Lend to this Wretch your Hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet Banks of yon forbidden Shore. 505
 Scarce had he said, the Prophetess began;
 What Hopes delude thee, miserable Man?
 'Think'st thou thus unintomb'd to cross the Floods,
 To view the Furies, and Infernal Gods;
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes? 510
 Attend the term of long revolving Years:
 Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears.
 This Comfort of thy dire Misfortune take;
 The Wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With Vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman Coast, 515
 Till they propitiate thy offended Ghost,
 And raise a Tomb, with Vows, and solemn Pray'r;
 And *Palinurus* name the Place shall bear.
 'This calm'd his Cares: sooth'd with his future Fame;
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated Name. 520

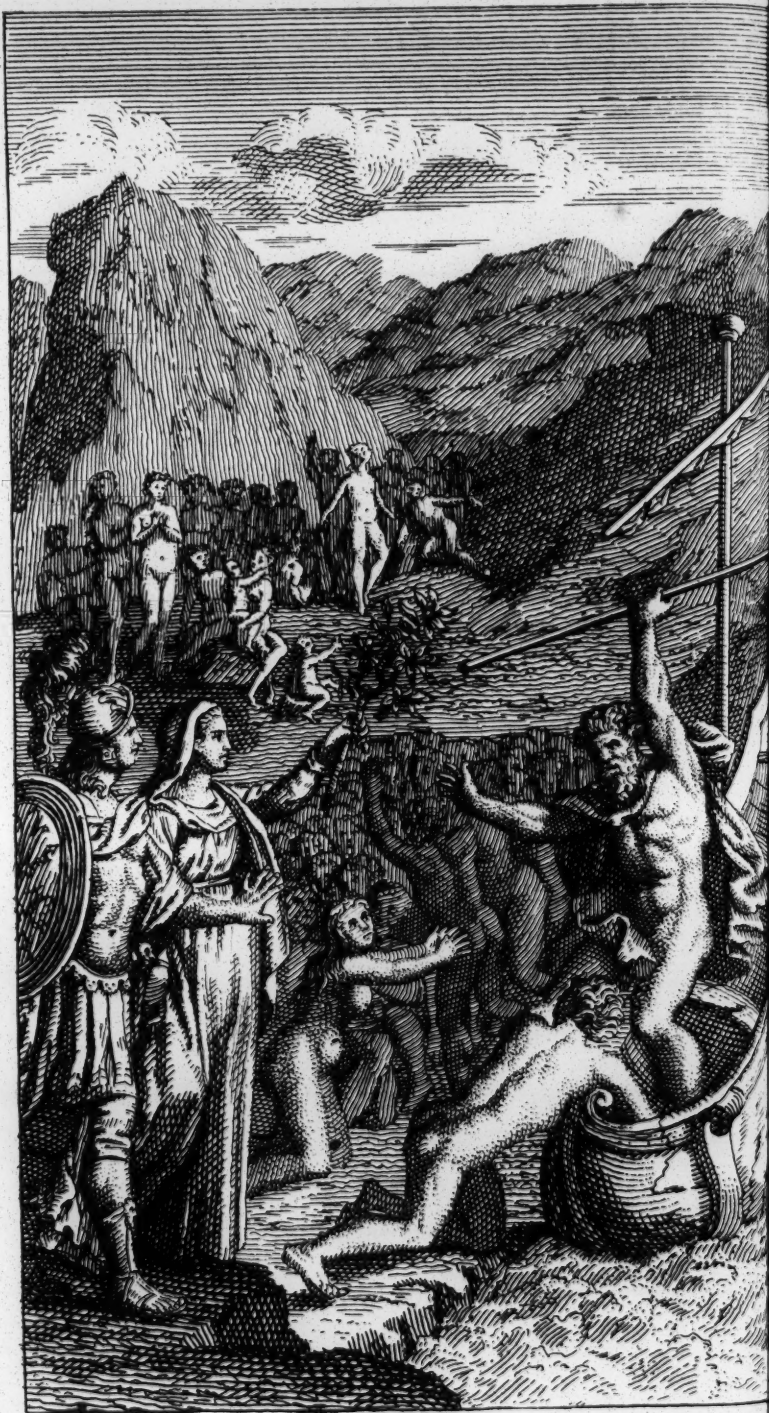
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129
OW



P. Foudrinier sculp.

Now nearer to the *Stygian* Lake they draw:
 Whom from the Shore, the surly Boatman saw:
 Observ'd their Passage thro' the shady Wood;
 And mark'd their near Approaches to the Flood:
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with Wrath; 525
 Mortal, what e'er, who this forbidden Path
 In Arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
 And tell thy Name, and Buis'ness in the Land.
 Know this, the Realm of Night; the *Stygian* Shore:
 My Boat conveys no living Bodies o'er: 530
 Nor was I pleas'd great *Theseus* once to bear;
 Who forc'd a Passage with his pointed Spear;
 Nor strong *Alcides*, Men of mighty Fame;
 And from th' immortal Gods their Lineage came.
 In Fetters one the barking Porter ty'd, 535
 And took him trembling from his Sovereign's side:
 Two sought by Force to seize his beauteous Bride.
 To whom the Sibyl thus, Compose thy Mind:
 Nor Frauds are here contriv'd, nor Force design'd.
 Still may the Dog the wand'ring Troops constrain 540
 Of Airy Ghosts; and vex the guilty Train;
 And with her grisly Lord his lovely Queen remain.
 The *Trojan* Chief, whose Lineage is from *Jove*,
 Much fam'd for Arms, and more for filial Love,
 Is sent to seek his Sire, in your *Elysian* Grove. 545

If neither Piety, nor Heav'n's Command,
Can gain his Passage to the *Stygian* Strand,
This fatal Present shall prevail, at least;
Then shew'd the shining Bough, conceal'd within her Vest.
No more was needful: for the gloomy God 550
Stood mute with Awe, to see the Golden Rod:
Admir'd the destin'd Off'ring to his Queen;
(A venerable Gift so rarely seen.)
His Fury thus appeas'd, he puts to Land:
The Ghosts forsake their Seats, at his Command: 555
He clears the Deck, receives the mighty Freight,
The leaky Vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly he sails; and scarcely stems the Tides:
The pressing Water pours within her sides.
His Passengers at length are wafted o'er; 560
Expos'd in muddy Weeds, upon the miry Shore.
No Sooner landed, in his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound,
Grim *Cerberus*; who soon began to rear
His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair. 565
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A Sop, in Honey steep'd, to charm the Guard.
Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning Jaws, just op'd to roar:

With

With three enormous Mouths he gapes; and streight,
With Hunger prest, devours the pleasing Bait. 575
Long draughts of Sleep his monstrous Limbs enslave;
He reels, and falling, fills the spacious Cave.
The Keeper charm'd, the Chief without Delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way. 575
Before the Gates, the Cries of Babes new born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Assault his Ears: Then those, whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cause.
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review 580
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict Inquisitor, appears;
And Lives and Crimes, with his Assessors, hears.
Round, in his Urn, the blended Balls he rowls;
Absolves the Just, and Dooms the Guilty Souls. 585
The next in Place, and Punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their Souls away.
Fools, who repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their Fate.
With late Repentance, now they would retrieve 590
The Bodies they forfook, and wish to live.
Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air.

But Fate forbids; the *Stygian* Floods oppose;
And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear; 596
So call'd, from Lovers that inhabit there.

The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,

Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire, 600
Lament too late, their unextinguish'd Fire.

Here *Procris*, *Eriphyle* here, he found

Baring her Breast, yet bleeding with the Wound

Made by her Son. He saw *Pasiphae* there,

With *Phadra's* Ghost, a foul incestuous pair. 605

There *Laodamia*, with *Evadne* moves:

Unhappy both; but loyal in their Loves.

Ceneus, a Woman once, and once a Man;

But ending in the Sex she first began.

Not far from these *Phœnician Dido* stood; 610

Fresh from her Wound, her Bosom bath'd in Blood.

Whom, when the *Trojan* Heroe hardly knew,

Obscure in Shades, and with a doubtful view,

(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain Light:) 615

With Tears he first approach'd the fullen Shade;

And, as his Love inspir'd him, thus he said.

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Unhappy Queen! then is the common breath
 Of Rumour true, in your reported Death,
 And I, alas, the Cause! by Heav'n, I vow, 620
 And all the Pow'rs that rule the Realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly State :
 Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.
 Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresisted Might
 Have sent me to these Regions, void of Light, 625
 Thro' the vast Empire of eternal Night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with Grief,
 My Flight should urge you to this dire Relief.
 Stay, stay your Steps, and listen to my Vows :
 'Tis the last Interview that Fate allows! 630
 In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
 With Tears and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground :
 And, what he says, and swears, regards no more, 635
 Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the Forest, and the Shades of Night.
 Then sought *Sichæus*, thro' the shady Grove,
 Who answer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love. 640
 Some pious Tears the pitying Heroe paid ;
 And follow'd with his Eyes the sitting Shade.

Then took the forward Way, by Fate ordain'd,
 And, with his Guide, the farther Fields attain'd; 644
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the Warrior Souls remain'd.

Tideus he met, with *Meleager's* Race;
 The Pride of Armies, and the Souldier's Grace;
 And pale *Adrastus* with his ghastly Face.

Of *Trojan* Chiefs he view'd a numerous Train:
 All much lamented, all in Battel slain. 650

Glaucus and *Medon*, high above the rest,

Antenor's Sons, and *Ceres* sacred Priest:

And proud *Idæus*, *Priam's* Charioteer;

Who shakes his empty Reins, and aims his Airy Spear.

The gladsome Ghosts, in circling Troops, attend, 655

And with unweary'd Eyes behold their Friend.

Delight to hover near; and long to know

What buis'ness brought him to the Realms below.

But *Argive* Chiefs, and *Agamemnon's* Train,

When his refulgent Arms flash'd thro' the shady Plain, 650

Fled from his well known Face, with wonted Fear,

As when his thund'ring Sword, and pointed Spear, [Rear.

Drove headlong to their Ships, and glean'd the routed

They rais'd a feeble Cry, with trembling Notes:

But the weak Voice deceiv'd their gasping Throats. 655

Here *Priam's* Son, *Deiphobus*, he found:

Whose Face, and Limbs were one continu'd Wound.

Dishonest,



P. Foudrinier sculp.

Dishonest, with lop'd Arms, the Youth appears:
 Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears.
 He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670
 His blotted Form, and blushing to be known.
 And therefore first began. O *Tencher's* Race,
 Who durst thy Faultless Figure thus deface? [grace?
 What Heart cou'd wish, what Hand inflict this dire Dif- }
 'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal Night, 675
 Your single Prowess long sustain'd the Fight:
 Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious Fate you chose:
 And fell upon a Heap of slaughter'd Foes.
 But in remembrance of so brave a Deed,
 A Tomb, and Fun'ral Honours I decreed: 680
 Thrice call'd your *Manes*, on the *Trojan* Plains:
 The place your Armour, and your Name retains.
 Your Body too I fought; and had I found,
 Design'd for Burial in your Native Ground.
 The Ghost reply'd, Your Piety has paid 685
 All needful Rites, to rest my wand'ring Shade:
 But cruel Fate, and my more cruel Wife,
 To *Grecian* Swords betray'd my sleeping Life.
 These are the Monuments of *Helen's* Love:
 The Shame I bear below, the Marks I bore above. 690
 You know in what deluding Joys we past
 The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our last.

For

For when the fatal Horse, descending down,
 Pregnant with Arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy Town,
 She feign'd Nocturnal Orgies: left my Bed, 695
 And, mix'd with *Trojan* Dames, the Dances led.
 Then, waving high her Torch, the Signal made,
 Which rous'd the *Grecians* from their Ambuscade.
 With Watching overworn, with Cares oppress'd,
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest; 700 }
 And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs possess'd.
 Mean time my worthy Wife, our Arms mislay'd;
 And from beneath my Head, my Sword convey'd:
 The Door unlatch'd; and with repeated Calls,
 Invites her former Lord within my Walls, 705
 Thus in her Crime her Confidence she plac'd:
 And with new Treasons wou'd redeem the past.
 What need I more: into the Room they ran;
 And meanly murder'd a defenceless Man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way: 710 }
 Avenging Pow'rs! with Justice if I pray,
 That Fortune be their own another Day. }

But answer you; and in your turn relate,
 What brought you, living, to the *Stygian* State?
 Driv'n by the Winds and Errors of the Sea,
 Or did you Heav'n's Superior Doom obey?
 Or tell what other Chance conducts your way?

715 }
 }
 To

To view, with Mortal Eyes, our dark Retreats,
Tumults and Torments of th' Infernal Seats?

While thus, in talk, the flying Hours they pass, 720

The Sun had finish'd more than half his Race:

And they, perhaps, in Words and Tears had spent

The little time of stay, which Heav'n had lent.

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day: 725

'Tis here, in different Paths, the way divides:

The right, to *Pluto's* Golden Palace guides:

The left to that unhappy Region tends,

Which to the depth of *Tartarus* descends; 729

The Seat of Night profound, and punish'd Fiends.

Then thus *Deiphobus*: O Sacred Maid!

Forbear to chide; and be your Will obey'd:

Lo to the secret Shadows I retire,

To pay my Penance till my Years expire.

Proceed Auspicious Prince, with Glory Crown'd, 735

And born to better Fates than I have found.

He said; and while he said, his Steps he turn'd

To Secret Shadows; and in Silence Mourn'd.

The Heroe, looking on the left, espy'd

A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side 740

With treble Walls, which *Phlegethon* surrounds,

Whose fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds: [sounds.}

And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noise re-

Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high
 With Adamantine Columns, threatens the Sky. 745
 Vain is the force of Man, and Heav'ns as vain,
 To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain.
 Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd;
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the Ward.
 Girt in her sanguine Gown, by Night and Day, 750
 Observant of the Souls that pass the downward way :
 From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the Pains
 Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains.
 The *Trojan* stood astonish'd at their Cries ; 754
 And ask'd his Guide, from whence those Yells arise?
 And what the Crimes and what the Tortures were,
 And loud Laments that rent the liquid Air?
 She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy Race,
 Are all forbidden this polluted Place. 759
 But *Hecate*, when she gave to rule the Woods,
 Then led me trembling thro' those dire Abodes:
 And taught the Tortures of th' avenging Gods.
 These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate:
 And awful *Rhadamanthus* rules the State.
 He hears and judges each committed Crime; 765
 Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time.
 The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal:
 Loath to confess, unable to conceal:

From

From the first Moment of his vital Breath,

To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.

770

Straight, o'er the guilty Ghost, the Fury shakes

The sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes:

And the pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes.

Then, of it self, unfolds th' Eternal Door:

With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar.

775

You see, before the Gate, what stalking Ghost

Commands the Guard, what Centries keep the Post.

More formidable *Hydra* stands within;

Whose Jaws with Iron Teeth severely grin.

The gaping Gulph, low to the Centre lies;

780

And twice as deep as Earth is distant from the Skies.

The Rivals of the Gods, the *Titan* Race,

[space.]

Here sing'd with Lightning, rowl within th' unfathom'd

Here lye th' *Alaan* Twins, (I saw them both)

Enormous Bodies, of Gigantick Growth;

785

Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy;

Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.

Salmonæus, suff'ring cruel Pains, I found,

For emulating *Jove*; the ratling Sound

Of Mimick Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze

790

Of pointed Lightnings, and their forky Rays.

Through *Elis*, and the *Grecian* Towns he flew:

Th' audacious Wretch, four fiery Coursers drew:

He

He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought Godlike Worship from a Servile Train. 795

Ambitious Fool, with Horny Hoofs to pass
O'er hollow Arches, of resounding Brass;
To rival Thunder, in its rapid Course,
And imitate inimitable Force.

But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high, 800
Bar'd his red Arm, and launching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.

There *Tityus* was to see; who took his Birth 805
From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth.
Here his Gigantick Limbs, with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of Infernal Space.

A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd Side,
Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd:
Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breast; 810
The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast.
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains:

Th' immortal Hunger lasts, th' immortal Food remains.
Ixion and *Pirithous* I cou'd name;

And more *Theſſalian* Chiefs of mighty Fame. 815
High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a fall, and ſhakes at ev'ry Blaſt.

They

They lye below, on Golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts, with Regal Pomp, are made. 820
The Queen of Furies by their Sides is set;
And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat.
Which, if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears:
Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne; 825
Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend:
Vast is the Throng of these; nor less the Train 830
Of lustful Youths, for foul Adult'ry slain.
Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,
And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold:
All these within the Dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain. 835
Ask not what Pains; nor farther seek to know
Their Process, or the Forms of Law below.
Some rowl a mighty Stone; some laid along, [hung.
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are
Unhappy *Theseus*, doom'd for ever there, 840
Is fix'd by Fate on his Eternal Chair:

And

And wretched *Phlegias* warns the World with Cries ;
 (Cou'd Warning make the World more just or wise,)
 Learn Righteousness, and dread th' avenging Deities.

To Tyrants others have their Country fold,

845

Imposing Foreign Lords, for Foreign Gold:

Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made;

Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.

With Incest some their Daughters Bed prophan'd,

849

All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd; attain'd.

Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,

And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,

I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat:

Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met.

But let us haste our Voyage to pursue;

855

The Walls of *Pluto's* Palace are in view.

The Gate, and Iron Arch above it, stands

On Anvils, labour'd by the *Cyclops* Hands.

Before our farther way the Fates allow,

Here must we fix on high the Golden Bough.

860

She said, and through the gloomy Shades they past,

And chose the middle Path: Arriv'd at last,

The Prince, with living Water, sprinkl'd o'er

His Limbs, and Body; then approach'd the Door.

Possess'd the Porch, and on the Front above

865

He fix'd the fatal Bough, requir'd by *Pluto's* Love.

These

These Holy Rites perform'd, they took their Way,
Where long extended Plains of Pleasure lay.

The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vye;

With *Æther* vested, and a Purple Sky:

870

The blissful Seats of Happy Souls below:

Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know.

Their Airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,

And, on the Green, contend the Wrestler's Prize.

Some, in Heroick Verse, divinely sing.

875

Others in artful Measures lead the Ring.

The *Thracian* Bard, surrounded by the rest,

There stands conspicuous in his flowing Vest.

His flying Fingers, and harmonious Quill,

879

Strike Sev'n distinguish'd Notes, and sev'n at once they fill,

Here found they *Tenace's* old Heroick Race;

Born better Times and happier Years to grace.

Assaracus and *Ilus* here enjoy

Perpetual Fame, with him who founded *Troy*.

The Chief beheld their Chariots from afar;

885

Their shining Arms, and Coursers train'd to War:

Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,

Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.

The love of Horses which they had, alive,

And care of Chariots, after Death survive.

890

Some

Some chearful Souls, were feasting on the Plain;
 Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain:
 Beneath a Laurel Shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to Woods above, and hides his Head below.
 Here Patriots live, who for their Countries good, 895
 In fighting Fields, were prodigal of Blood:
 Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode;
 And Poets worthy their inspiring God:
 And searching Wits, of more Mechanick Parts,
 Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts. 900
 Those who, to Worth, their Bounty did extend;
 And those who knew that Bounty to commend.
 The Heads of these with Holy Fillets bound;
 And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her Speech address'd: 905
 And first, to him furrounded by the rest;
 Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breast;
 Say happy Souls, Divine *Musa*s say,
 Where lives *Anchises*, and where lies our Way
 To find the Heroe, for whose only sake 910
 We fought the dark Abodes, and cross'd the bitter Lake?
 To this the Sacred Poet thus reply'd;
 In no fix'd place the Happy Souls reside.
 In Groves we live; and lye on mossy Beds 914
 By Crystal Streams, that murmur through the Meads:

But

But pass yon easie Hill, and thence descend,
 The Path conducts you to your Journey's end.
 This said, he led them up the Mountain's brow,
 And shews them all the shining Fields below; 919 }
 They wind the Hill, and thro' the blisful Meadows go. }
 But old *Anchises*, in a flow'ry Vale,
 Review'd his muster'd Race; and took the Tale.
 Those Happy Spirits, which ordain'd by Fate,
 For future Being, and new Bodies wait. 924
 With studious Thought observ'd th' illustrious Throng;
 In Nature's Order as they pass'd along.
 Their Names, their Fates, their Conduct, and their Care,
 In peaceful Senates, and successful War.
 He, when *Æneas* on the Plain appears,
 Meets him with open Arms, and falling Tears. 930
 Welcome, he said, the Gods undoubted Race,
 O long expected to my dear Embrace; }
 Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your Face! }
 The Love, and pious Duty which you pay,
 Have pass'd the Perils of so hard a way. 935
 'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
 The happy Day approach'd; nor are my Hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of Lands, what Oceans have you pass'd,
 What Storms sustain'd, and on what Shores been cast?

How have I fear'd your Fate! But fear'd it most, 940
 When Love assail'd you, on the *Libyan* Coast.
 To this, the Filial Duty thus replies;
 Your sacred Ghost, before my sleeping Eyes,
 Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful Enterprife.
 After long tossing on the *Tyrrhene* Sea, 945
 My Navy rides at Anchor in the Bay.
 But reach your Hand, oh Parent Shade, nor shun
 The dear Embraces of your longing Son!
 He said; and falling Tears his Face bedew:
 Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw; 950
 And thrice the flitting Shadow slip'd away,
 Like Winds, or empty Dreams, that fly the Day.
 Now in a secret Vale, the *Trojan* sees
 A sep'rate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze
 Plays with a passing Breath, and whispers thro' the Trees. 955
 And just before the Confines of the Wood,
 The gliding *Lethe* leads her silent Flood.
 About the Boughs an Airy Nation flew, !
 Thick as the humming Bees, that hunt the golden Dew;
 In Summer's heat, on tops of Lillies feed, 960
 And creep within their Bells, to suck the balmy Seed.
 The winged Army roams the Field around;
 The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the sound.

Aeneas wond'ring stood: Then ask'd the Cause,
Which to the Stream the Crowding People draws. 965

Then thus the Sire. The Souls that throng the Flood
Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other Bodies ow'd:

In *Lethe's* Lake they long Oblivion tast;

Of future Life secure, forgetful of the Past.

Long has my Soul desir'd this time, and place, 970

To set before your sight your glorious Race.

That this presaging Joy may fire your Mind,

To seek the Shores by Destiny design'd.

O Father, can it be, that Souls sublime,

Return to visit our Terrestrial Clime? 975

And that the gen'rous Mind, releas'd by Death,

Can Covet lazy Limbs, and Mortal Breath?

Anchises then, in order, thus begun

To clear those Wonders to his Godlike Son.

Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,

And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame, 980

And both the Radiant Lights, one common Soul

Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.

This Active Mind infus'd through all the Space,

Unites and mingles with the mighty Mass. 985

Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain;

And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main.

Th' Etherial Vigour is in all the same,
 And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame:
 As much as Earthy Limbs, and gross allay 990 }
 Of Mortal Members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n and edge of Day.
 From this course mixture of Terrestrial parts,
 Desire, and Fear, by turns possess their Hearts:
 And Grief, and Joy: Nor can the groveling Mind, 995 }
 In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
 Assert the Native Skies; or own its heav'nly Kind.
 Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains;
 But long contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul remains.
 The Reliques of inveterate Vice they wear; 1000
 And Spots of Sin obscene, in ev'ry Face appear.
 For this are various Penances enjoyn'd;
 And some are hung to bleach, upon the Wind;
 Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires, 1004
 Till all the Dregs are drain'd; and all the Rust expires:
 All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear: }
 The few, so cleans'd to the Abodes repair:
 And breath, in ample Fields, the soft *Elysian* Air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of time 1009
 The Scurf is worn away, of each committed Crime.
 No Speck is left, of their habitual Stains:
 But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.

But

But when a Thousand rowling Years are past;
(So long their Punishments and Penance last ;)
Whole Drokes of Minds are, by the driving God, 1095
Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood :
In large forgetful draughts to steep the Cares
Of their past Labours, and their irksom Years.
That, unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again. 1020
Thus having said ; the Father Spirit leads
The Priestests and his Son through Swarms of Shades.
And takes a rising Ground, from thence to see
The long Procession of his Progeny.
Survey (pursu'd the Sire) this airy Throng; 1025
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' *Italian* Names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the *Trojan* Line.
Observe the Youth who first appears in sight;
And holds the nearest Station to the Light: 1030
Already seems to snuff the vital Air ;
And leans just forward, on a shining Spear,
Silvius is he: thy last begotten Race;
But first in order sent, to fill thy place.
An *Alban* Name ; but mix'd with *Dardan* Blood: 1035
Born in the Covert of a shady Wood:

Him fair *Lavinia*, thy surviving Wife,
 Shall breed in Groves, to lead a solitary Life.
 In *Alba* he shall fix his Royal Seat:
 And, born a King, a Race of Kings beget. 1040
 Then *Procas*, Honour of the *Trojan* Name,
Capys, and *Numitor*, of endless Fame.
 And second *Silvius* after these appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy Name he bears,
 For Arms and Justice equally renown'd: 1045
 Who, late restor'd, in *Alba* shall be crown'd.
 How great they look, how vigorously they wield
 Their weighty Lances, and sustain the Shield!
 But they, who crown'd with Oaken Wreaths appear,
 Shall *Gabian* Walls, and strong *Fidena* rear: 1050
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found;
 And raise *Colatian* Tow'rs on Rocky Ground.
 All these shall then be Towns of mighty Fame;
 Tho' now they lye obscure; and Lands without a Name.
 See *Romulus* the great, born to restore 1055
 The Crown that once his injur'd Grandfire wore.
 This Prince, a Priestess of your Blood shall bear;
 And like his Sire in Arms he shall appear.
 Two rising Crests his Royal Head adorn;
 Born from a God, himself to Godhead born. 1060

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His Sire already signs him for the Skies,

And marks the Seat amidst the Deities.

Auspicious Chief! thy Race in times to come

Shall spread the Conquests of Imperial *Rome*.

Rome whose ascending Tow'rs shall Heav'n invade;

Involving Earth and Ocean in her Shade. 1066

High as the Mother of the Gods in place;

And proud, like her, of an Immortal Race.

Then when in Pomp she makes the *Phrygian* round;

With Golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd: 1070

A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply;

Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.

Now fix your Sight, and stand intent, to see

Your *Roman* Race, and *Julian* Progey.

The mighty *Cæsar* waits his vital Hour; 1075

Impatient for the World, and grasps his promis'd Pow'r.

But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,

Cæsar himself, exalted in his Line;

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,

Sent to the Realm that *Saturn* rul'd of old; 1080

Born to restore a better Age of Gold.

Africk, and *India*, shall his Pow'r obey,

He shall extend his propagated Sway,

Beyond the Solar Year; without the starry Way.

Where *Atlas* turns the rowling Heav'ns around: 1085
 And his broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.
 At his fore-seen Approach, already quake
 The *Caspian* Kingdoms, and *Maotian* Lake.
 Their Scers behold the Tempest from afar;
 And threatning Oracles denounce the W. r. 1090
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;
 And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew Fates.
 Nor *Hercules* more Lands or Labours knew,
 Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew;
 Freed *Erymanthus* from the foaming Boar, 1095
 And dip'd his Arrows in *Lernaan* Gore.
 Nor *Bacchus*, turning from his *Indian* War,
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car,
 From *Nisus* top descending on the Plains;
 With curling Vines around his purple Reins. 1100
 And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue
 The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view?
 But what's the Man, who from afar appears,
 His Head with Olive crown'd, his Hand a Censer bears?
 His hoary Beard, and holy Vestments bring 1105
 His lost Idea back: I know the *Roman* King.
 He shall to peaceful *Rome* new Laws ordain:
 Call'd from his mean abode, a Sceptre to sustain.

Him,

Him, *Tullus* next in Dignity succeeds;
 An active Prince, and prone to Martial Deeds. 1110
 He shall his Troops for fighting Fields prepare,
 Disus'd to Toils, and Triumphs of the War.
 By dint of Sword his Crown he shall increase;
 And scour his Armour from the Rust of Peace.
 Whom *Ancus* follows, with a fawning Air; 1115
 But vain within, and proudly popular.
 Next view the *Tarquin* Kings: Th' avenging Sword
 Of *Brutus*, justly drawn, and *Rome* restor'd.
 He first renews the Rods, and Ax severe;
 And gives the Consuls Royal Robes to wear. 1120
 His Sons, who seek the Tyrant to sustain,
 And long for Arbitrary Lords again,
 With Ignominy scourg'd, in open fight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd; asserting Publick Right.
 Unhappy Man, to break the Pious Laws 1125
 Of Nature, pleading in his Childrens Cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful Fact is understood,
 'Tis Love of Honour, and his Country's good:
 The Consul, not the Father, sheds the Blood. }
 Behold *Torquatus* the same Track pursue; 1130
 And next, the two devoted *Decij* view.
 The *Drusian* Line, *Camillus* loaded home
 With Standards well redeem'd, and foreign Foes o'ercome.

The Pair you see in equal Armour shine;
 (Now, Friends below, in close Embraces join: 1135
 But when they leave the shady Realms of Night,
 And, cloath'd in Bodies, breath your upper Light,)
 With mortal Heat each other shall pursue:
 What Wars, what Wounds, what Slaughter shall ensue!
 From *Alpine* Heights the Father first descends; 1140
 His Daughter's Husband in the Plain attends:
 His Daughter's Husband arms his Eastern Friends.
 Embrace again, my Sons, be Foes no more:
 Nor stain your Country with her Childrens Gore.
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless Claim; 1145
 Thou, of my Blood, who bear'st the *Julian* Name.
 Another comes, who shall in Triumph ride;
 And to the Capitol his Chariot guide;
 From conquer'd *Corinth*, rich with *Grecian* Spoils.
 And yet another, fam'd for Warlike Toils, 1150
 On *Argos* shall impose the *Roman* Laws:
 And, on the *Greeks*, revenge the *Trojan* Cause:
 Shall drag in Chains their *Achillaan* Race;
 Shall vindicate his Ancestors Disgrace:
 And *Pallas*, for her violated Place. 1155
 Great *Cato* there, for Gravity renown'd,
 And conqu'ring *Coffius* goes with Lawrels crown'd.

Who

Who can omit the *Gracchi*, who declare
 The *Scipio's* Worth, those Thunderbolts of War,
 The double Bane of *Carthage*? Who can see, 1160
 Without esteem for virtuous Poverty,
 Severe *Fabritius*, or can cease t' admire
 The Ploughman Consul in his Coarse Attire!
 Tir'd as I am, my Praise the *Fabij* claim;
 And thou great Heroe, greatest of thy Name; 1165
 Ordain'd in War to save the sinking State,
 And, by Delays, to put a stop to Fate!
 Let others better mold the running Mass
 Of Mettals, and inform the breathing Brass;
 And soften into Flesh a Marble Face: 1170
 Plead better at the Bar; describe the Skies,
 And when the Stars descend, and when they rise.
 But, *Rome*, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
 To rule Mankind; and make the World obey; 1174
 Disposing Peace, and War, thy own Majestick Way.
 To tame the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free;
 These are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee.
 He paus'd: And while with wond'ring Eyes they view'd
 The passing Spirits, thus his Speech renew'd.
 See great *Marcellus*! how, untir'd in Toils, 1180
 He moves with Manly grace, how rich with Regal Spoils!

He,

He, when his Country (threaten'd with Alarms)
 Requires his Courage, and his Conqu'ring Arms,
 Shall more than once the *Punic* Bands affright:
 Shall kill the *Gaulish* King in single Fight: 1185
 Then, to the Capitol in Triumph move,
 And the third Spoils shall grace *Feretrian* Jove.
Aeneas, here, beheld of Form Divine
 A Godlike Youth, in glitt'ring Armour shine:
 With great *Marcellus* keeping equal pace; 1190
 But gloomy were his Eyes, dejected was his Face.
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy Guide,
 What, and of whence was he, who press'd the Hero's side?
 His Son, or one of his Illustrious Name,
 How like the former, and almost the same: 1195
 Observe the Crowds that compass him around:
 All-gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hov'ring Mists around his Brows are spread,
 And Night, with sable Shades, involves his Head.
 Seek not to know (the Ghost reply'd with Tears) 1200
 The Sorrows of thy Sons, in future Years.
 This Youth (the blissful Vision of a Day)
 Shall just be shown on Earth, and snatch'd away.
 The Gods too high had rais'd the *Roman* State;
 Were but their Gifts as permanent as great. 1205

What

What groans of Men shall fill the *Martian* Field!

How fierce a Blaze his flaming Pile shall yield!

What Fun'ral Pomp shall floating *Tiber* see,

When, rising from his Bed, he views the sad Solemnity!

No Youth shall equal hopes of Glory give: 1210

No Youth afford so great a Cause to grieve.

The *Trojan* Honour, and the *Roman* Boast;

Admir'd when living, and Ador'd when lost!

Mirror of ancient Faith in early Youth!

Undaunted Worth, Inviolable Truth! 1215

No Foe unpunish'd in the fighting Field,

Shall dare thee Foot to Foot, with Sword and Shield.

Much less, in Arms, oppose thy matchless Force,

When thy sharp Spurs shall urge thy foaming Horse.

Ah, cou'dst thou break through Fate's severe Decree,

A new *Marcellus* shall arise in thee! 1221

Full Canisters of fragrant Lillies bring,

Mix'd with the Purple Roses of the Spring:

Let me with Fun'ral Flowers his Body strow,

This Gift which Parents to their Children owe, 1225

This unavailing Gift, at least I may bestow!

Thus having said, He led the Heroe round

The confines of the blest *Elysian* Ground.

Which, when *Anchises* to his Son had shown,

And fir'd his Mind to mount the promis'd Throne, 1230

He

He tells the future Wars, ordain'd by Fate;
 The Strength and Customs of the *Latian* State:
 The Prince, and People: And fore-arms his Care
 With Rules, to push his Fortune, or to bear.
 Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn; 1235
 Of Polish'd Iv'ry this, that of transparent Horn:
 True Visions thro' transparent Horn arise;
 Thro' polish'd Iv'ry pass deluding Lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his Steps at last. 1240
 Then, through the Gate of Iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant Offspring, and Divining Guest.
 Streight to the Ships *Æneas* took his way;
 Embarqu'd his Men, and skim'd along the Sea:
 Still Coasting, till he gain'd *Cajeta's* Bay. 1245
 At length on Oozy Ground his Gallies moor:
 Their Heads are turn'd to Sea, their Sterns to Shear.

The End of the Second Volume.



